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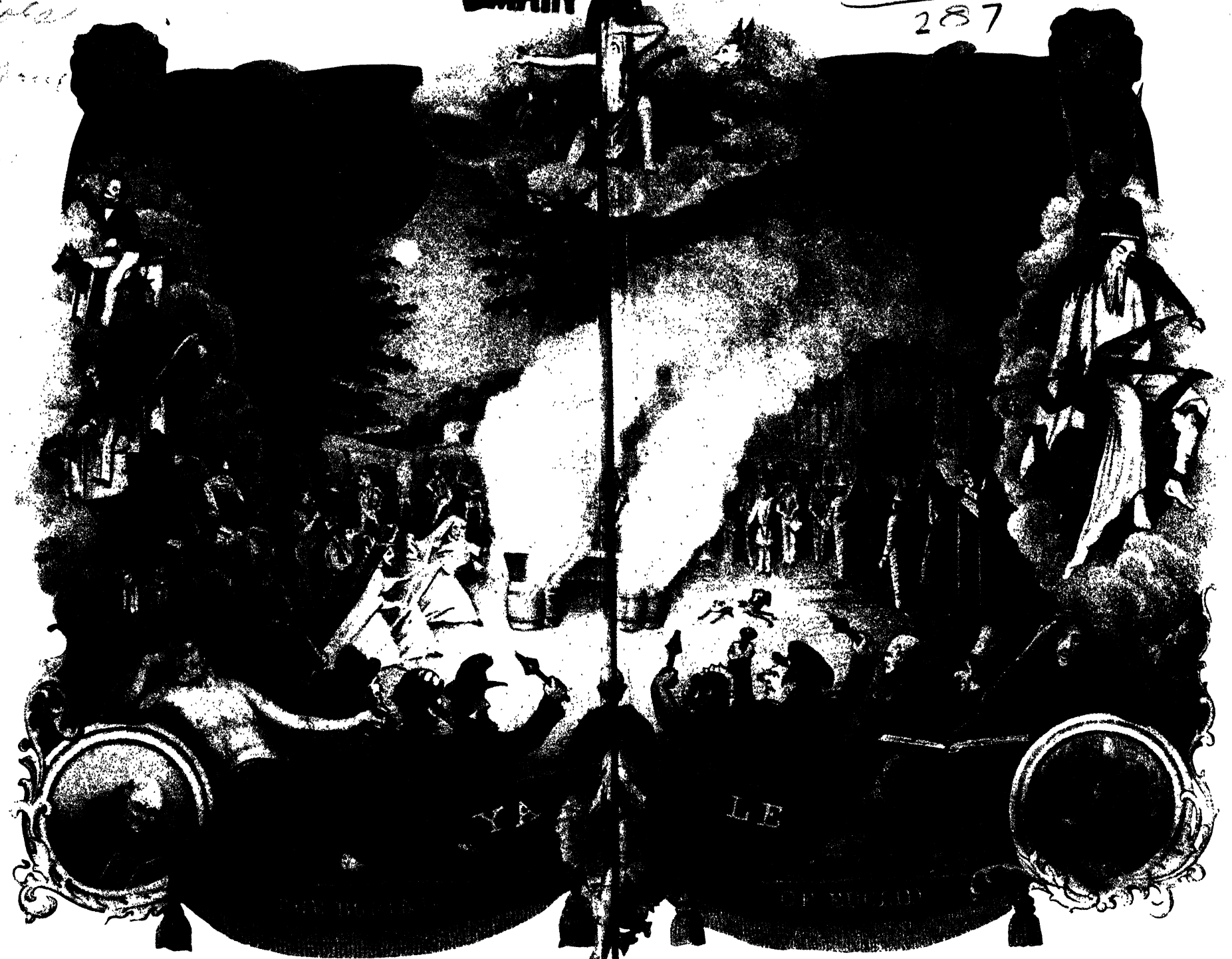
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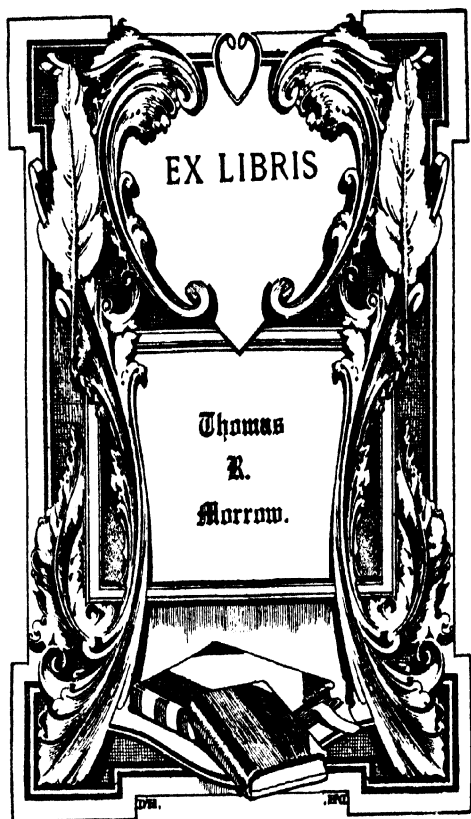
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# YALE YESTERDAYS

By  
THE LATE CLARENCE DEMING

EDITED BY  
MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY

WITH A FOREWORD BY  
HENRY WALCOTT FARNAM



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## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

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## FOREWORD

Clarence Deming was known to many but understood by few. This was not due to any reserve, either of manner or of expression, on his part. As a journalist he was obliged constantly to come into contact with all sorts and conditions of men. Through his writings he was known to many who had never seen him. If, nevertheless, comparatively few really understood the nature and character of the man, the cause lay, not in any concealment on his part, but rather in an altogether exceptional frankness and honesty. His scorn of appearances and of conventions was so great that appearances often did him injustice. In an age which attaches such value to the label as to throw about it the protection of the law, he was willing to go without any label, rather than wear one that he might not merit. Few knew that words which sounded blunt voiced a disposition kindly and gentle, as well as an honesty of purpose so courageous, that it was indifferent to the impression produced on others. His courage was especially conspicuous when, as often happened, he was engaged in fighting some political or moral wrong. Then the recording journalist was converted into the reforming citizen, and he would keep up the fight regardless of the prejudice or indifference of those who should have helped him.

Deming was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, October 1, 1848, and entered Yale College in 1867 with the class of '71. On account of severe injury received in

playing baseball, he was obliged to fall back into the class of 1872. The writer was accordingly in college with him for two years, but his real acquaintance with him only dates from 1884. Being one of a few citizens who had acquired a small interest in the Morning News Company, the writer soon found himself obliged, either to secure control of the paper for himself and his friends, or allow it to fall into the hands of those whose policy he could not endorse. With the responsibility of journalistic management thus suddenly thrust upon him, he looked about for someone to take editorial charge of the paper and bethought himself of Clarence Deming, at that time a free lance journalist, who had just completed for the *New York Evening Post* a series of studies published in book form under the title, "By-ways of Nature and Life." Deming accepted the position in February, 1884, and entered at once with eagerness into the plan of editing an independent newspaper.

In those days independence in politics, as in journalism, was considered by most people rank heresy. Practically every newspaper was expected to have strong political affiliations. Every voter was expected to wear the badge of some party. The Cleveland campaign broke the ice, but the Mugwumps of that day were looked upon with suspicion and even dislike by not a few of their friends. To class them with Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold was thought by many to smack of flattery. The *Morning News* was a small undertaking with little capital, with no history back of it, and without even the advantage of the Associated Press Service. In a dingy back room of our quarters on State Street, overlooking the railroad cut, and in an atmosphere fouled by smoke from the



locomotives, Deming performed the exacting daily drudgery of an editor. He not only wrote the editorials, but also made arrangements for securing telegraphic news service, stock exchange reports, and local news. At the same time he tried to keep the expenses down to a minimum. In those days without wife, children, or immediate dependents, he might have lived on his private income, and only done such writing as would have been a pleasure and a recreation. He had no personal interest in New Haven, except that of a Yale graduate. But the task of working for clean politics and clean journalism appealed to him, and he threw himself into it with the zeal of a Crusader. The Cleveland campaign gave him abundant opportunity to prove his mettle, and he contributed not a little towards carrying the state for the Democratic national ticket. At the same time he showed his independence by first urging the Republicans to nominate Henry B. Harrison for governor, and subsequently working for his election.

It was in this first year that Deming began what proved to be a long fight against the abuse of reporterial gratuities. It had been customary for the state legislature at the end of each session to appropriate sums of money for the representatives of the various papers which reported its proceedings. Deming himself, though editor-in-chief, undertook to report the session in 1884, in order to familiarize himself with state politics, and when he found that the legislature offered him a gratuity of \$200 for doing this professional work, he promptly and indignantly returned it. The paper also returned two sums of \$50 each, which had been voted to its reporter by the selectmen and by the common council of New Haven. From that

time until his death Deming never rested in his warfare against this abuse, which seemed to him a peculiarly contemptible form of petty graft, because designed insidiously to undermine the character and honor of his profession. It is obvious that, when those who are to report the proceedings of a legislative body solicit from its members a grant out of public funds, the channels of public information are defiled at their very source.

This abuse has now been eliminated from the city government of New Haven, where it has been unknown for many years, and there is every reason to believe that the action of the *Morning News* in 1884 went far towards bringing about this result. The history of the movement against legislative subsidies is less simple, but possesses points of interest which deserve to be recorded. For a good many years many of the better papers of Connecticut have refused to allow their reporters to be subsidized by the legislature, but many others, among them some whose self-respect might have been expected to prevent them from sharing in the money, have continued to accept it, and as long as the legislature has the power to make such appropriations as are within the constitution, it is very difficult for any individual or group of individuals to overcome the persistent efforts of the newspaper lobby. In 1911, however, a peculiar situation arose, which Deming was quick to see and to take advantage of. The House in that year refused to make the reportorial appropriation, but the Senate passed a resolution to pay the money as a part of its contingent expenses, under a rule which was numbered 27. Clarence Deming, associating with himself four friends, applied for an injunction based on the claim that the

services for which the reporters were ostensibly paid were fictitious, and that the Senate had no right under the law to make such payments. The case was so strong that the injunction was granted, and the legal victory seemed won. But in September, near the end of an unusually long session, the reporters took advantage of a thin house to get the Senate to repeal Rule 27, and then immediately to pass Resolution 133, which practically repeated the provisions of Rule 27, even specifying by name the same reporters and same sums. The reporters, who were waiting for the resolution to pass, promptly applied to the comptroller for their gratuities and, before the afternoon papers could report the proceedings, had carried off their booty. Deming and his associates thereupon brought proceedings against the comptroller and treasurer for contempt of court, engaging as their attorneys the late Henry C. White, and Leonard M. Daggett of New Haven. In the decision which was handed down January 23, 1912, the judge went over the history of the case thoroughly, and discussed at length the question, how far the injunction which prohibited payments under "Rule 27" could be applied to the identical payments when ticketed "Resolution 133." He summed up the matter by saying, "The consideration of these facts would, I think, suggest to men of less intelligence and experience in matters connected with the state government than the defendants, that the reporters, having been prevented by the injunction from receiving their gratuities under authority of Rule 27, were now trying to get them in a different way, and that to pay them under Resolution 133 would defeat the object sought to be obtained by the plaintiffs." Nevertheless the decision concluded by saying, "The burden of proof

that they have offended is on the plaintiffs, and, if there be doubt, the defendants are entitled to the benefit of it." Judgment was, therefore, rendered in their favor, and the long and expensive fight seemed lost. *The only gain was an injunction which had been rendered inoperative by changing the label.* Yet in the very year in which Deming died the legislature refused to appropriate the gratuities, and if the future shows that this means their permanent abolition, the credit will be due to Clarence Deming, though he did not live to see the victory won.

This story has been told with a detail that may seem to some disproportionate to its importance, because it is typical. The abuse itself is typical of the kind of abuse which grows up in our state. The campaign against it was typical of Deming. The long time that it required to make an impression upon the legislature was typical of other reform movements. Moreover, this is one of the episodes which I am sure Deming himself would have taken particular pleasure in writing up, had he lived to do so. In fact, we often spoke together of preparing jointly a history of our experience on the *Morning News*. Financially the paper was never a success and, in spite of the support of men of the highest standing, it had to give up its independent existence. Nevertheless I believe that its influence was not only good but effective, and the history of the newspaper gratuities is but one of the indirect outgrowths of that modest and now almost forgotten enterprise.

Deming's public services were not confined to fighting the reportorial gratuities. From the beginning he was much interested in civil service reform and was active as a member of the executive committee of our

association. During the searching investigation of police conditions in New Haven and the campaign against policy shops and pool rooms, which was begun in 1894 by Dr. Smyth and a handful of associates, Deming was always ready to support the movement, both by his pen and by personal effort. He was keenly alive to railroad problems, and studied particularly the New Haven road, writing frequent dispatches regarding it for the *Evening Post*. In consequence of his familiarity with the subject, he was on two occasions asked to act as arbitrator in disputes between the railroad and the trolley men. In time more and more of his writing came to be devoted to railroad subjects, and he was a frequent contributor to the *Railway Gazette*. The *London Times* paid him the well-deserved compliment of asking him to write for its special American Railway Number of June 28, 1912, an article on railroads in New England, printed on pages 42 to 45 of that issue.

To the great body of Yale men Deming is probably best known through his contributions to the *Yale Alumni Weekly*. For years his analyses of the treasurer's reports gave to graduates a singularly clear view of a document which it is not easy to read without an interpreter. But he was not satisfied to analyze and explain. He was ever on the alert to point out, with all consideration and loyalty to his Alma Mater, anything that looked like an abuse, or that suggested a lack of frankness or clarity. His reports on the treasury figures had mainly an ephemeral interest and are wisely omitted from this volume, but they should not be forgotten among the services which he rendered to Yale.

Men show what they are in their play as truly as in their work, and no sketch of the personality of Clarence Deming is complete which fails to mention fishing. Though a noted baseball player and an all-round athlete in college, he gave little time to active exercise in his later years, and fishing became almost his sole recreation. But he was no ordinary fisherman. He devoted himself to it with a veritable passion, regardless of personal discomfort and of personal appearances. Nor was he a mere sportsman, intent upon making a record-breaking catch and bragging about it afterwards. He carried the curiosity of a real naturalist into the practice of the "gentle art," and was keenly observant of the habits of the fish and of the influences of their environment, wherever he went. It was remarkable how many articles on fishing he contributed to *Outing* and other magazines. Indeed, in the bibliography which was published in his class book in 1913, no less than eighteen out of thirty-three titles relate to angling. His conversation as well as his printed articles brought to light many piscatorial oddities and puzzles, and it may be said that he loved the fish as William the Conqueror loved the red deer, "as though he had been their father." His family took satisfaction in the thought that his last resting place in the Litchfield hills overlooked one of his favorite fishing ponds.

The descendant of an old New England family from a typical New England town, and an undergraduate of Yale in the period which immediately preceded the expansion and changes of recent years, he has rescued from oblivion and preserved for future generations choice sketches drawn from his own recol-

lections, which will not soon be forgotten. The keen interest of the reporter in anything novel or exceptional, the quick eye for relative values, the scientific interest in going below the surface to search for causes, which characterized his "By-ways of Nature and Life," came to be focused, as it were, in the last thirty years of his life on New England, and on Yale. Thus the volume before us has a unity of aim and subject which the earlier one lacks. In comparing the two it is also interesting to note the development of his style. From the beginning he was a vigorous writer, but his peculiar raciness of language, his fertility in coining new words or new combinations, grew with years, and gave to all of his writings an individuality so marked, that the signature "C. D." was never needed to indicate the author. This gift of expression effervesced spontaneously in conversation. A long association in an informal club, which for over thirty years has met fortnightly during the winter months, has given the writer many opportunities to observe his conversational gifts. Never a dictatorial Dr. Johnson, never a self-assertive conversational monopolist, never an autocrat of the supper table, he almost always became, before the evening was over, the center of the table talk.

Many a time since his death have we longed to hear again his pungent comments on the many startling events of the last two years. How keenly he would have discussed the kaleidoscopic changes in the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, the legislative measures before Congress, the international cataclysm in the midst of which we are still living. We can only surmise what he might have to say on these and other topics. But we can at least live over

again in reading the present volume some of the discussions of the past, and we owe a debt of thanks to the members of his family who have gathered together for permanent preservation these products of his inquisitive and active mind.

HENRY W. FARNAM.



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# I

## THE OLD COLLEGE CAMPUS

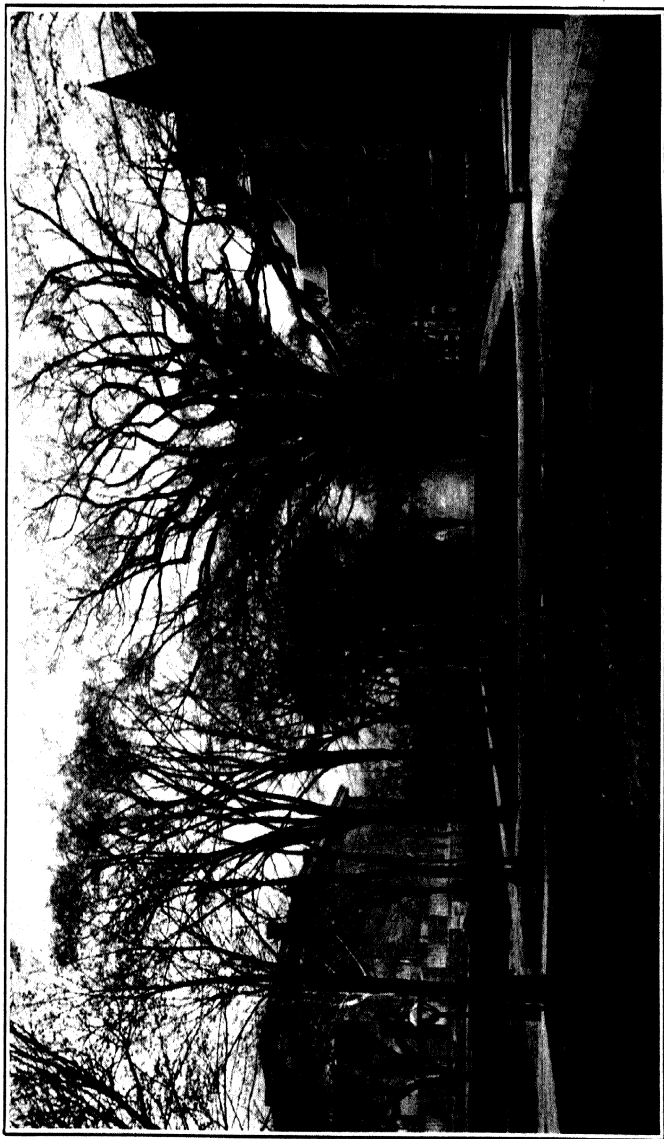
The downy young Senior of Yale College today and the sub-Freshman five years younger confronting the first terrors of his preliminary examination see a great college plant in a condition of geographical and structural transition. The Senior is soon to leave a Campus which, before he revisits it at his triennial reunion, may have a number of structural additions and subtractions; and the sub-Freshman ere, five years later, he clasps his longed-for sheepskin, may witness visually those changes going on and some of them completed. But the basic conception will remain of a stately academic quadrangle flanked by arcades on the north with remote possibilities of small quadrangles on the west. All these transitions which have shifted the Campus of fifty years ago into the quadrangle and Campus of today impress the old graduate in many ways. Where once was a merger of homely brick row with stately tree life is now a grand quadrangle, but without the tree life of the old type. There are, to be sure, certain faint suggestions of the earlier Yale of the elms. Here and there upon the new quadrangle stands an ancient tree, survivor of time and beetle, but decrepit and devitalized; a new generation of young elms, watched and warded by the experts of the Forest School, outlines a hope; and the Yale Oak, already big, beauteous and waxing with the years, will be a tree of memories and traditions and have an isolated dig-

nity of its own. But uncertainly at the best does the inner quadrangle pledge any reproduction on slighter scale of the grand archways of elm which in the last mid-century flanked the College front, which transfigured with their sylvan grace prosaic brick and mortar, which were elemental in Yale song and story and which the old graduate so sadly misses now. William Croswell, Yale '22, in later life, expressed the idea in a punning stanza of a longer poem:

“*Tres faciunt Collegium*” each jurist now agrees,  
Which means, in the vernacular, a College made of *trees*.  
And bosomed high in tufted boughs yon venerable rows  
The maxim in its beauty and its truth alike disclose.

Fifty years ago and Mr. Croswell's word-picture was a realism. A mighty line of elms of girth, of spread and leafy richness stood just inside the western curb of College Street. It was mated by another line some thirty feet away on the College grounds and that by yet another just in front of the Brick Row. The resultant was two vast arches, high, symmetrical, a great nave of bough and leaf which, as studied by the sylvan critics of the time, dimmed even the famed glory of Temple Street. Only the pale reflection of them appears in the photographs of the period which—with the camera aimed at the Brick Row and not at the elms—are for the most part winter or late autumn pictures when the elms were leafless.

These big elms with their grateful cover in summer heats were a force in the Campus life unrealized by Yale's younger graduates. They shaded the College Street side of that immemorial and lamented roost, the “Fence”; they left the Campus open to summer breeze while they intercepted blazing sunlight and made the



COLLEGE STREET IN THE SEVENTIES





Campus at once a studio and lounging place; and they transmuted for a large fraction of the day the indoor to an outdoor life. The Campus was mowed now and then by the scythe. If the hay crop was small it was enough to give the Campus a rural aroma and deepen the outdoor sense of airiness and space. Thus, the old Campus was a natural undergraduate hiving ground and without the class distinctions of the Fence. Incidentally also it exemplified the Spartan *animus* of the Faculty; for, as now recalled, never but for one brief period did college authority grant a single seat. The student recumbent on the grass or perched on the Fence was the limit of Faculty concession—a policy to which, perchance, the old Fence owes its sacred traditions.

The exceptional period referred to when the Faculty experimentally tried “benching” the Campus was at a date somewhere in the middle sixties when complaints from citizens against blocking the sidewalks and disorders at the college corner led to an edict imposing five marks for sitting on the Fence. College sentiment rose against the decree. Bigger crowds of students than ever gathered on the Fence—dispersing as college authority with its marking book came in sight—and the Fence acquired the added enticement of forbidden fruit. Night after night the rails were pulled down and out, and for a whole winter the Fence cost the treasury a pretty penny for night watchmen. Next spring the Faculty set benches on the Campus but the new seats were boycotted. At last the Faculty yielded and its decree fell into innocuous desuetude.

The archaic Campus of the eighteenth century appears to have had a certain shut-in quality. The rules of the College set forth in the Latin that if any student leaped the board fence—*Vallum tabulatum exsultav-*

*erit*—he should be fined not less than sixpence—*sex denarii*. This suggests that there was then a policy of exclusion and inclusion. The records do not shed light on the date when the ancient board fence went down and the glorified rail fence that wore through so many generations of college integuments went up. But as a barrier it was symbolic, not actual, and was a kind of hospitable invitation to the public. The Campus, in fact, became well-nigh as open as a village green. Tramps, beggars, organ grinders, agents, peddlers—lineal antecedents of Hannibal and Candy Sam—went in and out at will. On every side of the open Campus was easy ingress and outgo without the restraint of watchman or police. As a short cut to the corners of a large city square, the Campus thus became a kind of thoroughfare. Where now are gates and entrances were then no obstacles more serious than the low double-railed fence. This open-hearted view of the Campus had its vantages as well as defects. If the student conning the *pons asinorum* of Euclid found intruders a nuisance, the free rule of in-go and exit did not debar the wandering minstrel from the Campus or exclude the diverting oratorical periods of General Daniel Pratt.

In these days of Campus policemen and electric lights, the undergraduate little wots what a lure to mischief the old Campus became o' nights. There were spaces for flight or hiding 'twixt all the dormitories; other spaces behind the old Cabinet buildings, the Laboratory, Trumbull Gallery and the North and South Coal yards—each periodically going up in smoke—and over all the Cimmerian darkness intensified by the elms. The fugitive from the pursuing tutor had choice of flight in a dozen directions besides

the larger outlets of the city streets. Those who tell of the small or extinguished vandalisms of the modern Campus, the abatement of noise and riot, the hustlings which changed the old form of Senior elections into Tap Day and the decline of student prankeries in general, forget how much the betterment is due to the merely physical environment of the modern Campus life. The temptations of that old Campus made many undergraduate sinners out of original saints.

But the old Campus had some compensating virtues. It was more of a living place for the undergraduate than the enclosure of today. College activities focussed upon it. Classes met, intermingled and swapped acquaintance. It stood for the academic centralities,—and that not merely because of the Fence, but as a sequel of the character of the Campus itself as a common meeting ground. It had the virtues of intensity as represented by the relatively “small” college. Supplemented by the inner and intense life of the Brick Row, who will say with certitude that the old Campus as a character-builder, with all its faults, had not traits that stand well when matched with the up-to-date luxuries when the electric light satirizes the old kerosene and the bathtub has displaced the college pump?

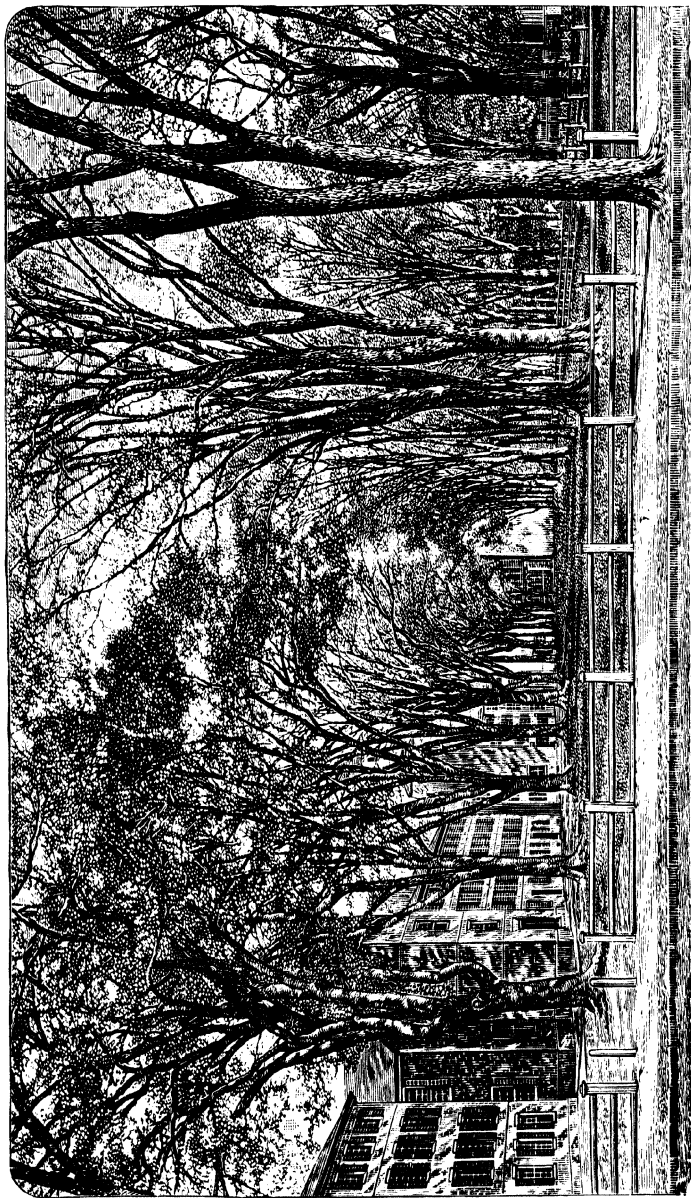
## II

### YALE'S OLD BRICK ROW

Almost exactly one-third of a century of time and a full generation of men have gone by since the fall of Old Divinity College and the rise of Farnam and Duffee Halls heralded a physical change on the Yale Campus in which South Middle now only remains, a lonely and isolated relic, to tell of the life that went on in the Old Brick Row. The transit has been one which affects not merely externals and those things that meet the eye, but touches also the academic routine at a hundred points. The Row and what we may almost call its personality, had their acute relations to scholarship, to discipline, to undergraduate purpose, to student morals, to the day's walk and the day's work; and if the more subtle influences could be traced, it would probably be found that they bore hardly less upon the Faculty than upon the undergraduate. All these memories of the Row deepen and throng just now when the restoration of South Middle,<sup>1</sup> eldest of the goodly company, draws near and celebrates rather than renews the dormitory life of ancestral Yale.

Yale graduates are probably not many who have reflected on the topographical results of the shift from archaic Brick Row to new Quadrangle. The Quad-

<sup>1</sup> In 1905, South Middle, now known by its earlier name of Connecticut Hall, was restored to the Colonial style in which it was originally built.



THE OLD BRICK ROW AND FENCE



rangle is an enclosure; The Row had the open quality and space freedoms of a village green. The Quadrangle—at least most of it—turns its back to New Haven with a kind of monastic exclusiveness; The Row smiled open-faced on the city with a sort of democratic greeting. "Who enters here," says The Quadrangle, "must pass the iron gate, as an emblem, at least, of exclusion, or find contracted entrance 'twixt the crowded structures of the new Yale." "Jump the fence," said The Row. "Come in where you please and go where you please." The Row had The Fence as an outlying roost of mighty length and popularity fronting the urban activities of Chapel Street; The Quadrangle owns but a ghostly *simulacrum* that satirizes the glory of its ancestor. The Quadrangle has its electric flame o' nights and its policeman, both arch foes of academic mischief; The Row, steeped in darkness and rich in nooks, corners and exit and egress, gave kindly cover to the fugitive from college justice and the hot-footed tutor. Finally there were the elms, shading a genuine Campus, in arches that rivalled famed Temple Street and wakened the muse of whole generations of Yale poets. Those historic boles and sheltering arms the Brick Row owned in full title; the Quadrangle now encloses but two or three of the grand, old-fashioned tree-types along with a few descendants in embryo—and with the Yale Oak, alone, to suggest a future Yale altar for tree-worship.

In the order of physical merit and as a dormitory in the practical sense of the term, Divinity College undoubtedly ranked first in The Row—not merely because it was youngest and newest, but because the average theologian was a milder tenant than the secular collegian, whose prime ambition was to leave some

lasting mark upon wall, doorway or coal closet. Next, as to internal physique, came North Middle—a fact charged up to honest original workmanship. North College came next, followed by South and, naturally when the infirmities of age are reckoned in, South Middle last. But the qualities for living and for the creature comforts of each member of the Old Brick Row were relative rather than absolute. All of them had their flaws, only varying in degree. Each had its sagging beams, its billowy floor, its cracked ceiling, its panels deep-furrowed by college pokers, its abiding impression of roughness and the ineradicable musty odor which nothing could subdue; and, as to other arrangements, sanitation shrieked. Young plutocrats now and then, by costly outlay in putty, paint, and wall paper, tried to give the Brick Row room a semblance of luxury, but in vain. There was a tradition forty years ago of a Sybarite Junior from Fifth Avenue who spent a whole year's tuition fee in three coats of hard, white paint on the walls of his North College room. The tale is rescued from death by the further fact that, returning one night, too deep in Moriarty's ale, his roommate found him trying to hang his hat up on a fly. The tale of another of Moriarty's victims whose entry mates found him with his foot caught in a crack of a South Middle floor and kept him standing all night, is more apocryphal.

How the Yale classes distributed themselves in The Row during its earlier years the records do not reveal; but during the sixties the two upper classes—which, in the dearth of college rooms, were the only classes assured of lodgment on the Campus—hived in The Row in accord with a certain definite custom. South College was the Senior focus. Its nearness to The

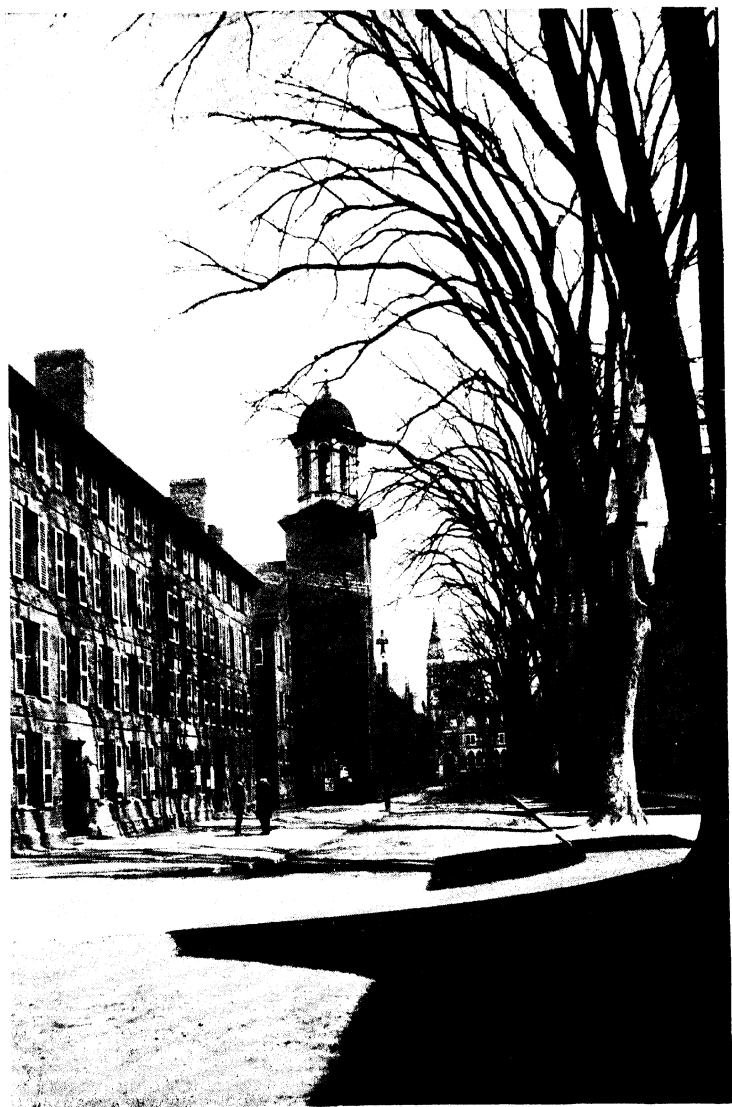


Fence and to Chapel Street and its centrality in Campus life probably accounted for the favor that it found in the class that had first choice in college lodgings. Seniors left over scattered through North and North Middle; but the latter was by tradition and habit a "Junior" dormitory. South Middle, dilapidated, scabby and malodorous with the must of ages, took the spillings of both classes and especially such men as could only afford cheap rooms. After the Senior and Junior classmen had made their choices there were a few of the very worst rooms left over—usually on the damp first floors—which were taken up by Sophomores or impecunious Freshmen. Of the floors in The Row, the second always ranked first in precedence. It was low enough to avert the tedious climb up the steep and footworn stairways and high enough to elude some of the ground floor moisture and smells—albeit there was always the drawback of rooming on the same floor with a tutor, who might be sensitive to noise and have disciplinary moods. "High hook" among the college rooms, if that fishy metaphor may be used, was in the language of the time "South College, south entry, second floor, front corner," representing as it did the most desirable connecting link of the Campus, The Fence and The Town.

In the Senior and Junior classes the choices of rooms were made by lot at class meetings, presided over by a tutor. A poor man's lucky high choice could always be exchanged for a rich man's low drawing, and commanded a bonus that sometimes reached \$75 or even \$100. This plan had its advantages and evils. On the one hand it often gave the poor student working his way through college a handsome lift; on the other hand it offered to the rich an opportunity to flock together

and "pack" an entry. To some small extent it fostered cliques and now and then was abused in the Junior class to work a particular group into society honors. Nevertheless, as a whole, the life of The Row was ultra-democratic. Men mixed well, rubbed off angles, and upperclassmen relaxed class lines and found each other out.

Doubtless South Middle, by virtue of seniority and as the original Yale dormitory, could tell more tales of student pranks than any other structure of the extinct Row. But in the sixties, South College was the chief font of undergraduate trickery and the center of conspiracy when any plot against authority was to be brewed. Standing at the end of the Brick Row it projected as a kind of prow into the currents of the town. The fugitive from the street rush found it a quick asylum from city authority, while conversely, the student chased by the tutor passed easily to the street; and just behind it were the obscuring shades of the Laboratory, of the Cabinet building and of the South Coal Yard to check pursuit. It was a breed of tutor either uncommonly vigilant or watchful that during a year's service in South College could minimize the bill for new glass or escape disastrous bombardment by cannon crackers as Fourth of July drew on. In South College it was, as the legend goes, that there was carried out the successful "stunt" of rolling a hot cannon ball against an unpopular tutor's door with acute sequels when he tried to pick it up; and, as now recalled, it was a South College tutor who described his academic stipend as "\$500 a year, free room and coal *thrown in*." A tale certified here as true, is that of a South College Senior who escaping from a faculty raid on an orgy took high risks of his neck by climbing



THE OLD BRICK ROW (LOOKING NORTH) IN THE NINETIES  
Showing South Middle and The Lyceum



down from the fourth story on the half-decayed window shutters.

A second member of the Old Brick Row that was a constant source of disorder and prankery was the Lyceum. Sixty feet up on the tower in tempting nearness to the lightning rod was the college clock, seductive target for snowballs and whose hands, mutilated or missing, often bore dumb testimony to the rash academic spoilsman who had "shinned" by night up the rod to attack the venerable timepiece. When the clock was removed years after, it was related that the college carpenter for the first time in his life took a vacation. In the Lyceum tower was the college bell, another fertile mark of trickery and innocent victim of many an undergraduate plot. The theft of the tongue during one college period became almost commonplace. More ingenious was the venturesome undergraduate who one cold winter night "gagged" the bell by turning it upside down, filled it with water and left it to freeze solid. Most ingenious of all was another student who by night tongue-tied the bell by two cords leading sidewise to rooms in North Middle and South Middle. Confederates at each end of the cords then dinged out a lively peal; and it is told that the colored janitor who climbed to the belfry with a lantern and cut one cord but overlooked the other, was so smitten with superstitious awe that he hardly dared venture back, when, after a few minutes' pause, the mystic tocsin rung out anew. But mischief and disorder, although more common than now, were, after all, mere frills on the student life of the Old Brick Row. The current moved in a narrow channel, but with even surface and by smooth shores. Scholastically, The Row, as a whole, spelled hard work in a curriculum where

each man from raw Freshman to graduating Senior toed the same line. The youngster of today with his two hundred electives for his pick, may smile as he cons the schedule of half a century ago with not more than ten branches of study through the four years; but that is because he never faced Newton in Mathematics or Hadley in Greek. Socially, a student life that converged on a single Campus and four dormitories was necessarily intense. Men rubbed each other hard and the attrition spelled character. Topics of college interest were relatively few. Athletics, for an example, had not grown diversified and football had not dawned big above the Yale horizon. But the Brick Row had its share of diversions and, if it had fewer things to think about, it thought harder about the things it had. Even for the stately quadrangle which has supplanted it, The Row, with restored South Middle for its last emblem, has its enduring lessons.

### III

## THE OLD CHAPEL IN THE SIXTIES

The Yale undergraduate of today, attending prayers and Sunday service in Battell Chapel or Woolsey Hall, little wots of the contrasts in formal religious observance between the times of the Old Chapel in the sixties and the gentler, more æsthetic and—it may be added—deeper religious observance of the present college generation.

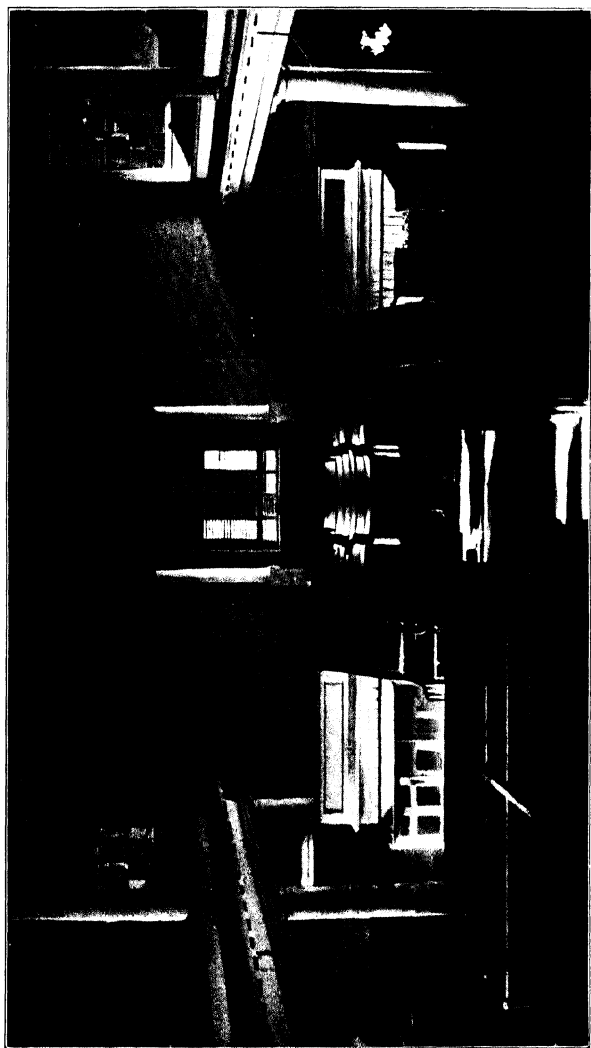
The change has been physical, functional, emotional and mental. Then was the severe old Puritan structure, with its ungarnished auditorium; now ornate Battell Chapel or the stately and ample simplicity of Woolsey Hall. Then was a "college preacher" filling the pulpit Sunday after Sunday—prolix and apt to be droning in utterance, trite and repetitious in phrasing; now the short sermon, pointed and impressive, dropping from the lips of a succession of the most eminent preachers of the land. Then was a choir small in numbers and a bit monotonous; now a choir of numbers, high training and variety of musical theme. And finally, but not least in its bearing on the undergraduate attitude toward official religious ceremony, there were then two long services on Sundays besides morning prayers; now but one service. In these days the proposition that compulsory "Chapel" be retained commands its big undergraduate majority; then, had the proposition been raised, it is doubtful whether outside of a few dubbed "religious cranks," it would have had

its dozen votes in an undergraduate electorate of five hundred.

The Old Chapel, first opened for services in 1824, stood near the center of the Brick Row. Its site may be roughly identified now by placing its rear twenty or thirty feet in front of the Woolsey statue and its pillared front some eighty feet to the eastward, nearly on a line with the front elevation of Connecticut Hall, then South Middle College. Built of brick and sandstone to harmonize with the Brick Row, its outward proportions were symmetrical; its frontal porch and colonnade owned real architectural grace—though the belated student, rushing to prayers, didn't often stop to admire—and the round tapering spire rising to one hundred and twenty feet was a thing of veritable beauty.

But whatever its external graces, they were lost in the asceticism of its vitals. For its auditorium was of the severest orthodox type, as though devised expressly to chasten both undergraduate flesh and spirit—particularly the former. High at the end rose the old-fashioned "meeting house" pulpit with its double ascending stairs. Eight boxes after the fashion of "bins"—two at the rear, one on each side and two elevated at each side of the pulpit—were conning towers of the Faculty for student misdeed; and in the main space were the narrow and hard seats holding four undergraduates each, where sat the monitors and their victims. Not without point was a mock college dictionary of the time which defined prayers as "services at one end of the Chapel," while, as for Sunday services, they were one long conflict between the college pastor and the conning towers on the one hand and Morpheus on the other.





INTERIOR OF THE OLD CHAPEL.

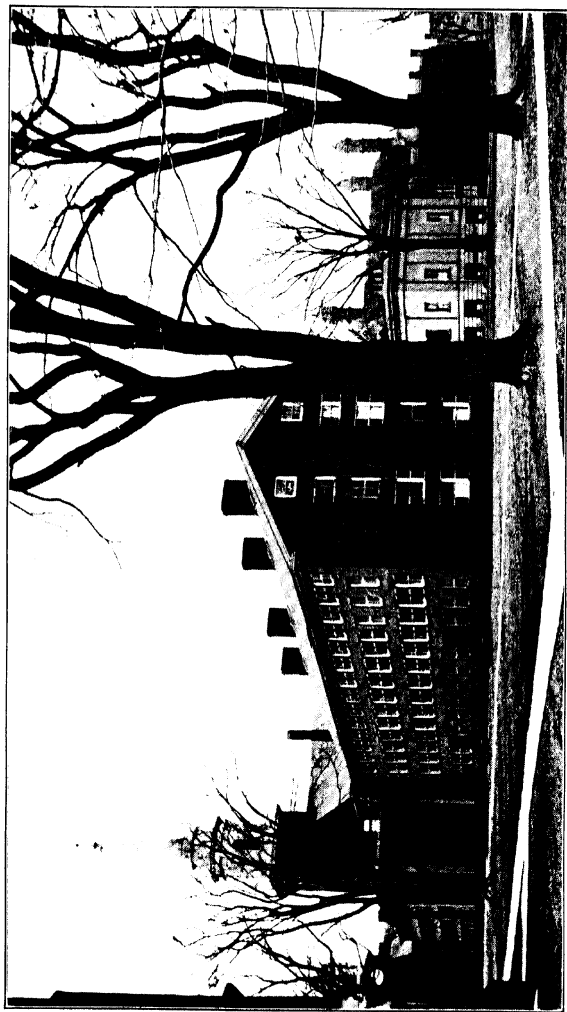


This conflict reached some nice official technicalities. Thus, a student who dropped his head to the rail of the seat in front—save during actual prayer—was officially “asleep” and so marked. But if he closed his eyes sitting upright or eke lolling on a classmate, he was officially awake and exempt from penalty. This bonused upright slumber as a fine art and gave high undergraduate values to the inside corners of the alleged “pews.”

There were three aisles. At the center and front sat the Seniors; in front and at one side the Juniors; at the front and on the other side the Sophomores; while the Freshmen filled the space behind. In the writer's time (1868-1872), when the services were ended, the Freshmen rushed out, the Seniors following quietly, after bowing to the President, who followed the Freshmen. But tradition had it that, in earlier days, the Seniors, after insisting in vain that the Freshmen should await Senior egress, repeatedly overtook the Freshmen and “rushed” them out—hence disorder and violence, which had to be checked by a Faculty decree holding back the Seniors and giving the Freshmen first right of way.

But during the writer's time there was another form of disorder that went unchecked and which, oddly enough, rested on the method of ringing the college bell. For morning prayers the bell was rung a few minutes, then after an interval tolled for two minutes, closing with a series of rapid ding dongs for perhaps ten seconds as final warning. These climacteric bell strokes led to a veritable rush and temporary bedlam just before the services opened. It seemed never to occur to the Faculty that by unifying the bell, the rush could be abated, if not abolished.

At a period when Chapel by the great body of the students was reckoned an arch foe and a weapon of discipline rather than a spiritual agency, mischief got afoot easily. One of its high-water marks was the enticement of a dog into the center aisle—especially when, as once happened, the animal wandered to one of the tutorial watch towers, lifted his front paws and gazed meditatively into a raw instructor's face. It was at a slightly earlier college epoch than that of the writer that a rooster, taken to Chapel under a Senior's overcoat, flew the whole length of the Chapel, emitting its loudest barnyard squawk. Not often did it happen that the dull monotony of college sermonizing was varied by the "break" made by some new preacher. But in the writer's day it happened twice. A florid out-of-town parson had a written sermon describing in one passage the beauties of spring with its warm sunshine, genial air, and other vernal tribute. The sermon happened on a late April Sunday when a blustering snowstorm was beating against the Chapel panes. When the "spring" apostrophe was reached, the whole body of students "caught on," gave a cold shiver and sigh, crouched and drew up coat collars over necks. It was a Brooklyn pastor of eminence who perhaps first in the history of the Old Chapel brought down the students in a genuine roar of laughter by a metaphor substantially in the words: "Young men, sometimes must the sinner be reached by subtlety. In the Arctic regions the Esquimaux bind coiled whalebone in frozen blubber of the whale, leave it in the path of the polar bear, who swallows the lure which, melted by the internal warmth, releases the bone to rend his vitals. By such device must the sinner at times be brought to self-examination and repentance."



THE OLD CAMPUS (LOOKING SOUTH) ABOUT 1870  
Showing the Lyceum, the Old Chapel, and North College, with the Treasury Building  
and Library Beyond



In the way of pranking, the leading exploit was that of a member of one of the classes of the seventies who, by night, "shinned" up the lightning rod to the top of the steeple and affixed his class flag. Only a few days later the flag fell, its staff having rotted with age. It must have been a close call for the climber.

But if the Old Chapel had its severer aspects as a medium of college system and discipline, it also had its strong influences of religious uplift. Now and then there came a preacher who electrified the students and under whose sermons no undergraduate eye closed. Such was Newman Hall of London, who, during a trip to this country, delivered in the old pulpit two sermons not soon forgotten by the mass of undergraduates, and, by some, never forgotten. Now and then, the great Horace Bushnell came down from Hartford, weak in frame but mighty as ever in preachment, and it was in one of his most famous and impressive sermons that he told the students of his soul wrestlings with religious doubts when a Senior in the Old Brick Row. President Woolsey's last Baccalaureate on "God's Guidance in Youth," preached in the Old Chapel to the Class of 1871, and afterwards published, remains to this day as a master work among baccalaureates, with its vivid and pathetic word-picture of the last reunion of the few survivors of the class and its appeal for divine guidance. There were other occasions of uplift, too. Great men of the country and the world betimes looked down on the college striplings from the Faculty pews in the gallery, to fire scholastic ambition for the world life ahead; and actresses of beauty and fame—Scott-Siddons and Adelaide Neilson—in the same gallery centered the undergraduate eye on a vision more alluring than Greek or conic sections. Once a year,

somewhat after the analogy of the later Prom, the girls—New Haven girls—filled the galleries at prayers. It was to hear the "Christmas Anthem" rendered by a reinforced choir, after much drill, on the last Sunday before Christmas. The anthem was a somewhat long and stilted set of stanzas, telling of flights of angels descending from mansions in the skies and lending itself readily to satire and parody—so readily indeed that a humorous poetical parody by a bright young student of the early seventies printed a week ahead in the *Yale Courant* made the girls and boys laugh at Chapel when the anthem was given. And thereupon, after forty years of life, it died—killed by a "skit."



## IV

### THE HILLHOUSE PLACE

Now that Yale University, acting through her proxies, has acquired the Hillhouse Place, by the gift of Mrs. Russell Sage, its future place in the line of most important physical development of Yale has been clearly outlined. The new physical laboratory on the Hillhouse property is, in the immediate order of events, the first of a series of Yale structures that will extinguish on the Prospect Street slope the once famous and attractive Hillhouse Woods. With that structural emplacement will go, barring the Observatory lot and the bosky square beyond, almost the last of the features that in the elder Yale days gave Prospect Hill its acute rural setting and tone. Already Prospect Street is residential in the most exalted social sense, with stately homes reaching out ambitiously to Mill Rock, with frontal land values soared and soaring to mighty prices per running foot. What a contrast with its past when so late as the middle point of the last century, the primitive Hillhouse forest was in its sylvan heyday; when other woods flanked thickly the westward slope.

The undergraduate of the sixties, when, following a drowsy session at Chapel afternoon service, he took his walk up College Street and northward, found beyond the one and original Scientific School building almost nothing in the way of habitation. On Prospect

Street where the railroad bridge now stands and at the corner, was an old brick factory burned down sometime in the later sixties. But there was no railroad bridge. Instead of it was a steep downward pitch to the railroad and corresponding upward pitch on the other side, forming a "grade crossing" equally perilous and unsightly. Passing on and up Prospect Street and the Hill, one stepped into open country. All land beyond Sachem Street sold by the acre as on a country farm! Halfway up the Hill, he passed on the left the woods which tradition assigned as the spot for the Burial of Euclid. Beyond, save for two stately dwellings on the crest of the Hill, were everywhere—north, east and west—only rural environs and overlooks. But if the peripatetic undergraduate had any eye for sylvan beauty it must have lingered long on the thick and grand trees of the Hillhouse forest, where oak, walnut and maple reached their acme of girth, spread and majestic stature. The thinned and battered trees of the tract today give small realism of what the Hillhouse Woods were then. A storm in 1893 felled a hundred or more of the stately giants, and ten years later another hundred fine hickories had fallen under the ravages of the hickory beetle, which no devices of forestry science could stay. It seems probable—at least there are no records to prove otherwise—that "Sachem's Wood," so called, with the remnant left, was primeval forest; and there is logical inference that in earlier times, perhaps not antedating much the nineteenth century, the unbroken forest reached up to the base of Mill Rock.

"Highwood" was the early nineteenth century title that the estate bore, changed to Sachem's Wood in 1838, a title by repute derived from famed Hillhouse,



HILLHOUSE AVENUE IN 1841



Yale 1773, its first owner, and based on the likeness of his face to that of the aboriginal race type.

The later records show that the inheritors from James A. Hillhouse, widow and daughters, sold off certain northward parts of the old estate; and the surviving daughter by purchase and agreement with the late Oliver F. Winchester was a party to Mr. Winchester's great gift of land for the Yale Observatory, a portion of which had been donated by the Hillhouse family.

Its recent history is more familiar. The last heir, James Hillhouse, '75, came into possession some five years ago. A tentative plan of breaking up the fine property into some hundred building lots was anticipated opportunely by its purchase for \$510,000 by Yale's representatives. Under the terms of the agreement, Mr. Hillhouse is left in possession of the tract of about three acres on which his home stands, with an option for Yale should the reservation finally come into the market; and a Sachem Street frontage of three hundred feet is preserved for a public park, holding the vista that reaches down Hillhouse Avenue.

Other provisions of the contract look to the use of the estate of thirty acres for the Forest School, a Botanical Garden, and School of Irrigation and for fifty years exclude dormitories, baseball, golf and football while conceding tennis and other limited games. But these are mere details of the larger fact that has conserved for the city a public park, contributed to the City Beautiful and endowed Yale for long years to come with ample space for educational elbow room.

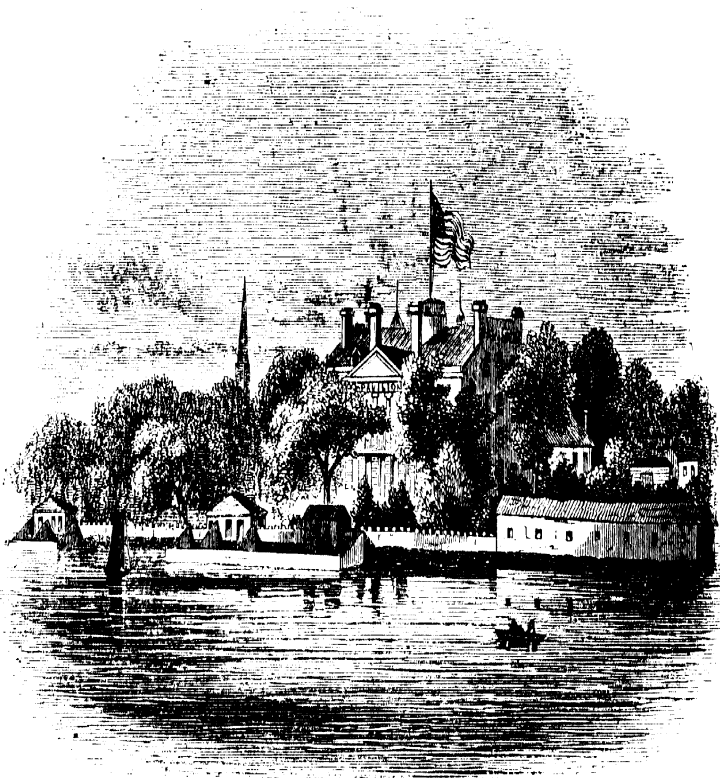
## V

### THE PASSING OF TWO YALE HOSTELRIES

#### THE OLD PAVILION HOTEL

A local newspaper tells the tale of the demolition of the structure on Collis and East Streets, once known as the "Colonnade," almost, if not quite, the last of the ancient structures at the head of the harbor that had a local link with the Pavilion Hotel. The Colonnade's relation to the inn was more liquid than concrete. It was, in fact, but a bar room of local convenience for the inn and said to be famous for its mint juleps and by that token magnetic to the parental Southerners who, with sons at Yale, came northward o' summers to the Pavilion as New Haven's most accessible shore resort. As such, the Pavilion, by fair inference, must have been a Yale resort also in days when Dixie Land "befo' de Wah" sent northward to Yale her big delegation of undergraduates.

Some Yale greybeards of the fifties and a little earlier must remember the Pavilion as it was then, a stately, though not large, structure, big windowed, with frontal pillars—after the Southern plantation type—and thick walls plastered with rough yellow stucco. Rows of big weeping willows flanked it and other trees nearby gave it almost a sylvan environment. It stood, perhaps, eighty feet back from the beach, up which the tide, clearer then than in later times, rose twice a day with its line for the bathers. And reaching out har-



THE OLD PAVILION HOTEL





borward on the beach a long row of bathhouses and a big boating wharf filled out the conception of a genuine shore resort with realisms of salt water recreation. For, indeed, almost all the strands of the harbor were different then from now. The college student of the fifties bathed in *puris naturalibus* upon a clean, sandy shore, where now are the murky shops and engine houses of the New Haven Railroad Company.

It was then, or a little earlier, that the Yale undergraduate had a wider horizon on the harbor and more alluring field of marine activity. Great open spaces filled the arc of vision now subtended by the large Sargent shops. Tomlinson's bridge was there with its drawbridge, picturesque in its tumbledownness. Not many Yale men, by the way, who cross that bridge now, recall the fact that its iron rounded trusses years ago were part of a "new" truss bridge of the New Haven Railroad Company over the Housatonic River and are now a monument to Yale scientific lore. It came about thus: The railroad company some forty years ago had just built the new iron bridge over the Housatonic to replace an antique wooden structure. It was reckoned not only mighty in strength but, in those days when iron bridges were rare, and structural steel undreamt, a veritable poem in beauty of beam and chord. Hardly had its praises begun to die away when a young Senior student of the Sheffield Scientific School, lured by its fame, took it as the subject of his graduating thesis. He demonstrated in startling fashion its structural weakness and peril to passing trains. His figures went to the railway experts, who confirmed them. The new and beauteous bridge which had cost the corporation many tens of thousands of dollars came down in a rush, but not before it had also cost President G. H. Wat-

rous, Yale '53, lots of sleepless nights. A span of the bridge of brief life, wrecked by Yale science, was taken to be a part of the present Tomlinson. All which is not tradition or legend, but a tale certified for fact and within the writer's easy memory.

At the east end of Tomlinson's bridge, east side of its approach, was the Yale boathouse, a small wooden building with pigmy float, often swept from its moorings by the late winter ice. But if the Yale boating plant was more contracted than nowadays, the boating itself was more recreative. Boating parties of students more often pulled through the upper Quinnipiac reaches or pushed up the mazy Mill River to the Whitney dam; the waters were relatively clearer and odorless before the days when New Haven sewers had waxed big under the spur of Mayor "Harry" Lewis; there were, to be sure, oyster stakes in river and harbor, for the fame of the Fair Haven "Dragon" bivalve had not yet faded on the mollusk horizon. But the stakes were not so obstructive and unsightly as in later times, and Yale aquatics of the pure, sport-loving order had in the harbor and its tributaries water areas broad and winsome.

But the Pavilion had a much earlier tale. It was built about 1800 by Kneeland Townsend—uncle of the giver of the Yale Townsend Composition prizes—and "Colonel" David Tomlinson, builder of Tomlinson's bridge. These two owned the broad sand tracks in that quarter of New Haven then called the "New Township" and conceived an improvement scheme too vast for its time. They leveled the big sand dunes; planted trees and laid out the frontal Water Street; and erected a group of villas with the Pavilion Hotel near the center. The hotel itself, which, with lines

of double-storied dormitories adjacent, had about forty rooms, ere long became *the* shore resort of the north coast of the Sound. Its earliest landlord was one Porter, afterwards of the City Hotel, Hartford; next came G. A. Ives, in later years host of the New Haven House. Its owner, Judah Frisbie, next leased it to an Englishman whose Irish and Roman Catholic wife set up within it a chapel to her faith. And finally, as a lowly tenement, it was bought by the Sargents from the Frisbie heirs. The "Townsend and Tomlinson Folly," as the general venture was called in the early century, was years ahead of its time and, in a financial sense, failed dismally; but not until the "Pavilion" had become a hostelry famous throughout East and South; had entertained many big statesmen of the nation, including Calhoun, Webster and Clay; and had certified its beauty of site on a point of land—later destroyed by the great filling to the Eastward—whence the eye swept the vistas to the far horizon up Mill River and the Quinnipiac.

The old Yale grad who now seeks the ancient open spaces of the Pavilion hostelry and its region, then respectably residential, will marvel at the change. The old New Haven homes have been supplanted by factory and tenement. The tree life of the streets is gone or is tokened by a few sickly survivors. Italians have replaced the natives. The original "Pavilion," after shifting downward to a squalid lodging house itself, survived until a few years ago when swept away by the factory of the Yale family of the Sargents. But the greatest change, and one far from unpleasant, has come to pass on the shore where the city has pushed "made" land far out seaward, built up a recreative park of several acres, and the baseball player now

sports over the bottoms where the guests of the Pavilion, the college boys and the daughters of the South, used to dive through the brine while the band on the float attuned its old-fashioned melodies.

There came a later time when in the sixties the old Pavilion beach twice a year became a Yale focal point of sporting interest. There, in spring and autumn, was the starting point of the Class boating races and later still of the two big boating clubs, the "Glyuna" and "Varuna," which in an aquatic sense were the rivals of the two literary societies, Brothers in Unity and Linnonia, on the Campus—each club battling fiercely for the greater membership and campaigning briskly among the Freshmen. The official start was a few rods directly in front of the Pavilion and the course a mile or so southward on the harbor and return. A mighty cluster of townspeople and Academics, of dandy undergraduates and New Haven's best young womanhood—in those days of the college vulgate dubbed "the snob," used to gather on the shore on those two gala days of the year, and the rival shouts of "Glyuna" and "Varuna" that greeted the outgoing and incoming raceboats made the welkin echo like unto the vocal thunders of the modern football gridiron.

The Pavilion is now but a remote memory and, except for the written record, will ere long be a void. Most of the Yale men who could testify to its sobrieties and revelries have passed with it. Yet, before the last vestige of it goes, too, may it not along with the larger annals of the just extinct New Haven House claim the reminiscent word?

## REMINISCENCES OF THE NEW HAVEN HOUSE

The old New Haven House, over which the swan song of the (usually) good cheer of more than half a century is now sung, has a symbolism in three directions. It is symbolic of Yale as being bought out in part with Taft moneys and owning a more dignified successor that will bear the Taft name; as a conservative old hostelry it has squared with the persistent Yale tradition and policy; and lastly, in that same conservative temper, it has symbolized the city that has given it its title. The New Haven House, in fact, as a going concern was New Haven expressed in terms of brick, mortar and stucco externally; and, internally, by a regimen that excluded the elevator until a date comparatively recent in its structural life. It never was a real hotel in even the later nineteenth century sense, much less in the meaning of the first lustrum of the twentieth. It was simply a huge tavern transplanted from ancestral days to younger generations of guests. But, if it lacked the up-to-date equipment and "go," it at least retained the old domesticity and informal spirit. It appealed to the old fashions and habitudes, and not in vain. Situation, size and proximity to Yale did the rest and told—along with the sagacity of Landlord Moseley—the tale of prosperity.

But that prosperity had with it a side story in the nature of a financial melodrama, with the late Augustus R. Street, one of Yale's foremost benefactors, as its victim. Mr. Street was a gentleman of high ancestry, of culture, of hereditary wealth and a graduate of the Yale Class of 1812, who built the New Haven House, which was opened in 1851, though the official permit

for its erection bears a date of seven years earlier. He was the veritable father of the Art School, which in the early sixties he offered to the Yale corporation, though, as his letter making the gift indicates, without naming the sum. That was in the civil war days (1864), with structural prices high and still soaring. The Art School building, ambitiously conceived, the first of its kind, it is said, to be connected with an American university or college, far outran the estimates and before it was done, Mr. Street found himself somewhat financially embarrassed in carrying out his plans. He died in 1866, before the Art School was finished, and left to Yale the New Haven House, not long after sold by the Corporation to Mr. Moseley, at a sum variously stated at from \$60,000 to \$80,000. The total gifts of Mr. and Mrs. Street to Yale, including Art, Academic and Theological professorships, amounted to \$411,337, of which \$317,882 went to the Art School. By the measure of money gifts, Mr. Street, up to the time of his death, was far in front of Yale's benefactors. There is a sense, therefore, in which not only the Art School but the new hotel will be his memorial.

Though renovated somewhat in its maturer age, and boasting its standing wash basins and private telephones, the mediæval and antique New Haven House, was, as stated, a kind of sublimated tavern with a boarding-house aroma thrown in—yet, withal, not lacking in traits of the neat and well-ordered home on which the occasional rush of new guests came as a rude break. Its *menu* was like unto the house—traditional and repetitious, yet of the “square meal” order, welcome to transients or even to the guests of a week or fortnight, but a bit monotonous to the long time boarder. It used



CHAPEL STREET AND THE ART SCHOOL IN THE SEVENTIES





to be said with a germ of truth that from the first of January to the next new year, the bill of fare varied but twice—shad in the spring, strawberries in summer. The cooking was fair to good, but, by some occult influence, unvarying and uninfluenced by a change of *chef*. Here, as a curio of the time, yet sure to be familiar to former Yale guests, is the last Sunday bill of fare for dinner—the last dinner, indeed, for the breakfast of next day, Monday, October 17, 1910, closed the old hostelry's life:

LUNCHES FOR AUTOMOBILE PARTIES PREPARED ON  
SHORT NOTICE KINDLY GIVE ORDER TO HEAD WAITER

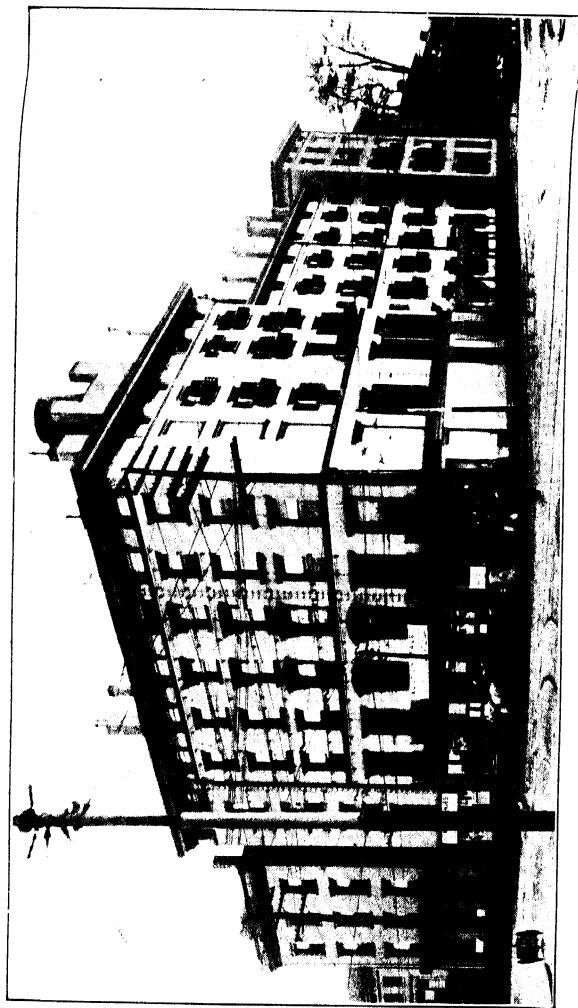
Blue Points		Mock Turtle
	Broiled Whitefish Maitre d'Hotel	
Lettuce		Sliced Tomatoes
Filet de Mignons Saute Jardiniere		
	Lamb Chops a la Legumes	
	Braised Saddle of Veal with Peas	
	Pineapple Sherbet	
Roast Ribs of Beef au Jus		
	Roast Philadelphia Chicken Cranberry Sauce	
Steamed Potatoes	Boiled Rice	Mashed Potatoes
Corn on Cob	Boiled Onions	Spinach
	Salad Lorette	
	Cottage Pudding Sauce Sabayon	
Apple Pie	Macaroons	Lemon Custard Pie
Lady Fingers		Wine Jelly
Coffee Ice Cream		Meringue a la Cream
	Assorted Fruit	
Bent's Water Crackers		Cheese and Crackers
English Breakfast and Oolong Tea		Demi-Tasse

APOLLINARIS, BOTTLES OR JUGS, QTS., .40, PINTS, .25, SPLITS, IN BOTTLES, .15

Sunday, October 16, 1910.

Expunge a few—very few—of the entrées; cut out the Gallic and the reference to automobile parties and apollinaris; and simplify type and paper, and the *menu* above may almost be antedated by decades without change.

Even while he smiles, the Yale graduate, old or young, sees the familiar corner darkened by night and the New Haven House about to die, not without a touch of sadness. With it perishes, not, strictly speaking, a Yale institution, but one so closely inwoven with academic memories that it has been a kind of big dormitory off the Campus—a spot where hosts of Yale men through the winged years have gathered; where Campus memories have been exchanged and deepened; where college functions and interests could hardly have centered more had the house been formally Yalensian; and whose going now attests not only a New Haven but a Yale in transition—a transition upwards yet not without its subnote of pathos as The Old goes and The New comes in.



MOSELEY'S NEW HAVEN HOUSE



## VI

### THE TWILIGHT OF ALUMNI HALL

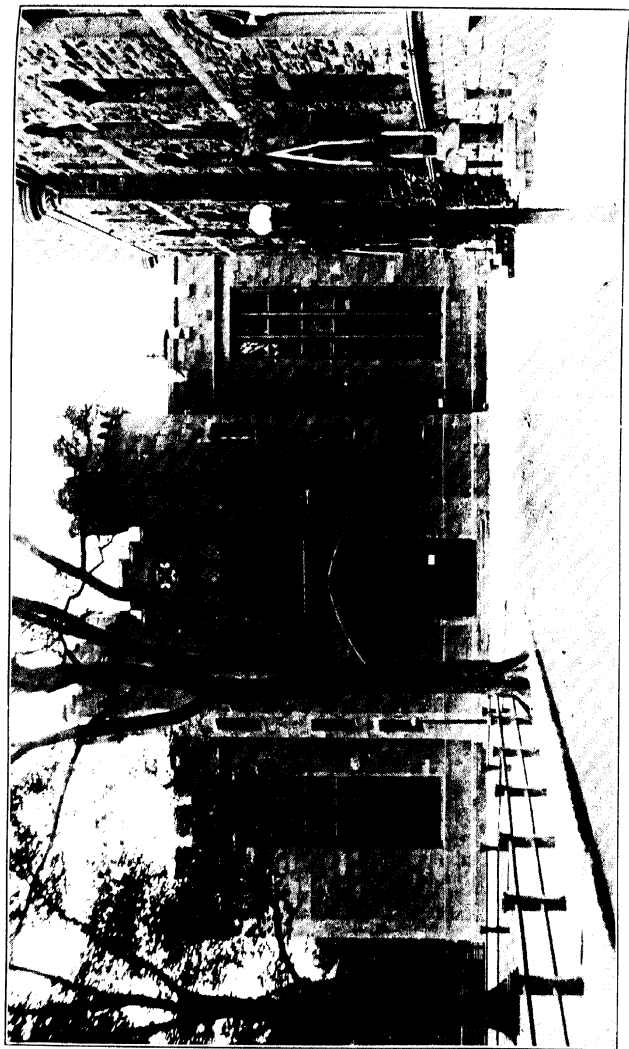
The sub-Freshman who, half a century ago, passed behind the Old Brick Row and with cold feet and vibrant nerves went toward Alumni Hall for his entrance examination, saw a structure not outwardly different from what it is now—but a structure far ahead of its present status in the admiration and approval of that college generation. It was then the newest building on the Old Campus; it was, except the Library, the only college structure built of stone; and architectural authority as well as laical taste favored its castellated design and even made allowances for the wooden capwork that certified to exhaustion of funds rather than defective artistic judgment. It was argued in the way of historical fitness that the mediæval castle had not seldom sheltered learning as well as the robber baron. And as the same mediæval stronghold had its identity with dungeon, rack and thumbscrew, the undergraduate, less in love with the Hall, could readily span the void of fancy and fit the academic castle to the mental tortures of examination—especially the hated and dreaded “biennials,” covering two full years of the curriculum of the time and on which so many an undergraduate bark went to wreck.

Alumni Hall is not only the last material relic on the Old Campus of the big open societies, but also of the revered President Woolsey, who drew the original

plans. It was about the middle of the last century that some building of the kind became imperative for college needs. A large hall was required for the biennial examinations, when a whole class met together, and the torture room must be ample enough for separative spaces between the victims; a large hall was needed also for alumni meetings; and the two big societies, Linonia and Brothers in Unity, then not far from their heyday, craved improved meeting rooms, while the lesser society, Calliope, wanted a room, too. All three societies contributed funds for the structure, but as the Calliope died before it was built, her contribution was returned to the donors. The Hall, begun in 1852 and finished a year later, cost in round numbers \$27,000, of which Linonia gave \$5,800, Brothers in Unity \$5,500, and the College gave or got the remaining \$15,700, which, if the wooden finishings on the stonework are due evidence, must have been hard cash at the end. In our times the building would probably cost two or three times what was paid for it fifty-six years ago. As a unique architectural distinction, the large lower hall was in those days said to be the greatest in the country without internal pillars.

Had the open societies lived, Alumni Hall would have quite fulfilled its useful prognosis; and though they became moribund a dozen years later and have now dropped far below the Yale horizon of the past, the Hall, though it is to die comparatively young, is old enough to own its memories.

Foremost in the annals of the Hall and dominant in its memories are the college examinations, reaching down to this day with their unwritten tales of tragedy, comedy, joy and woe, of trickery on the one hand that sought to dodge or mitigate the ordeal and, on the



ALUMNI HALL





other, the staunch and honest scholarship that faced it. Elective studies now break up and scatter the examinations and subdivide the examined into groups of which the big hall is needed only for the larger few. But fifty years ago, and for three decades after that, each class, for the awful biennials or not much less awesome annuals, was hived in Alumni Hall under conditions of scrutiny which, if reports of the graduate greybeards are true, rivalled the watch and ward of the cardinals at a papal election. It used to be a tradition, probably untrue, that the octagonal tables, originally square, were sawed off as to their corners and octagonized so that the corners might not cover the hidden "crib." However that may be, it is certain that the examination agonies and glooms of those college times centered in the Hall where the portraits of the college benefactors looking down from the walls seemed redolent of the Spanish Inquisition and Torquemada. With its dull-hued panellings and massive effects, the Hall has indeed offered little æsthetic and visual relief to the chief of its solemn functions.

But with a brief trip upstairs, college memory shifts from a *penseroso* to cheery *allegro*. There was fun and lots of it in the society halls, the excitement of acute campaign rivalry, and both tempered by good debating that trained many a Yale man to public fame. Afterwards, even if regular debating had perished and the societies, as such, had lapsed into desuetude, there were the society prize debates; the humors of the "Statement of Facts"; and, for many years, on the Tuesday night before Thanksgiving and held year by year rotatively in each of the society halls was the "Thanksgiving Jubilee," an institution which, perhaps,

more than any other at Yale, caught the Campus spirit of wit and harmless prankery.

The Jubilee, as stated, came just before the college break-up of three days for the Thanksgiving vacation, when the Freshman was keyed up by his first visit home and, more conservatively, the other classes shared his joys of hope. In these sublimated mental conditions, the Freshmen were made to pay the Jubilee's cost. For two or three weeks before the show, the upperclassmen's hat went round among the college neophytes and they were furnished with tickets on the face entitling them to front seats. The joke came when the Freshmen, after a long wait at the front entrance of the Hall, were admitted only to be greeted by the jeers of the upperclassmen and Sophomores, who, going up quietly the back way—without tickets—had crowded the Hall, secured every seat and left the Freshmen, as ultimate consumer, only scant standing room in the rear. This was the first "opening load," so called. The second was the "measurements" for President and Vice President of the Jubilee. The Freshmen were ordered summarily to pass up to the stage their longest and shortest man. After applying to the longest a mighty measuring stick, the long man's meter was officially announced as "Two hundred and forty degrees *Fahrenheit*," or similar skit, while the short man was reported as "Kneehimiah." Next, the two Freshman officials were hustled back over the heads of the audience to the rearward Freshman zone.

Followed next the Jubilee "sermon," usually delivered by a bright Senior who had spent on it considerable midnight oil. The "sermon" in the later sixties—and some other features of the show—had dropped in delicacy to a point which conditioned a Faculty censor

behind the scenes; and if, as not seldom came to pass, the preacher in some joke too broad was called from the stage or a too redolent farce was checked midway, the audience knew what it meant. Female parts were early interdicted by the Faculty; and an announcement on the program that the Faculty having shut off female characters, the committee had "been forced to fee males instead"—expressed on the stage by males in hybrid garb—pretty nearly wrecked the Jubilee. For the rest, the Jubilee was a jolly vaudeville in an academic setting—three hours or more of a much-mixed program of negro minstrelsy, original or parodied farce, song, dance, "stunt" and "skit" in which college individual talent had its full play and now and then a hit was made which for a time bade fair to be a Campus classic.

The after story and later annals of Alumni Hall are recent enough in time to be recalled by most of the younger Yale generations. The old society halls, subdivided into classrooms, have reflected the more somber realisms of the big hall below; the big hall itself, after serving for many years for the phantom Commencement dinner, has contracted its uses to examinations, to the alumni gathering on Commencement Week's Tuesday and to an occasional university mass meeting; and, as an unsightly and inharmonious feature of the architectural Campus, filling precious land space, Alumni Hall now enters its twilight, soon to give way to the new dormitory which the Old Campus craves for reasons utilitarian, social and financial. The Hall will not go down among many tears, for its memories, in the main, have been, like its outer form, sinister. But it has had a kind of sub-halo as a memento of the superb drill in debate of the great open

societies of the past and of the wholesome college mirth which from their two halls has echoed down the Yale years and which her old grads still greet with a reminiscent smile.

# CAMPUS TRADITIONS, CUSTOMS AND CHARACTERS



## I

### THE BURIAL OF EUCLID

The nomenclature through which Prospect Street has passed certifies its old rural quality with such titles remembered as "Second Quarter Road," "Smith Avenue," "Prospect Lane," "Tutor's Lane" and probably others obscured by time. And it was, doubtless, this bucolic and woodsy quality, lending itself to weird, nocturnal lights and shades—joined with reasonable nearness to the Campus—which made the region for a long series of years the scenario of the College farce-tragedy dubbed the Burial of Euclid.

Just where on Tutor's Lane the great geometrician, as reincarnated on the printed page and signalized more specifically by such diagrams of his as the *Pons Asinorum* and the more refractory "Devil's Wheelbarrow," had his annual interment is not definitely fixed; nor with unfenced woods fringing the Lane is it likely that the undergraduates, some of them none the better for liquid tonics, were fastidious and exacting in selecting a burial lot. But the most authentic legends fix the spot of cremation and burial at about the site of the present Infirmary. It matters not much. Yet in passing, one may note the impressive mutation of time which finds Prospect Street, once the retired scene of an undergraduate orgy, become now the direction of Yale's most solid physical growth. Metaphorically, the bones of Euclid have become the seeds of University development.

The Burial, that so long held its place in the Yale undergraduate calendar, had its psychological birth in the old-fashioned student hatred of required mathematics. The mathematics in themselves were what the student of today would term a "snap" course and hardly beyond the curriculum of the up-to-date prep school, while a Yale Freshman now of very ordinary gifts would deem Euclid almost alphabetical. But that mathematics, and especially Sophomore mathematics, were the student bugbear through most of the last century and even into the later seventies all the contemporaneous readings prove. There was a veritable "War of the Conic Sections" in the Class of 1827, stirred by a classroom disagreement with a tutor in which half the class refused to recite, were suspended by the Faculty and were at last "brought to book" only by parental authority. In the list of rebels appears so eminent a name as that of Horace Bushnell. But that mathematical mutiny dims before the rebellion in the Class of 1832, originating likewise in a classroom dispute with the instructor over the form of recitation. In the sequel forty-four out of a class of ninety-five were dismissed from the College, of whom a large proportion never were enrolled in the graduate list. The mathematical ghost, prior to the elective period at Yale beginning in 1884, when the specter was exorcised, stalks constantly in song and legend through the undergraduate life of that old time. It was on the mathematical rock in the biennial, and, later, annual exams that many an undergraduate bark shivered; it was the mathematical paper that was ever the objective of conspiracy, fraud and bribery to secure; and the burial of the text-book was but an



expression of the conventional undergraduate attitude toward mathematics in general with poor Euclid as its personal emblem.

Many of the details of the annual celebration are lost from the records, but most of the generalities survive or can be rescued from the printed programs. In its earliest phases, dating far back in the nineteenth century, the Burial appears to have taken place in the winter or late autumn, and to have had a prefix. In the prefix, the Sophomore divisions met together to celebrate Euclid's academic death and gloat over his corpse. He was perforated with a red hot poker, each man in turn thrusting the iron through his covers—symbolizing the fact that each had “gone through” Euclid. Then he was held upward and the class passed below, indicating, with doubtful verity, that he was “understood.” Next each man passed the volume underfoot to prove that Euclid had been “gone over.” These ceremonials were but preliminary to the Burial, which came later. Sometimes it took the form of a meeting—attended apparently by the whole undergraduate body—in one of the New Haven halls. Or it might be a march direct to the woods on Tutor's Lane. But in either case, there was a funeral sermon, original odes—apt to be in Latin—a dirge, prayer, torchlights, grotesque garbs, a funeral pyre with overlooking demons, a grave for the deceased, cremation and burial with the normal accessories of derisive song, howls and pervasive undergraduate racket. The lighted procession, moving from the Green northward, was, of course, the Euclidean *pièce de resistance*, a thing of delight for the town spectators of both sexes and all ages and a spectacular event of the year. The old programs indi-

cate that the mortuary ceremonies were of a rather protracted character, reaching into the small hours and that the Chapel benches next morning must have had a thin crop.

Sometimes the Greek mathematician appears to have been simulated by an actual human effigy in classic garb, bearing on breast or in hand the hated volume. But usually the volume itself was carried within a small coffin at the head of the procession with its escort of funeral torchlights.

On its artistic side the Orgies of the Burial are depicted in a cartoon indefinite as to date, of large dimensions and lurid atmosphere, a yeasty compound of fire and fury, yet bristling with detail. Jupiter—or somebody like him—sits aloft, presiding genius of the fiery energies below. In the midfield is the coffin mounted on blazing tar barrels with supervising demon stokers. On the right is the mystic symbol of a terrified dog “going some,” tail ’twixt legs. In lower right-hand angle is the portrait of somebody with no attempt at caricature, apparently a contemporaneous instructor in mathematics, while in the left-hand angle a professorial figure, book in hand, bears a striking likeness to President Woolsey. A despairing, half-naked student with face of richest gloom shares the lower foreground with a weeping Crocodile. Demons embattled and rampant students on hobby horses, a dim forest background, fill in a picture on which the draftsman must have stayed up enough hours to master half the problems of the flaming text-book.

The program of the Class of '55 for the burial, in November, 1852, runs substantially as follows:

## BURIAL OF EUCLID

*Order of Exercises*

1. Music.
2. Salutationis Carmen—in lingua Latina.
3. Music.
4. Oration.
5. Song.
6. Poem.
7. Procession to Grave.
8. Prayer at Grave.
9. Song.
10. Procession from Grave.

This condensed order is developed in the body of the program, as follows:

1. Overture—Go to the Devil and shake yourself.
2. Salutationis Carmen—By the Valedictorian.
3. Romanza—Old Grimes is dead—by the Horne Blenders.
4. Oration—How are the mighty fallen—by Lord North's practical speaker.
5. Song, Air—"O Pueri me Circumferte"—by How-are-you-now.
6. Hell Regained—by Hon. Thomas Cat, Jr.
7. Defiling Procession to the Grave, the Horne Blenders playing, "Are We Almost There?"
8. Prayer at the Grave, with closing observations—by a talented Theolog.
9. Dirge—Air, "Auld Lang Syne"—by the Lean Muse.
10. Friends of the Family, and others, return in procession of the equinoxes.

More elaborate is the program of the Class of '57 at the burial of November 8, 1854:

## BURIAL OF EUCLID

BY THE

CLASS OF '57

*Order of Procession*

1. Band-itti.
2. Physician and Priest.
3. Undertaker.
4. Bearers (cut of coffin) Bearers.
5. Chief Mourners.  
     Madame Euclid.  
     Miss Anna Lytics.  
         attended by  
     Mr. D. A. Revised.  
     Faculty and Fresh.
6. Friends of the deceased.

Developed thus in the body of the program :

1. Overture, from Bob the Devil.
2. Introductory Ode, by Major Natur Caput.
3. Music by the Ban(d)jo.
4. Oration (De) Cease (of) Rude Bore-us, by a member of the Bore(a)ed.
5. Music, Solow on the Triangle.
6. Funeral Sermon, by Moses in the Chapel Rushes.
7. Song, Time, "Skool," "Skool."
8. Procession at the funeral pyre.
9. Prayer at the Grave by Rt. Rev. U. B. Damned.
10. Dirge by Asoph O. More.
11. Incantation by Hon. Sir Cumference.
12. Ad Urbem fugiamus, "Hellward he wends his weary way."

There are naturally punning personalities running through the years at the various burials. Thus the Class of 1858 had music by the harp—(i.e.)s; A discourse by Double L. Dee; "Child Mourners" Ana Tommy and Theo. Dolite; and the parade was ordered in "Geometrical Progression" by a Parallel of

Pipe(d)s, while the salutatory ovation was assigned to (D) Arn—old Latin Prose. The Class of 1859 had a poem by A. Rhum boy (d), a discourse by General Proportion and as mourners Aunty Cedent, Geo. Metry and Cora Lary. The Class of 1860 boasted a discourse by a tan(d) gent, and a poem, "Mysteries of Paris," by Helen, while friends of the deceased were Parent Hesis, Theo. Rem, Polly Gon and C. Cant.

So far as can be found, only two copies of the Euclidean sermons remain in print. They are of rather diluted wit, bristling with indifferent puns and the longest of the two dwelling on Euclid's birth, relations with the other sex, courtship and honeymoon in terms that in these days would be quickly expunged from undergraduate print and have brought to wreck the later Thanksgiving jubilees. But the rest of the literature averages better; and there is noteworthy among the prose products a Latin prayer opening thus:

O rex inexorabilis, illacrymabilis Manium dicte Pluto, qui atro  
Cocyto, Acheronte, Pyriphlegethonteque tristes foraminum um-  
bras

Semper compescis hanc nostrum obsecrationem audi.

and the text of a sermon of the Class of '52 reads:

"When a straight line standing on another straight line makes the adjacent angles equal to one another each of these angles is called a three and a half and the line thus placed is called a rush."

#### RHYMES OF THE BURIAL

In the poetry of the Burial, the Sophomore Muse flew frequently if not high, much affecting the Latin—

suggesting, for one thing, closer familiarity of the undergraduate with that tongue then than now. Here is an excerpt from a one-hundred line poem of the Class of '44:

When first in thy swaddling clothes, puny and weak  
 The lips of thine infancy essayed to speak  
 And a parent bent o'er thee all eager to hear  
 A mother's fond title breathed forth in her ear  
 How she started amazed and her heart sank away  
 For angle and angle was all thou couldst say.  
 They brought for thee playthings and toys by the score  
 But still with thy fingers at work on the floor  
 Thou seemed drawing figures all deeply in thought  
 While playthings and baubles were scorned and forgot.

Propositions and problems and squares were thy song  
 Which, waking or sleeping still dwelt on thy tongue.

From the dirge of the Class of '53 comes this:

Black curls the smoke above the pile  
 And snaps the crackling fire;  
 The joyful shouts of Merry Sophs  
 With wails and groans conspire.  
 May yells more fiendish greet thy ears,  
 And flames yet hotter glow;  
 May fiercer torments rack thy soul  
 In Pluto's realms below.

A burial song of the Class of '54 ends with this stanza:

No more we gaze upon that board  
 Where oft our knowledge failed,  
 As we its mystic lines ignored,  
 On cruel *points* impaled.  
 We're free! Hurrah! from Euclid free!  
 Farewell, Misnamed Playfair.  
 Farewell, thou Worthy Tutor B,  
 Shake hands and call it square.

Mr. Playfair was the editor of the then orthodox edition of Euclid. The next extract is from the dirge of the Class of '55:

Old *Euk* is nicely caged at last,  
 He's fairly in a box.  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! We've got him fast  
 In spite of the old fox.

## CHORUS

Then lay him in his hole, my boys,  
 We've made him shroud and shrieve,  
 Wretch ne'er had fairer dole, my boys,  
 Than "Euk" from Fifty Five.

Sophomore bombast wings itself high in these lines at the Burial of 1850:

Lo! Euclid yields! the unconquered hero bends  
 Lowers his proud crest and to the tomb descends!  
 While in his victor, bathed in dust and gore,  
 Behold! Behold! the mighty Sophomore.

. . . . .

And here are mortuary rhymes of other Classes:

Thou must survey inhospitable tracts  
 And find the horizontal parallax.  
 Oft we with his curved triangles  
 Found ourselves in quite a fix.  
 Now his *lines* he takes to Hades  
 He'll *try angling* in the Styx.

. . . . .

But know ye wretched Freshmen  
 That Euclid is not dead.  
 He is not dead but sleepeth  
 Upon Lethean bed.

If he be dead to Sophomores  
He is not dead to you,  
Long shall he live, Long shall he live  
To fizzle Sixty Two.

. . . . .  
We'll make his antiquated face  
Far less than any given space  
Extract his root and square his base.

The Burial died with the Class of '63, the victim apparently of a reform movement aimed at its extravagances. The class had a mild celebration, but the next class ('64) dropped a custom that must have reached to a Yale antiquity very remote—for as early as 1843, it was referred to as "handed down from time immemorial." A greater mystery is how and why the Spartan Faculty of those days permitted it to live with its reflections on authority, its lurid racket and its lapses into sacrilegious and prurient speech. From the present viewpoint it might be reasoned that it was a safety valve through which the undergraduate engine let off steam. But that was a breadth of vision to which the ancestral Faculty never expanded.



## II

### TOWN AND GOWN RIOTS

In the copious diary of President Ezra Stiles of Yale, under date of September 4, 1782, appears the following entry, perhaps the earliest official record of trouble between town and gown of New Haven.

A great Contest has arisen between Young Sirs and Collegians on one side and Gentlemen in town, chiefly of Academic Education, and some Merchants on the other. It has been customary for those who graduated at Commencement to have a Ball in the State House the evening following and invite their Friends and Relations—this produced a promiscuous Assembly. The Gentlemen of the Town are desirous of a politer Ball for Gentlemen of the Army and other Strangers and claimed the Courthouse. Half a dozen Bachelors of Arts residing in Town chiefly and not in College joyned in a separation from their College Brethren & among the rest Sir —— who spake with less delicacy than was prudent upon the Candidates and their Company. This excited the resentment of all College. On Monday night last the Undergraduates in disguise took him under the College pump,—an high Indignity to any & especially towds a Graduate. He, instead of entering a Complaint to the College Authority complained to the Grand Jury & obtained a Presentment; & also brot an Action at Common Law for 1000 Pounds Damages.

The foregoing was not as appears a strictly town and gown trouble. It was a broil of undergraduates with New Haven's 400 rather than with her submerged tenth. But it suggests the pugnacious temper of the undergraduate body which could thus "take under the pump" a Yale man certified by his sheepskin. If such

was their even fortuitous attitude to an older Yale kinsman, what must have been their normal posture toward a genuine and aggressive "townie"?

During those closing decades of the eighteenth century, local conditions were peculiarly hospitable to town and gown feuds and frays. When New Haven was made a city in 1784, the whole township—by the next census of 1790—contained but 4,484 inhabitants, the city itself probably several hundred fewer and the College in relation to the town stood in much larger sociological ratio than now. This alone would not have made the city a town and gown arena. But New Haven was also a seaport where Jack Tar of the English, Spanish and Portuguese breed sported freely 'tween voyages; and his excursions to Chapel Street bearing an overloaded cargo of rum brought him in so frequent collision with the Yale student—himself not always painfully sober—that the annals of the time recall the asperities of town and gown in Oxford as depicted in English literature. To that period and the early part of the nineteenth century belong the "defense committee" of undergraduates, formed nominally, year after year, to oppose the attacks of the mariners, but also, it may be plausibly suspected, with offensive proclivities of its own on occasion; and an outcome still later was the "bully" system, with its class bullies, major and minor, who, along with the historical annex of the "bully club," have been too often written about to need description here.

As the city grew and the visiting sailors segregated themselves more and more at their shady resorts near the "Head of the Wharf," the contests of the seamen and undergraduates visibly diminish until there comes a brief period of town and gown truce, when the lights

of local war history burn dim. But a new war soon follows between the academic body and the volunteer fire companies. The latter, in New Haven, appear to have been a pretty harum-scarum lot, drawn, as a rule, from the lower middle group of young citizens, loyal to their hand-engine and to nothing else, and quick at fisticuffs.

Just when and why the new warfare began are obscure points. But it is certain that it fills a large place in town and gown annals during the early middle decades of the last century. The first real outbreak in riot was October 30, 1841, when the city fire department had its parade, with the usual accompaniments of rival tests in throwing water against the spire of Center Church. At the same time the undergraduates were having a game of football on the Green. The hose lay invitingly across the ball ground, was trodden on by the students, the free and full play of water checked, and, after hard words by both sides, the firemen seized the ball. A small riot followed in which three students were arrested, escorted to a justice of the peace by a mixed and boisterous crowd of students and firemen, the usual bail given and the trial adjourned. That evening at midnight the students attacked the engine house on High Street—lineal predecessor of the present Yale carpentry shop—drove away the watchman, shattered the engine, cut the hose and flung the sections over the college yard. The fire bells were rung and an angry crowd of students and citizens gathered, but the Faculty and city officers quelled the incipient riot.

In the spring of 1854 was the most serious riot in New Haven town and gown records, in Homan's Theater, then a part of what is now the Exchange

Building, at the corner of Church and Chapel Streets. A popular English actor, named Plunkett, and his wife were playing a tragedy, "Fazio, or The Italian Wife," which was drawing large audiences. At the performance on the evening of March 16, and in one of the interludes, a comic Irish singer got too many recalls from a crowd of firemen in the gallery to suit the taste of a body of students in the orchestra chairs. The chairs hissed the gallery and the gallery hissed the chairs, but this disturbance quieted down until the close of the performance, when the firemen, aided by a number of longshoremen, had a set-to with the students on the sidewalk. The police then took a hand and haled a number of the fighters to police headquarters, where "Pat" O'Neill, a longshoreman, was put under \$300 bonds to keep the peace, and the rest discharged. The affair, of course, roused a fever of excitement on the Campus, and the next night about one hundred and fifty of the students bought tickets to the floor of the theater and attended in a body to "see the thing through." They sat quietly enough through the play, but in the interludes were the targets of abuse and an occasional missile from the gallery. Meanwhile, the fire bells had been rung in the city and a great mob of roughs had gathered on Chapel Street bent on mischief. Just at the close of the performance, the city chief of police met the Yale boys, told them of the situation outside and advised that they go out by the back door, "keep together" in a solid body and march up Chapel Street to the Campus as quickly as possible.

The students took his advice, went out in close order and, in ranks of four, began their rapid march up Chapel Street amid the yells and din of the mob. But there was nothing worse than yells until just opposite

Trinity Church, where a high board fence brought out the figures of the marchers in bold relief in the clear moonlight; and, unluckily, just at that juncture, the raising of the "Gaudeamus" song of the collegians was probably interpreted by the mob as a defiance. A fusillade of bricks and stones followed from the mob and two or three pistol shots from the students. Just then Pat O'Neill, who was an active and noisy leader of the rioters, seized John Sims, '54, of Mississippi, who was last in the Yale line, and tried to pull him back into the mob. At this focal point of the tragedy, the stories diverge. As one narrator has it, O'Neill struck Sims twice with an iron bar; as another tells the story, O'Neill tried to choke Sims and pull him backward into the crowd. Sims met the assault by drawing a bowie knife and stabbing O'Neill through the side to the heart. The rioter fell dead, the mob gathered in silence around the body and the students went on to the college yard.

But the silence of the mob was short-lived. Its anger burst forth in new shouts and fury, the fire bells clanged out anew and a great gathering of the worst elements of the city massed on College Street before South College, pelting the ancient structure with brickbats and stones. The mob broke into the Armory, drew out two cannon, loaded them heavily with chain and stones and levelled them at Old South. The mayor of the city had read the riot act from the college fence, but the mob cried "Bring out the murderer," and refused to disperse. Meanwhile the Yale forces had not been idle. Almost every undergraduate had entered South or South Middle, the blinds were shut upon the windows, the doors barricaded, and munitions of war gathered. Judge Howland, '54, *qui pars fuit*, has told

in print how President Woolsey appeared on the scene and ordered the boys to keep quiet unless attacked, but in that case "to defend yourselves to the best of your ability," and there is a tradition that Prof. "Tommy" Thatcher aided the college boys in moulding bullets behind the academic breastworks. There were lively and critical times at the cannon, which the mob tried over and over again to fire. But, as the faded page of one of the contemporary newspapers relates: "Captain Bissell, of the police, managed to keep possession of one of the guns while other citizens took charge of the other, and they prevented the horrors which would have resulted from the discharge of either, for the contents would probably have passed through the buildings into the dwellings of citizens." The mob yelled for an hour or two longer, then slowly broke up and the historic riot ended. But for a week no collegian dared at nights to go outside the Campus. It is recorded that one of the cannon was loaded so heavily that it burst when discharged later.

A coroner's investigation followed before a jury of twelve, among whose names are to be read those of so well-remembered citizens as Morris Tyler, Willis Bristol, Caleb Mix, Samuel Bishop and George Hoadley, with Philip S. Galpin as foreman. Sims, who had lost his hat, bearing his name, in the fray with O'Neill, hired legal counsel, who advised him and his college mates to refuse to testify on the technical ground of self-incrimination for taking part in a riot. The newspaper account of the hearing is, therefore, little more than a dry record of refusals to answer, if we except, perhaps, a statement of Professor Larned that "long since (in the Faculty) the principle of compelling students to inform on one another has been abandoned as

wholly ineffectual." But the case was clear enough against O'Neill, who, as the jury found, "came to his death at the hands of a person or persons to us unknown—the said Patrick O'Neill being at the time engaged in leading, aiding and abetting a riot." Partly as a result of the tragedy, Sims left College in his Senior year. He served in the Confederate Army as surgeon with rank of major during the Civil War and was killed just after the battle of Cedar Creek.

Not less tragic but more distinctly a firemen's riot and more mystic in its sequels was the battle of collegians with the firemen in 1858. Its exciting causes were simple. A New Haven fire company had its house in what is now the Yale carpentry shop on High Street, near Alumni Hall. Just above at the corner of Elm Street was a Yale "joint," called the "Crocodile" eating club. Ever since the riot of 1854, there had been ill feeling between the firemen and students, which had slowly intensified. One of its most flaming local points was the High Street engine house, past which the "Crocodiles" marched defiantly night after night singing "Gaudeamus." The old feud came to a head when the "Crocodiles," on the night of February 8, 1858, passing the engine house, were greeted with a shower of mingled water and stones. A parley followed which was but a stratagem of the firemen to gain time, while one of their number went for reinforcements. These presently appeared in a troop of firemen dashing up from Chapel Street. Then the spokesman of the firemen in the overture, one William Miles, armed with a hose wrench, threw off the mask and called for an attack. In the riot that followed, several pistol shots were fired and Miles fell with a wound from which he died two days later. The fire-

men retreated to their house as soon as their leader went down. A period of intense excitement followed with "town" threats of violence against the college buildings and students, and measures of self-defense by the undergraduates.

An investigation by the grand jury followed. The students summoned adopted the precedent of 1854 in refusing to testify on the ground of self-incrimination. This time the presiding justice took the law in his own hands and signed a *mittimus* committing to jail one of the Yale witnesses. The students hired as his counsel Henry B. Harriman, Yale '46, and Charles R. Ingersoll, Yale '40—each to be afterwards Governor of Connecticut—and the student was promptly released by a writ of *habeas corpus*. Next came the appeal heard by Chief Justice Storrs, a name luminous in the annals of the Connecticut bench, who, after a long hearing in a crowded court, rendered a decision upholding the student in his refusal to testify. There the case ended, save an immense output of literature on both sides, and sharp criticism by the local press on the secrecy of the grand jury investigation, from which the public had been excluded and which was denounced as smacking of the Spanish inquisition.

"Who killed Miles?" was a question involving a mystery which has been discussed to this day by the later Yale generations. Oddly enough, for years a prominent Southerner of the Class of '59, still living, was named, but wrongly, as has been proved. According to another legend, the fatal shot was reduced to one of two men, one of whom many years later exculpated himself to a prominent professor, thus fixing the crime upon the other. But the tale is foggy, the mystery remains unsolved, and will doubtless continue



so to the end. As several pistols were fired in the darkness, perhaps the student who fired the fatal shot never was sure of it himself.

Looking back from our viewpoint, the epoch of the firemen's riots of town and gown with their twin tragedies seems due mainly to two immediate causes. One was the stupidity of the city fathers in locating an engine house right on the edge of the Campus, precisely where it was most likely to foment a broil. A second promoting cause was the persistent custom of the students in singing through the streets and not always in classic words or tune. The singing marked the students down and seems gradually to have become interpreted by the rough "townies" as a note of challenge and defiance. Certainly, the newspapers of the time repeatedly refer to its provocative quality and it hardly seems a mere coincidence that the good old song "Gaudeamus" should have been the death note in two town and gown tragedies.

### III

## OLD TROUBLES IN COMMONS

The erection of Yale's great dining hall, in a sense, may be said to set the seal of approval of the Yale authorities of the twentieth century on the gastronomic wisdom of the founders two hundred years ago. The latter deemed the old "Commons" almost as much an essential and integral part of the "learned education" as a text-book or moral discipline. The new Commons, with its costly modern plant, makes the old policy institutional and at once fixes and repeats history. It also repeats history by being born with an opening chapter of student asperities over the quality of the food.

The general story of the Yale Commons through the eighteenth century reads like a wild nightmare following a bad meal. And there were reasons for it, based on human nature. In the first place, Commons was compulsory, a fact of itself enough to make it a target of undergraduate feeling. It was a kind of vent hole through which all the grievances of the student life frothed. Were there a new and "hard" study imposed, or a case of sharp discipline for student pranks in Chapel or a revolt against an unpopular instructor, they were pretty sure to be connoted in "disorders" at the Commons with a byplay of broken crockery and jests levelled at the food. So when we read that a choral *BéBaa*, second perfect indicative of *Báivw*, greeted a dish at the Commons, it is not neces-

sarily to be inferred that too antique mutton was dressed lamb fashion; or, if a plaque of eighteenth century butter flattened itself against the Commons ceiling, that it had been churned in the age of Pythagoras or disinterred by Schliemann.

But the acrimony, which rises constantly, like an uneasy ghost, in the story of the early Commons and punctuates so often the faded pages of the Stiles diary, had, after all, a firmer base than undergraduate restiveness. Board was about one dollar a week, which implied a menu that even in the eighteenth century could not have been satisfying for the stomach, however ascetic. Thus, for example, meat was theoretically prescribed once a day; but the records show that twice a week in summer time it could be commuted for salt pork. Cider—succeeding earlier and very tenuous beer—was passed around from mouth to mouth in a large pewter dipper. Plain bread seems to have been the veritable staff of life at breakfast, and apple pie, in a period when New England orchards were prolific, figures at meals with dismal monotony. Noting this dominance of the apple in the Yale official diet of the time, one marvels that the Commons steward failed to hit on the device expressed in the later skit, and purvey water for breakfast, dried apples for dinner and let them swell for supper. It is true that, as a qualifying fact, certain of the tutors were forced to eat at the old Commons and were charged with keeping order in an institution not promotive of Chesterfieldian etiquette. But the records of the rebellion of 1819 prove that the tutorial table was showered with some special titbits from the kitchen which exempted it from the general famine.

A font of tribulation annexed to the old Commons

was the buttery—gushing such entries in the Stiles diary as this:

“March 26, 1782—this evening about 20 or 25 scholars went into a great tumult and riot in contempt of a public judgment and punishment inflicted in the chapel for damages done to the Hall and Buttery. Upon which they collected in a body for the demolition of Old College.”

The buttery was a kind of eighteenth century analogue of the sutler's store or army canteen, where food and drink could be bought to fill the aching voids of the Commons—obviously thus an arch foe of old Yale democracy and strongly savoring of “graft.” It seems to have been for a time the source of a Faculty order allowing students to dodge the phantom suppers of the Commons and buy food and drink for supper in their rooms—hence new saturnalia in the dormitories and more entries in the Stiles diary.

The vexations of the Commons reached two climaxes—or rather a sub-climax and a climax later. The sub-climax was the first Bread and Butter Rebellion of 1819. For several days the students stayed away from the Commons hall, meanwhile sending in to the Faculty a long rehearsal of their woes. Their specifications included drunkenness of the steward, insolence of cooks and waiters, ham of mighty but malodorous strength, ill-washed dishes, infirm coffee, a “graft” in which the steward sold the Commons pie to outsiders, entertainment of loose and mixed company in the kitchen and undue kitchen perquisites for the tutors' table. It was a rigid and searching investigation by the Faculty that followed, filling three days of session and two old manuscript volumes, with every waiter and the steward under cross-examination for

each charge. Many of the charges were found proved and what with the degrading of the steward and the shifting or censure of cooks and waiters, there came such an official shake-up—and shake-down—in the Commons as in our day of haughty domestic service would have quaked the University to its foundations. On the yellow manuscripts that, with the precision and order of the records of a court-martial, set forth the Faculty's inquisition, one finds here and there mystic reference to Upper and Lower Canada—explained, after deeper research, by the French Canadian blood of the cook and his assistant. After the shake-up, the rebels, of course, returned and Reform for a while spread her wings over the Commons and without expanding the fixed charge of \$1.50 per week.

The second rebellion of the Commons in 1828, and variously dubbed the Bread and Butter Rebellion and "Stomach War," was far more Homeric and tragical. Seen from the landscape viewpoint of three-quarters of a century, outside grievances seem to have been at the root of the sedition and bad fare at the Commons more or less secondary. However that may be, the three lower classes—the Seniors, as was the midsummer fashion of those times, being away waiting Commencement—seceded from the Commons and voted in a noisy mass meeting to "cut" every college exercise also until the evils were redressed. There had been, as alleged, wormy cabbage at the Commons. This explains a banner borne in procession, along with a petition, to President Day's study, depicting a big cabbage and worm and carrying also the couplet:

Oh who, save with a quaking heart, e'er looked  
On wormy cabbage though by Homer cooked.

The rebels, numbering "133 out of 261 in the three lower classes of whom 29 do not board in the hall and 58 are out of town," took legal as well as moral grounds, asserting violation of a statute under which the Commons steward was ordered to provide board such as prevailed in private families. But the Faculty brushed the law roughly aside, refused to negotiate until the return of the rebels to the Commons and expelled four who were summoned before the Faculty, and refused to yield. This joined heart with stomach in the revolt. There was an aggressive mass meeting in Hillhouse Woods, a later and "hands all around" parting on the Green and the seceders scattered to their homes. Later in cooler blood and under parental stress, most of them signed a set formula of apology and submission and returned—repeating in a major key the experience of the schoolboy who gets a thrashing at school and a second thrashing at home. The old Yale graduate may be permitted to smile freely as he reads in the list of signers thus forced to eat more humble pie than that in Commons, the name of Elias Loomis.

The output of literature while the "Bread and Butter Rebellion" lasted was prodigious. Petitions, protests, circulars from the Faculty to parents and the public, "letters to the editor" and like screeds fill many broadsides and not a few columns of the newspapers in and out of New Haven. The *New Haven Chronicle*, a weekly newspaper of that time, tells us of an offer of an unknown donor to pay the tuition (\$33 a year) of 100 poor students who "design entering the ministry"; and a letter of the elder Professor Silliman penned to President Day—then at Andover, Mass.—and giving a kind of diary of the rebellion, refers to

the gift as one outcome of the trouble—perhaps the tribute of an admirer to the stern and unyielding exercise of academic authority. There is no actual record of the gift, but one scents in it the germ of the later and abundant scholarships of the Divinity School which have had to be diluted by the new scheme of service and self-help. As to the rebellion itself, it was the last overt mutiny in the Commons. But disturbances did not end and a theft of the Commons turkeys was a culminating act that extinguished the institution in 1841, to be revived twenty-five years later with a representative of each table to make complaints, in whom the "Grievance Committee" of 1903 again repeats history.

Henry Ward Beecher, lecturing in the Lyman Beecher Course of the Divinity School thirty years ago, in the after-catechizing was asked by a theologian a diffuse question as to the general policy of pastors. Mr. Beecher looked quizzically at his questioner and answered: "What sized coats do people in general wear?" The reply covers the whole problem at the Commons. It can be solved only when the Powers That Be can equate human stomachs and suspend the Latin proverb *de gustibus non*. To the young epicurean from Fifth Avenue or even to some less gilded devotee of "mother's cooking," the fare of the Commons may be the target of scorn, while to the youth from the starved New England farm, it smacks of the ambrosia of the gods. To bracket the two types of appetite is not within human ken, but meanwhile, out of the old vexations of the institution, both parties to its welfare may pluck some consoling philosophy.

## IV

### YALE'S FIERCEST STUDENT BATTLE

Recent graduates of Yale, as well as her undergraduates, have scant conception of how physical Yale in the days of the old Brick Row adapted herself to student mischief and pranks, in contrast with the time of her present stately quadrangle. Not to mention Campus policemen and electric glare o' nights, there is now the open quadrangle with narrow entrances, save only the open stretch between Dwight Hall and the old Library. By contrast, the Campus of a third of a century ago was, as to its internal and external layout, a standing invitation to trouble. The whole College Square was open to advance and flight; the huge elms, sung by the Yale poets, covered behind their boles and under their obscuring branches many a nocturnal fugitive from the pursuing tutor; there were easy lines of retreat around the corners and through the passages of the old Brick Row; and, behind the Row, was the jungle of buildings made up of the two coal yards, the Cabinet building, the Laboratory and Trumbull Gallery.

But there were two peculiar focal centers of mischief and disorder, whose full powers as disturbers of the peace are only fully realized now when a new structural order on the Campus has swept them away. They were the Athenæum, crowned by the circular observatory much famed by the staccato jokes of Professor Loomis, and the Lyceum, crested by the scabby pagoda



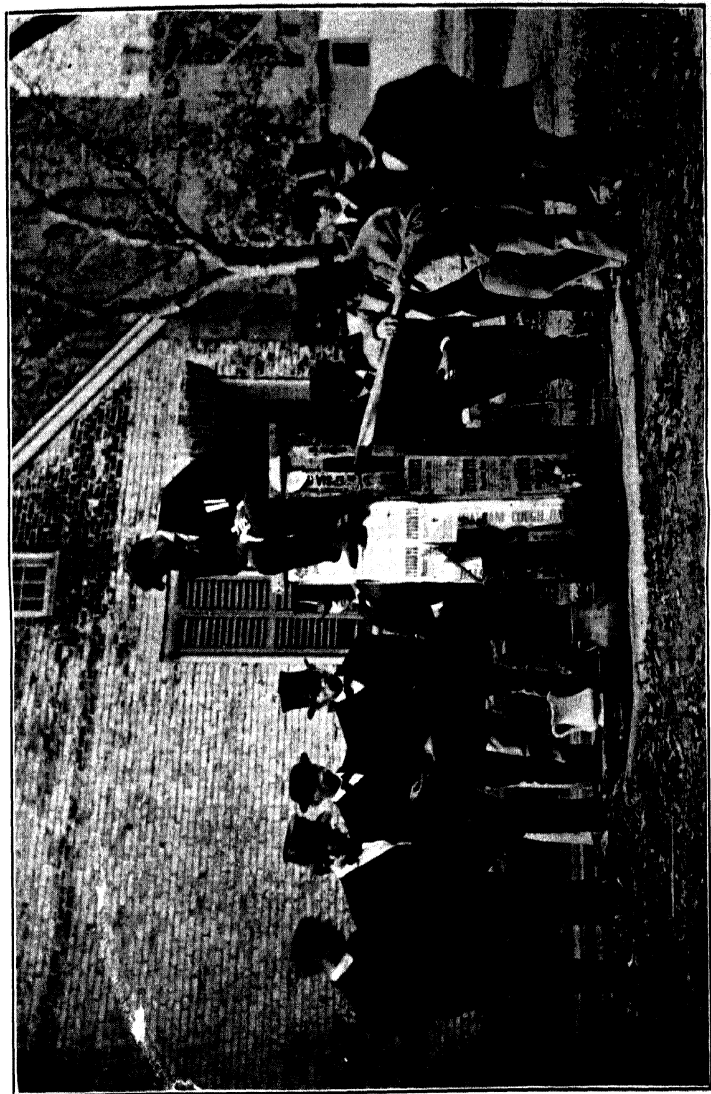
that sheltered the college bell. Freshmen going to and from recitation crossed and recrossed the orbits of the Sophomores also moving toward their dingy classrooms. The stone walk was narrow and, if no tutor was in sight, Sophomores had acute ideas on the subject of its incapacity for serving both classes at once. In days when Sophomore and Freshmen were at hot feud for two-thirds of each college year, when hazing was rife and the nightly rush was orthodox, the proximity of the two old buildings as an incentive to academic strife may be inferred. They were, in truth, the Corea and Manchuria of the wars of the two under classes and their connecting flagstones were watched sharply by the Faculty whenever Washington's Birthday or the Day of Prayer for Colleges let out the Sophomore divisions from morning recitation in a holiday temper of aggression. It was such a local status of the rival structures that led, in general, to many cases of marks, letters home and sterner Faculty discipline; and it was such a status, in particular, that caused the great snowball fight in the winter term of 1869.

There are four degrees of fitness of snow for conflict: One when the snow is crisp and dry underfoot and when there can be no snowballing at all; a second, when crust must be broken to reach moist snow; a third, when the snow is moist but light and its missiles innocuous; and a fourth, when the new snow, saturated by rain or fog, packs hard, tight and heavy under the hand and becomes, relatively, deadly. It was under the conditions last named that the great snowball fight was joined. Its *casus belli* was simple and undiplomatic. One moist day in January, 1869, following a heavy snow fall, half a dozen Sophomores of the Class

of Seventy-One came out from noon recitation at the Lyceum in a playful mood of reaction after the throes of Greek tragedy under Professor Packard. Into the Sophomoric mind there entered then the pleasant notion of a kind of ambushade just around the southwest angle of South Middle and "plugging" the Freshmen as they came out from the alley on their way to High Street. For a few minutes from the Sophomoric viewpoint, the plan worked cheerfully. Freshman after Freshman, as he turned the angle, was duly "plugged" by a volley of snowballs and expedited toward his dinner; when suddenly a rosy cheeked young Freshman, braver than his mates—he has since become a famous doctor—in defiance of all the precedents of Sophomore warfare, turned on his foes and began to "plug" back.

"Rub him," shouted the Sophomores, and with the words, a stalwart '71 man leaped for the youngster. Both fell on the snow together. But the Freshman was sinewy and agile and the "rubbing" was imperfect and took time. The rough and tumble struggle at the end of the alley blocked up the string of Freshmen coming through. Numbers gave them courage. First they began to volley the Sophomoric rubber, then turned on the main body of ambushaders and so the great battle opened.

For the first quarter hour, the combat was little more than an intensified skirmish, with single combats in the foreground. Here and there a group of Sophomores would charge a body of Freshmen, and now and then a rough and tumble scrimmage would ensue with each side encouraging its own man by shouts and discouraging the other man with snowballs. But the combatants would part and the general firing start anew. Then



A GROUP OF '71 MEN AT THE COLLEGE PUMP



each side began to be reinforced. Sophomore divisions tumbled out from the Lyceum to join their mates and more Freshmen came from the Athenæum classrooms. The thickening tide of battle began to drift to High Street, the windows of the Cabinet building came into the line of fire and the sharp crash of glass began to punctuate the class shouts. This was the usual juncture for the Faculty to appear, but for some reason unfathomed, no professor or tutor came. The conflict deepened and by the time the drifting forces had reached High Street, there were forty or fifty men on a side and the set-to was fast waxing to the dimensions of a pitched battle of the two classes.

Just as the moving fight reached High Street, opposite the old Library, the Sophomores gathered their forces and made a determined charge. Slowly, but with increasing momentum, they pushed the Freshmen down Library Street. It began to look like a rout for '72, and an onward spurt by '71 just then would have changed the whole fortune of the day. But suddenly a stream of Freshmen, who had been practicing in the Gymnasium poured out, and another Freshman reinforcement came from the eating clubs on York Street. A new Freshman stand was made in front of the Gymnasium and the main battle of the day was on. The Freshmen were massed between the Gymnasium and the brick buildings opposite; the attacking Sophomores fronted them on Library Street with right wing deployed on the Gymnasium lot and partly covered by the angle of the building.

Not while memory lasts will the graduate of '71 or '72 forget the snowball struggle that ensued for the better part of an hour. The Yale catalog of the time tells us that '71 had a registration of 111 men

and '72 of 176, and at least two-thirds of each class were actively in the engagement. Seventy-One had pluck and a Sophomoric zest for attack, and what '72 as Freshmen lacked in organization and confidence was offset by numbers, and by a strong body of throwers, indexed a little later by a triumphant class nine and large representation on the University baseball team. The battlefield itself was a thrilling scene. For ten feet above it the air was literally vibrant with lines of white. Fancy two opposed snowstorms driven by a gale and every flake magnified into a small cannon shot, and we get some crude idea of that atmospheric spectacle. The big white bullets impinged on heads, bodies and limbs, drew many a ruddy stream from contused noses, "thudded" against fence, tree or brick wall, and now and then shivered a Gymnasium window pane. High Street was a veritable gallery of spectators. Upperclassmen, townspeople, men and women, and not a few of the Faculty were there, thronging the sidewalk and roadway and reaching in a long line up to the Yale carpenter shop. A humorous element in the conflict were the contingents on each side of twenty or more men of the feminine type of thrower, hardly able to fling a ball in weak curve across Library Street. But these technical weaklings showed pluck in the front ranks, served to draw the fire of the enemy and, later, were of service as a kind of ammunition train for the men who could fire with force and precision.

The snow battle now entered its last stage. As fighter after fighter on the Sophomore side grew bloody, weakened and a bit discouraged, the Soph leaders, seeing their class outnumbered and outclassed in throwing, decided that something must be done. A conference of two or three was held, the word went

around and presently some twenty of the stalwart Soph warriors, carrying each some half dozen hard balls, quietly gathered under the cover of the Gymnasium corner. Then with a rush and a shout, they charged straight for the center of the host of '72. For a moment the Freshman center gave way. But a minute or two more and the snowballs from fifty strong Freshmen arms began to converge at close quarters on the little attacking column. Flesh and blood could not resist that deadly hail in which a fighter had to take at times half a dozen balls a minute on vulnerable cheek, nose, ear or eye. The Sophomore column recoiled to its protective Gymnasium angle. At Waterloo the Old Guard made but one attack. At the Battle of the Gymnasium Lot, the Old Guard of '71 made a second advance, only to be driven back once more.

Then after the long battle had been fought for nearly two hours came the climax. The leaders of '72 saw in front only a weak body of scattered throwers and on the right wing the repulsed and disheartened Old Guard. With a shout, the '72 commander called for a general advance, and with a whoop and a rush it came. It swept away like straws the Sophomore remnant of Library Street. On the Gymnasium lot there was a moment's resistance, but there, too, what was left of the Old Guard was rushed down to the fence. "Throw them over," shouted the Freshman captains, and one by one the last of the Sophs—very last of them all, one who since has become a distinguished judge—were tumbled over on the sidewalk. The great snowball fight was over and '72 had won. The Freshmen gave nine cheers for themselves and went off to dinner—or the doctors. Seventy-one went off to both, without the cheers.

A cold snap stiffened the battlefield that night, and for days it was a sight, with its trampled, blood-streaked snow, and fences, walls and the tree trunks dabbled thick with the "starfish" of the snowballs. At Chapel next morning blackened eyes, bruised faces and disfigured noses gave the Sophomore and Freshmen benches the semblance of a hospital ward. Two or three victims of the fight had a close call on permanent injury to eyesight, but all pulled through in time; and the Battle of the Gymnasium Lot, fiercest and most prolonged of the conflicts of Yale under classes, after red lettering for a few undergraduate years the annals of '71 and '72, passed into the limbo of unwritten history. The snowball skirmishes of Freshmen and Sophomore on Washington's Birthday in these younger days recall the great battle, but reflect it only in a pale and ghostly light.



## V

### THE OLD "STATEMENT OF FACTS"

A recent photographic picture of old Linonia Hall transmuted into a Yale recitation room will revive graduate memories, varying in the scale from sub-conscious pain to conscious pleasure. The really "old" graduate—say antedating the sixties—will recall "Linonia" and "Brothers in Unity" when they were "going" concerns of the most vigorous type, genuine schools of debate, *foci* of acute rivalry, reaching their "campaign" tentacles far and wide to grasp the incoming Freshman and a mighty component in both the social and mental life of the College. There is a younger group of graduates dating back from now for two or three decades, who will see that Linonia classroom only as one prosaic classroom of many, with not a trace of the old romance and fancy or of association with Yale's once famous "open" societies, now linked to the present time only by the societies' library—a goodly and useful heritage. But there is another intermediate group of graduates to which the writer happens to belong.

His lot at Yale fell in a period when Linonia and Brothers were in final transition downward. They still had their names, their poster bulletins of debate, their officers, their valuable and highly appraised honors in the prize debates of each college class and their "Statements of Facts." But as weekly debating societies they were the merest phantoms. Once a week the ornate and richly furnished halls were duly lighted up. Once a

week a president took the chair. But he faced an audience which, if it numbered a dozen undergraduates, was reckoned phenomenal and with debating energy in direct ratio to numbers. The two societies, as debating organisms, were, in fact, at their death-gasp and only living on the breath of tradition.

But, as stated, the two halls themselves survived, auditoriums of forensic luxury, a legacy from the times when the rival societies were opulent as well as emulative. They were of equal size, each seating comfortably some hundred and fifty undergraduates. Their expired rivalry was revealed sharply in the variation of internal equipment. Linonia sported red as her dominant color scheme; Brothers blue. Linonia shaped her seats in a series of circular segments; Brothers shaped hers in straight lines. Curtains, hangings, and internal fixings generally, of the societies widely diverged and, even, as now recalled, the order of exercises. Each society had two forms of internal ornamentation, or rather, of art, which was its special and particular boast. Linonia's was a brace of statues of classic orators, one at each end of her hall, high pedestaled and arched by a red overhang, the statues themselves some three or four feet high. They bore no name or legend and hence their identity was lost, though evidently of modern chiseling. Some said one was Cicero, the other Demosthenes, though which was which and which t'other no man could aver. Others affixed to them titles of the Greek dramatists Æschylus, Sophocles and the rest. All that could be said for certain was that both were male in gender and were not venerable enough for Socrates or Homer, or muscular enough for Hercules, or of majesty sufficient for Jupiter. Their anonymous quality served at once to fling

athwart them a veil of seductive mystery and make them targets of humor.

The art treasure of Brothers in Unity was a large painting in lurid tint hung high behind the president's chair. As now recalled across the span of years, it depicted General David Humphreys, a kind of tutelary deity and reputed founder of the society. The General in the painting had no isolated grandeur. He was portrayed as handing to Congress the surrendered colors of Cornwallis—or something of the kind—with accessories of tents, triumphant and flapping American flags, prancing steeds and a background of embattled Continentals, the whole mellowed by time into a Turnerian and yeasty atmosphere. It also remembered that the General was superlatively pot-bellied—that physical feature being a mark for Linonia orators in the "Statement of Facts," to be referred to a little later. The painting would probably go down before the canons of high art and has certainly found no place in the up-to-date collection of the Art School. But for "Brothers in Unity," it was an artistic gem of purest ray serene.

As has been said heretofore, the annual "Statement of Facts" lingered in the writer's Campus days as a memento of the big old societies. Its exact origin is lost in the mists of Yale tradition. But by impalpable report, it dated back to some early time when Freshmen who had "held off" and were unpledged to either society were hived in one of the society halls to listen to the rival orators of each organization in serious argument. Lending itself readily to burlesque and fun, the "Statement" thus remained as a kind of residual garment of social bodies that had changed to ghosts.

The "Statement" was programed for about the second or third week after College came together in the autumn—a time when the hostilities of Sophomore and Freshman expressed in terms of street-rushing, hat-stealing, and occasional hazing were at their apex—and was big-bulletined on the elm trees of the Campus.

"Statement" night at the society hall found at half-past seven or so the auditorium jammed with undergraduates of the four classes. The frontal rows of seats were by a kind of sardonic courtesy allotted to the Freshmen, who, after running a perilous gauntlet of Sophomore attack, had succeeded in reaching Alumni Hall. The Freshmen—at least a good many of them—wore overcoats and soft hats for defensive reasons presently to be set forth. Sophomores and Juniors donned the worst of their old clothes for reasons identical with those of the up-to-date rush.

Three upperclassmen, chosen less for oratorical power than for bombastic satire and the gift of rhetorical "skit," spoke by turns for each society, usually in prepared speeches, but with no restraints on extempore rebuttal—the speeches thus taking on somewhat the character of the "Fence" oration of these days, only with far greater license and harsher personalities. The keynotes were, of course, braggadocio for one's own society, disparagement for the other, and along these lines college wit had its full sweep. Did Linonia's orator boast her great men, her prize lists, her honors—Brothers' orator turned them to ridicule, telling how Linonia always had a jubilee if one of her men won a second colloquy, got a mark above zero in English composition or won the place of water boy on a class ball nine. Did the Brothers' speaker taunt Linonia as a bantam rooster with crow bigger than its

bulk—Linonia's orator countered by likening his own society rather to the great American eagle, which, with one foot on the Alleghanies, the other on the Rocky Mountains, rested its tail on the Gulf of Mexico and majestically picked with its beak the icebergs of the Arctic Ocean. Were a college tutor or upperclassman unpopular or eccentric, he was apt to be "loaded" on the society to which he belonged. The art works of each society were the open marks for infinite and varied jest. Linonia's two statues and her own ignorance of their identity were perforated with forensic javelins not a few; while poor old General David Humphreys, perched in his Revolutionary war paint above the two presiding officers—if the "Statement" happened to be in Brothers Hall—and his massive paunch passed through a worse ordeal than British bullets—the next Brothers' orator very likely retorting that in General Humphreys—Yale 1771—aide de camp to Washington and afterwards Minister to Portugal—Brothers at least knew her own father and was not a Linonia, dropped a foundling in a basket on Mother Yale's doorstep. A favorite but rather trite opening of the orators was, "Mr. President, *Gentlemen*, and Sophomores," aimed at the noisy disturbers of the eloquence.

Meanwhile, with intervals of comparative quietude while the orators shot off their "stunts" and metaphors, the gathering revolved itself into Bedlam. The Freshmen, hats drawn over ears and coat collars raised high, listened to the "arguments" amid a fusillade from Sophomoric pea-shooters and putty tubes. That group of Freshmen, muffled against the bombardment, was a ludicrous sight and one unfortunately before the days of snapshots. In the intervals between

the speeches half a dozen scraps at once would be in progress between groups of Juniors and the class below. When the proceedings neared their close usually came the climax. With the concerted cry "Put them out," the Juniors rushed on the Sophomores. Seniors backed to the walls to see the fun, scared Freshmen massed around the president's desk and the body of the hall was filled with a medley of Juniors and Sophomores, swirling and tumbling—an intensive "rush" in narrow limits—but the mass gradually drifting toward the outlet at the head of the narrow tower stairway. Why in the descent, and with the many tumbles where a steep flight of stairs converged at the central shaft, no bones were broken may be accounted for by the fact that when Junior or Sophomore fell, he dropped upon a human cushion below. In this prolonged Junior-Sophomore rush in close quarters, the rending of garments was, of course, immense. Many a man went in with a sack coat and emerged with one of the dress pattern, bifurcated at the top.

Sometimes the rush ended with formal forensic "Statement of Facts." Sometimes the Juniors, after some final hustling with the Sophomores on the Campus, went back to the hall and the font of ironic oratory was tapped again, subject to Sophomore diversion outside—such as an occasional missile through a window pane or as when, on one occasion, the Sophomores turned off the gas at the meter in the cellar of Alumni Hall and the Statement had to go on under the light of kerosene lamps imported from the Junior dormitory rooms.

But there have been enough of words to show the character of the "Statement" in the later sixties and its intensive "rush" features which at some early after-

date and, presumptively, by decree of the Faculty, gave it its final *quietus*. With it died the last memorial of the great open societies which for almost a century were among the foremost coefficients of Yale undergraduate life.

## VI

### TWO EXTINCT CLASS HONORS

The valedictory and salutatory orations, the highest scholastic honors of Yale's Academic Department, first appeared under those titles in the Yale Catalogue in the appointment list for the Commencement of 1856, and disappeared from the Commencement list of 1887. The two orations were last delivered at the Commencement exercises of 1894, where Frank Herbert Chase was valedictorian and William Edward Thoms salutatorian. For ten years the honors have been officially recognized only by the first two names at the head of the philosophical oration list. The academic Faculty has now voted to abolish even that distinction, and to print the names of the philosophical oration men alphabetically. Before the two ancient honors quite fade away on the horizon of a new Yale generation, their history and their remarkable personal records may be worth a brief review.

The records of the two portly volumes of Mr. Kingsley's "Yale College" carry back the double honors to the year and Class of 1798, when James Burnet was valedictorian and Claudius Herrick was salutatorian. But in those days and up to 1810, under the elder President Dwight, the honors appear to have been elective and similar to the class oration of today. Down to about 1798, both the orations were delivered in Latin, the salutatory by a new fledged Bachelor of Arts, the valedictory by a Master of Arts. Then both



honors went to the Bachelors and the valedictory was transmuted from bad Latin into better English. In 1810, as stated, the honors appear for the first time as purely scholastic and were won respectively by Ethan Allen Andrews, later Professor of Languages in the University of North Carolina, and by Ebenezer Kellogg, afterwards Professor of Latin and Greek in Williams College. The honors marking the "two best scholars" in each class have thus existed officially for at least ninety-five years, and are among the very oldest in Yale history. They necessarily ranked extremely high in the earlier and middle decades of the last century, when scholarship counted for so much and before the rise of Yale literary honors, saying nothing of the captaincy of the football team or the nine; and through several decades the two honors were an all but sure credential for a Senior society.

The double lists of winners of the honors absolutely blot out the ancient Yale caricature of a one-lunged and cadaverous valedictorian grinding out scholarship at a hand organ. In the long roll of ninety-five valedictorians by virtue of scholarship appear in the earlier years such names as Prof. Ralph Emerson (1811) of Andover; President Theodore Dwight Woolsey (1820); Gov. Henry B. Harrison (1846); Prof. Henry Hamilton Hadley (1847); Judge Dwight Foster (1848); President Franklin W. Fisk (1849); President Martin Kellogg (1850); Addison Van Name (1858); and, in later decades, Prof. Tracy Peck (1861); Leander T. Chamberlain (1863); Dean Henry P. Wright (1868); President Arthur T. Hadley (1876), and Professors Gruener (1884) and Irving Fisher (1888) of the College. In the list of saluatorians are President F. A. P. Barnard (1828); the

Rev. Joseph P. Thompson (1838); Judge William L. Learned (1841); Prof. James Hadley (1842); President Timothy Dwight (1849); Gov. Simeon E. Baldwin (1861); Prof. C. H. Smith (1865); Prof. G. F. Moore (1872), and Ex-President William H. Taft (1878).

Many stars in the constellations of well-known names in the two lists show how closely high Yale scholarship has identified itself with after success in teaching, in literature and in the learned professions. The exalted niches won by five successive valedictorians beginning with the Class of 1846 will be noted. But the summary is positively amazing: From 1810 to 1904, inclusive, there were one hundred and ninety valedictorians and salutatorians. Of the one hundred and ninety there were seventeen who died ten years or less after graduation, and to these should be added twenty of the last ten years, who in so brief a time have been unable to acquire fame.

More recent records show in the valedictory list, twenty-four full professors in colleges or theological seminaries, seven college presidents, two judges of high courts and twelve who have won distinction in other walks of life. In the list of salutatorians, seventeen have become full professors, six college presidents, three judges of higher courts, one President of the United States and fourteen have won other high distinction. Of the Yale valedictorians, forty-five are on what may be called the life honor list and of the salutatorians, forty. The two lists together register out of one hundred and fifty-three valedictorians and salutatorians eighty-five, or about 56 per cent, who have won success and distinction, the eighty-five including forty-one full professors, thirteen college presi-

dents—two of them presidents of Yale, one of Columbia and one of the University of California—five judges of high courts and twenty-six in other branches of life work; and if we add successful men of affairs whose credentials do not appear in the Triennial Catalogue or in the limbo of honorary degrees, the remarkable ratio would be still greater.

Hereditary scholarship comes out impressively in the two lists. Prof. Henry Hamilton Hadley, valedictorian of the Class of 1847, had a father, James Hadley, eminent in chemistry, who first urged Asa Grey to botanical study; and a brother, Prof. James Hadley, salutatorian of 1842 and father of President Arthur T. Hadley, valedictorian of 1876. President Timothy Dwight, salutatorian of 1849, sent to Yale his son, Winthrop E. Dwight, who was the salutatorian of 1893. Dean Henry P. Wright, valedictorian of 1868, is the father of H. B. Wright, salutatorian of 1898, and another son, Alfred P. Wright, died just before graduation after leading his Class of 1901 for four years. Secretary of War William H. Taft, salutatorian of 1878, is a brother of Peter R. Taft, valedictorian of 1878, who died in 1889.

The highest stand won by a valedictorian during Yale's period of non-elective studies was 3.71 (on the scale of 4.00), attained by Dean Wright. The highest on record (3.73) was attained during the elective period by William R. Begg of the Class of 1893. In a recent class a graduate of another college who entered Yale at the beginning of Senior year won a stand of 3.75. He, with other "philosophical oration" men from other colleges, under a rule of which few Yale men are aware, had to be put in that rank below the "philosophical" men who had studied at Yale

two years or more and who by that fact were eligible for the valedictory and salutatory.

The formal extinction of the two ancient Yale honors undoubtedly has been compelled by the uncertain tests of scholarship marks in the many studies and groups of studies taught by different instructors under the elective plan. But it breaks another of the connecting links between the required and elective system and between the old Yale scholarship and the new.

## VII

### WOODEN SPOON MEMORIES

As seen and studied in that period of its fullness and strength, the Spoon was a strange and fantastic institution in a Yale otherwise at least as democratic as the Yale of today. It is not to be forgotten that the Spoon Man was but one member of a committee of nine—the "Spoon Committee"—and in the grade of popular honors there were thus a big Spoon and eight little Spoons, a tablespoon and eight teaspoons, so to speak.

There is an impression deepening in undergraduate Yale and but lately strengthened by continuous lists of old Wooden Spoon men and younger chairmen of Prom committees, that the Prom chairman is the hereditary successor of the men who, through many years beginning more than half a century ago, won the "spoon" as a token of first place in class popularity. There is a dim likeness between the two honors, but a likeness more of form than of fact. They differ in such essentials as origin, in their rank tested by undergraduate appraisal, in functions and, above all, in the personal traits and methods by which the honors have been won. But they are enough alike to serve as a kind of text on which to hang some memories of the old Wooden Spoon in its heyday, to depict some of its characteristic features and to outline—possibly as a warning—some of the infirmities which led to its sudden death.

Like so many other college customs, the Wooden

Spoon struck its root in academic satire and prank. It goes back by tradition to a wooden spoon bestowed as a kind of "booby prize" on the English University man who ranked lowest on the honor list. The tradition, evolving into actual history, first localizes the spoon at Yale more than fifty-six years ago, as the award to the biggest eater at the Commons—the bill of fare shows that he must have had an intrepid stomach—and the ceremony of presentation becomes a burlesque of the ancient Junior exhibition. The burlesque catches the college fancy and the prize next goes for a number of years to the lowest man on the list of Junior appointments. There is a kind of mock committee, sometimes elected by the class, sometimes self-perpetuating, dubbed *Cochleareati*—after much midnight oil dropped on the Latin dictionary. At first the Spoon exhibition is under the Faculty ban. It is held in secluded halls, collegians, and collegians only, admitted after identification by doorkeepers disguised as red men, and the inner program would hardly be sanctioned by parental purists. But, grown institutional at last, the "Spoon" takes on dignity. Its exhibitions emerge from cover, are held in the biggest hall in town, draw to themselves fashion and flounce and leave the scholastic Junior exhibit far out of sight; while the spoon itself, as a signet of the most popular man in his class, becomes a prize more craved than the Valedictory or DeForest Medal.

Such was the institutional Wooden Spoon as the Freshman found it when he entered Yale in the middle or later sixties, and, if he came from a big "prep" school, he had already heard the honor named with bated breath. Much as the late but not mourned Sophomore societies reached back their conduits to the

schools, so the Senior Class at Andover and East Hampton in the old days had, in youthful horoscope, its own future Spoon man already forecast. Nor at Yale did the fact that the Wooden Spoon committee was a sure step to a Senior society election dull undergraduate ambition to become "popular" and win a place among the nine "Cochs." But on its public and spectacular side, the spoon had also its lure for Yale aspiration. The exhibition each June, preceded by the ball on *the* night before, was the event of the college year, the boat race with Harvard perhaps excepted. Orchestral music of the first order, attractive decorations, well-disguised mysteries as to "skits" on the program, and the academic aroma over the whole, all blended to make a seat in old Music Hall—now the Grand Opera House in Crown Street—the object of ardent endeavor and desire. The cry for seats was loud and often unanswered. And even the modern Prom, though on much ampler scale and with more lavish effects in color and electric lights, does not totally eclipse the scene in old Music Hall auditorium with its "spoon girls" and escorts below and undergraduate stags massed deep in the standing room above. Student fancy had free play in the program of the Wooden Spoon exhibition. There were burlesque, farces, a presentation speech accented by the big rosewood spoon, ornately carved and silver labelled, a reception speech by the Spoon man—usually penned by some better lettered classmate—singing and always some hit at the Faculty. There was ever, too, the so-called "opening load," as when at the first rising of the curtain two of the Spoon men step forward, open with their spoons a stack of straw, and Mr. Berry, the Spoon man, steps out as the

"strawberry." The condensed program of the last exhibition of all in 1870 may serve to sample many:

Opening Load.  
Latin Salutatory.  
Presentation of Spoon.  
Reception.  
Wooden Spoon Song.  
College Comedy, "Who's Who?"  
Younger members of the Faculty.  
Tragedy, "Return of Ulysses."  
Songs on the Fence.

As now recalled, the features of this particular program dropped pretty flat on the audience except the tragedy burlesque, "Return of Ulysses," which, with Penelope at her modern sewing machine, touched a deeper nerve of fun. Nor did the average Spoon exhibition of the sixties disclose very original Yale humor which blossomed much more luxuriantly in the Thanksgiving Jubilee. Even the annual "Spoon Song," which was supposed to focus the spirit of the affair, seldom rose higher than such ant-hills of Helicon as this:

Mem'ry shall ever,  
With sweet perfume,  
Twine in her garland  
Thy name, Oh Spoon!

That the Wooden Spoon committee was chosen for popularity rather than brains perhaps explains the moderate intellectual plane of the exhibitions. But the task of adapting breezy Yale fun to an outside audience must have been a pretty hard one.

The Wooden Spoon, attractive once a year as a public show, in the student life at Yale developed grave evils. As a prize it erected a false standard of con-



duct and of purpose. Popularity became overmuch an art rather than an element of character and grew into a policy. In the quest for Wooden Spoon honors not a few minds lost their scholastic and literary ideal, and good fellowship budded into conviviality which sometimes ripened into vice. Before the Wooden Spoon ceremonies and "spreads" ended, members of the committee had to go deep into their own pockets and thus "popularity" became in a large sense a perquisite of wealth. But worst of all was the system which made of the Spoon committee honors a sort of political spoil to be distributed by a kind of two-headed caucus. The caucus was the so-called "Coalition" of the two leading Junior societies, which, with a bare majority of the class in those days and voting together by hard and fast rule, divided the committee between them, alternating the Spoon man from year to year. Thus a minimum vote of sixteen in a Junior society secured a cochship and one Spoon man was actually chosen by an original vote of seventeen. What impairment of class—and society—unity, what personal tricks and intrigues, what combinations and sub-combines, what excesses of college politics and what personal heart-burning and bitterness ensued from such a condition, may be inferred. It reached a climax one year when, in the hunt for a new credential of "popularity," the ballot box was stuffed at an election of class deacons. How such a standard of popularity, based on money, intrigue and the fiat of a society caucus, was for years accepted by many Yale Juniors of self-respect and character was one of the many mysteries of student ethics.

But affronted Yale democracy rose to the emergency and killed the Wooden Spoon at what seemed

outwardly the period of its most vigorous life. The Class of Seventy-One had suffered much from the selfish and tricky politics bequeathed by the system and the example was not lost on Seventy-Two, some of whose members began an active crusade against the evil. One of their methods proved peculiarly effective and really killed the Spoon. Two or three good writers belonging to the first division of which Professor James Hadley was division officer, asked that he give out as a composition subject in the subdivision the question of the abolition of the Wooden Spoon. The professor hesitated, expressed fear that the subject would be either too controversial or too flippant, but at last consented. He was doubtless amazed, as were others, when on "composition day" almost the whole class poured into the room and overflowed into the entry to hear half a dozen writers by agreement attack the Spoon system without gloves. One or two other divisions followed suit and class sentiment, sustained by one or two timely editorials in the *Yale Courant*, set in with deadly force against the anomalies of the Spoon and a little later a mass meeting of the class voted it down and out with practical unanimity.

So, after almost a quarter of a century of erratic life, perished the Wooden Spoon, just as its pernicious hold seemed strongest—useful, as a warning, if for nothing else, against meretricious standards of Yale popularity and useful, also, as an attest that Yale democracy has only to rouse itself—as in the case of the Sophomore societies—to make short work of mischiefs of the kind should they recur.

Possibly a few old graduates of the writer's generation mourn its death. Most of them will say with the statesman who, when asked whether he would attend

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a bad man's funeral, replied: "No. But I approve of it." To assail the ancient Spoon now may seem like punishment after death, yet it is not amiss as a reminder that in one feature, at least, the up-to-date Yale is better than the Yale of the academic fathers.

## VIII

### FORERUNNERS OF TAP DAY

For obvious reasons not much has gone into print of the old doings of the Yale Senior societies. So what one seeks of their antique customs must be taken not from the published word but from the lips and memories of old graduates who, some of them, recall the Yale happenings of a half-century or more ago. They tell us how the Senior societies, like the others at Yale, dead or alive, had to have small beginnings; how they were the original conception of two or three men who formed the nucleus around which the society's group had to be built up; and how necessarily for some years elections were informal and desirable men had to be seen and persuaded days in advance. One old custom of the very earliest days of the Senior societies appears to be a matter of clear record. After the society lists had been made, a whole night was spent in the election. And next morning the societies marched from their halls in a body to Chapel, partly as a bit of impressionism, partly as a kind of theoretical covering of their work by a quasi-religious function.

There was a later time when the election appears to have been a midnight ceremony. Then the whole membership of a society at the witching hour marched to the room of the elected one with a frontal bull's-eye lantern, routing him, if necessary, out of bed, to proffer the election and congratulations—a ceremony in a milder way and a later hour antedating the elec-

tions of the old Sophomore societies of the sixties and Calcium Night. Followed next an earlier hour and a subdivision of the elective function. Instead of midnight was a period of from eight to ten o'clock on a Thursday night of mid-May; and instead of the whole society was either a single representative or a group of two or three bearing a big society symbol. These sought the elected Junior at his room—where he was pretty sure to be found and to respond affirmatively to the solemn "Do you accept?" formula. If he happened to be away, the offer was quietly made next day and the list filled up.

In those days, the old Campus, with the thick elms hiding the starlight was o' nights, save in lunar fullness, a region of Cimmerian gloom. There was no Donnelly, of rotundity and gift of persuasive rhetoric, to conserve order; no electric or other lights to fling their detective rays on the individual disturber of the peace; and the whole scenario of the Campus after eight o'clock at night was of a nature to stimulate mischief, prankery and, betimes, violence. The mysticism of the elections was, in itself, a temptation to the mischievous undergraduate, especially to those members of the Senior Class who were non-society men. Hence what may be called by backward reversion "Tap Night" grew progressively to a climax unduly boisterous. Entries of the Old Brick Row were obstructed in various ways to prevent the access or egress of the elective messengers; traps were set for them in the form of tripping ropes; a prospective and "sure" candidate for the honor might be tied or locked in his room; and outside on the Campus the messengers were hustled, rushed, sometimes their society *insignia* stolen and, under most favored conditions,

they must run a gauntlet of verbal fire ranging from joke down to individual shafts not always complimentary.

Out of this waxing nocturnal riotousness, incurring at the last Faculty disapproval, came sometime in the later seventies the "Tap Day" of up-to-date, fixed by society agreement, substantially unchanged since it began and which more than three decades have now made institutional.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Senior Society elections in May, 1914, were for the first time conducted away from the Old Campus, and in Berkeley Oval, where the majority of the Juniors resided.

## IX

### GEORGE JOSEPH HANNIBAL, L. W. SILLIMAN

"Not wishing, even under the most superlative temptation, to interrupt the gentlemen in their studies, I beg to ask whether they are not moved to purchase a package of my old-fashioned, home-made molasses candy." This rigmarole, familiar to every graduate of Yale since the later sixties, will serve, without his portraiture, to recall "George Joseph Hannibal, L. W. Silliman, Esquire" (with a comma after the Hannibal). He was, in astronomical lore, the Alpha in a galaxy of Yale's original Campus characters, in which Candy Sam, Daniel Pratt, Jackson and Fineday have twinkled as minor stars; and, if only to do proper respect to the memory of Hannibal, he was also the "Omega," as none is left now to take the place of the venerable, garrulous and innocent-faced rascal whose wares, while they pulled on the heart and purse strings of generations of Yale men, at the same time loosened their teeth fillings.

Moreover, sad to add, in these days of Campus exclusion these old characters have left behind not only no successors but no Campus soil or environment in which to breed them.

Hannibal's life beyond the Campus contains deep gaps of mystery, which he was always primed to fill at the expense of his reputation for truthfulness. His birthplace and even his age are apocryphal—this

partly because of that imaginative vein in which, as part of his stock in trade, he veiled his antecedents. His birthplace he would fix now in darkest Africa, now on Hillhouse Avenue; and his age—roughly guessed by sober biographers at somewhere between 70 and 80—he himself would carry back betimes to ancient Carthage and the Alpine transit of his great namesake, or, even more ambiguously, to the date of the first thunderstorm in Connecticut. “Sah,” said Hannibal once in this connection to an inquiring student, “I am getting so old that I can remember when East Rock, sah, was a mere pebble.”

What is known of him with fair biographic certitude is that he was born in New Haven; that he served various people in the Civil War, but not with brilliant distinction; and that, after work in a local candy factory, he graduated from it into that cognate field of saccharine culture at Yale in which, though dark himself, he was destined to shine. It is also well certified that he was a married man, that his wife left him twenty years ago and nothing else and that two daughters survived him.

The step from the prose to the poetry of Hannibal's personality leads to a more subtle analysis of character. Freshmen sized him up as a freak and now and then there was an older undergraduate who took the Hannibal epidermis for deeper tissue. Those who knew him longer and better saw the actor; and with these the satiric smile, which now and then broke his crust of gravity, betrayed the underlying man of trade and of profit to be coined by eccentricity. But his candy was the genuine goods; his humor usually inexpensive and harmless; he gave a certain unique zest to the life of the Campus and of the old Fence; and, as one who





GEORGE JOSEPH HANNIBAL, L. W. SILLIMAN



knew the value of Attic salt in candy, he reached the dignity of inventor if not of political economist. Hannibal had a graceful, somewhat spare, but well-knit figure of about the middle size; features which, save for color, gave small hint of the African race type; and a grave, not to say saturnine, expression that, by contrast, accented his polysyllabic humor and seemed like a kind of grotesque mask hiding the features of a smiling face. As a trick of his trade his rotund phrasing was as much in manner as in matter.

Hannibal's skits and jokes, not practiced much in later life when old age had chilled his powers, were no small factor in the intense dormitory life of the later Brick Row period, more lately transferred almost exclusively to the days of the big baseball and football games at the Field. His *magnum opus*, used discreetly for fear of the Faculty ban, was "throwing a fit," a trick in whose rigors and convulsions, in perfect imitation of a genuine seizure, he was past master. His fits had their fixed tariff schedule. For a fit commonplace and ordinary the rate was twenty-five cents. For an epileptic seizure "with foam at the mouth" as a special frill, the schedule price rose to half a dollar. Now and then Hannibal sold a higher class of goods from his "fit" counter. If conditions were safe the Sophomores, or eke upperclassmen, would for seventy-five cents during the first college term hire him to fling his fit while selling candy in the room of a couple of green Freshmen whose quick emergence and dash for the nearest doctor—and later payment of the medical fee—gave tang to the successful deceit.

"My dear little son Nicodemus, brother of Ananias," was a fancy-child of Hannibal in whom centered not a few of his lurid fictions. In one of the best of them

he used to tell how Mrs. Hannibal had accidentally shut little Nicodemus in the kitchen oven; how the odor of the baking Nicodemus disclosed the calamity; how Mrs. Hannibal rescued the child "nicely browned and looking more like his father than ever"; and how the anguished sire rushed down to Savin Rock to commit suicide in the sad waves only to find that he had failed to consult the almanac, that the Savin Rock tides were out and that the journey over the sands toward Long Island was sure to exhaust him before he reached the water's edge. Those who have tried bathing at Savin Rock at low tide will relish the metaphor. It was after a similar escapade of the fictitious Nicodemus that Hannibal dashed to the Tin Bridge over Mill River with suicidal aim but refused to jump when he saw that stream's dirty waters.

Here is one of his sample monologues of trade anent the fabled Nicodemus:

"Gentlemen, not wishing in any degree to invade the privacy of your studious seclusion, may I beseech you to purchase a package of my old-fashioned, oriental saccharine lemon drops, and relieve a starving household in which my son Nicodemus is eating the putty from the window panes."

By a series of tricky bets, for small sums with the Freshmen as chief victims, Hannibal eked out his income from the candy trade. In the later sixties and early seventies, the old-time sulphur matches were still in vogue. "Gentlemen, you will observe this match," Hannibal would say. "Will you collectively hazard a quarter against my individual twenty-five cents that I cannot extinguish and light it four successive times?" On the formula of temptation the bet was accepted, and Hannibal by a quick motion of the forefinger did

the extinguishing act, leaving enough sulphur for a series of relights. Another bet based on his power of returning a fifty-cent piece for a quarter with the quarter never out of sight until the fifty-cent piece passed was but a clever bit of palming a coin. More original was Hannibal's trick of asking a guess of the middle letter of the alphabet, drawing the laugh when he followed the guesses with the remark, "In my ignorance, there being twenty-six letters in the alphabet, may I seek knowledge and ask where is located the middle letter of twenty-six?"

Hannibal was ambidextrous and, with limitations, could write and draw rough portraits with each hand simultaneously. But, as a boxer, he had overmuch academic renown in an exercise tested—in fact—only on novices. He was agile, quick and catlike in fisticuffs; but it is pretty well certified that efforts were vain to induce him to meet even amateur boxers of skill. As a picturesque and familiar figure of the Campus he was in demand on such occasions as old Thanksgiving Jubilees and when Yale men, graduate or undergraduate, foregathered for fun—on one occasion even figuring in a Yale burlesque drama in New York. A brief Latin oration which he had memorized for such jollities followed by cries of "translate," "translate" from his audience would bring forth some such *addendum* as this: "Not wishing to reflect on the erudition of the gentlemen, I have contributed a dime to supply each of you with a pony." A host of old graduates knew Hannibal and Hannibal knew them; and not without crafty hope of a sevenfold return would he now and then present an alumnus with a free candy package "in kindly and sympathetic remembrance of the days when we were brothers at old Yale." In the final

summary of character, Hannibal, with his craft and motive of trade veining his artificial eccentricity, was not a candidate for sainthood. But his skits, his jokes, his polysyllabic gifts and all-round versatility of action and utterance give him an enduring place in the memories of Campus, dormitory and the Fence.

"Candy Sam," whose real name was Theodore Ferris and whose secondary title was, doubtless, of student extraction, partly antedated Hannibal in time and went him one better in color. He was absolutely blind, but the infirmity with its "pull" on undergraduate sympathy had its trademark value. Sometimes, led by Mrs. Candy Sam, he would make a tour of the Brick Row; but, in general, as the undergraduate phrased it, he was "holding up" the Lyceum and Athenæum, at the twin entrances of which he became an institutional and statuesque figure. His special gift was making change in days before specie payments had superseded fractional paper currency. Fifty-cent, twenty-five-cent, ten-cent and five-cent notes he detected unerringly by the "feel"; and there was a tradition that he could even feel out the occasional counterfeit note. Sam was a bit choleric and with defective sense of humor; and he never forgave the *Yale Courant* of the time for admitting to its columns a playful skit alleging his arrest for peeping into dormitory windows o' nights. He was a faithful churchman of the orthodox creed while his rival, Hannibal, was a proclaimed scoffer; and one of the undergraduate diversions of the period was to bring the two together in theological polemics not of the Divinity School standard. It was at the end of one of these discussions on Jonah and the whale that Sam got in one of his few home thrusts. "Hannibal," quoth he, "you wouldn't 'a' suited dat whale at all like Jonah.



CANDY SAM AND WIFE





Soon as de fish felt you goin' down he'd 'a' coughed you up." Sam passed away in obscurity and, so far as can be discovered, has not been embalmed in college literature.

A contemporary of Sam was General Daniel Pratt, G. A. T., the capitals annexed standing for his self-made honorary degree of Great American Traveler. He was a kind of intellectual tramp, a harmless freak who claimed perpetual candidacy for the presidency of the United States and whose name supplied joke or metaphor for many an American journalist of his time. General Pratt visited Yale periodically twice a year for a few days each in October and June, coming from nobody knew where. "From depths he came and into darkness passed"; but he was always the same unchanged Daniel Pratt in old-fashioned, faded garb, dingy stove-pipe hat, thin figure and aquiline face and charged up to the full with original eloquence and poetry—the latter on broadsides which he sold to the undergraduates. By some he was sized up as a crafty tramp who, like Hannibal, adopted personal oddity as a profitable trademark; by others, and probably more justly, he was classed as mildly *non compos*. In either character he was a human curio, beguiling many a student hour with his off-hand oratory and rhymed—rather than poetical—recitative. The supreme flight of Daniel's muse was in his so-called "chain-lightning" poem ending with the lines:

When Daniel Pratt leaps high in air  
And comes down fair and square  
In the President's chair.

Of course, at the end of oration and poem, alike, Daniel's seedy hat went round; and if it came back

barren or nearly so, it was one of the best parts of the play which followed when the Perpetual Candidate in anger—probably simulated—rebuked “the students of a great college who could buy such jewels of speech with four cents, a cigar stump and peanut shucks.” It is related that a dozen smokers of the Class of ’71 once induced Daniel to start his pet oration in a South College room which presently filled with the rich gloom of the weed. The orator stopped his speech midway. “Gentlemen,” said he, “your speaker isn’t a ham.”

In that consulship of Plancus were other singular Campus figures. There was Fineday, the flashy old clo’man, of obvious Jewish breed, whose set formula, “Fine day, come and have a bottle of wine,” expressed a sham hospitality as high as his prices were low. More attractive was Jackson, the chimney sweep, superlatively African in type, whose vocation in the early seventies was in its sunset stage. Jackson, afterwards promoted to be Farnam Hall sweep, was a jocund and happy specimen of his race, of mighty frame and stature and at his best physical glow when, in bearskin cap and whirling his baton, he headed as drum major the local colored brass band. But his clearest title to fame was his “chimney sweep” cry, rendered as follows:

Oh, I’m here today, I’m gone tomorrow,  
Chimbley Sweep O, Chimbley Sweep O,  
Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! Oh!!!!  
Chimbley Sweep O, Chimbley Sweep O,  
Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! Oh!!!!

The whole sung in a grand falsetto voice, of vast carrying power, rising and falling in crescendo and diminuendo, and reverberating from East to West

Rocks. Jackson's song, as now recalled, was in demand for some years at class day exercises on the Campus and sometimes at class reunions. But he was an old man when his voice first leaped into academic vogue and he early passed to the shades, where Hannibal, premier of Yale's old whimsical Campus characters, has now joined him, to swap memories of the long ago.



## FACULTY REMINISCENCES



## I

### THE OLD YALE CLASSROOM

That somber description of the Yale classroom in the late thirties which Donald G. Mitchell gives in his "Dream Life"—the classroom of murkiness, smells and stuffy atmosphere—had not, seemingly, much changed in the writer's undergraduate day of the sixties. The recitation rooms in fact, at least many of them, were identical with those of a quarter-century before. Imitating the old Latin motto, they had changed minds, not their skyline. There were the same hard seats; the same stiff backs, infused with vertebral pains; a dim, dank atmosphere—especially o' winters—save when now and then the heater somewhere below got on a Saharic spree and broke the fog. Of the decorative and æsthetic quality there was not a chemical trace, and the mournful tint of the long blackboards did but accent the encircling gloom of the man who didn't know his lesson and was taking his chance of not being called up. In the way of scholastic facilities even the wooden side-pad was a later innovation which, by common repute, the austere Faculty of the time deemed too radical to be allowed without serious discussion. Except two "overflow" classrooms in the ancient Cabinet building—standing just north of the present Vanderbilt Hall—all the recitation rooms were in the Athenæum and Lyceum. The Freshmen recited in the Athenæum, the Sophomores in the Lyceum and only South Middle stood between.

Each room accommodated about thirty students, the normal "division" of the time—only the so-called "President's lecture room" in the rear of the Lyceum could hold half a class easily and a whole class as a crowd.

Recitations were, of course, the standing order of the first two years. Later came a few lectures in history and in philosophy and scattered lectures in physics, in anatomy—at the medical school—in botany, chemistry and geology. The lectures in history and philosophy called for examinations; the others did not, this being almost the sole concession to leniency of the Spartan Faculty of the period.

It was an academic epoch when the highly individualized professor of the old school had not been filed down by modern forces and when oddities of habit or character were common—indeed, the strongest of the Yale teachers were also the most picturesque. There was Professor H. A. Newton, slender, poetic in face, mathematical devotee, who, when once started on a demonstration of his own, would cover the whole blackboard with his transcendental curves. Starting with a curve beginning this side of infinity, he would unconsciously occupy the whole recitation hour, at last announcing triumphantly to the division, "and so you see the curve returns from the other side of infinity." It was Newton who adopted once a plan of marking bad recitations in negative qualities. "What is my stand?" asked of him R., a low scholar of a class of the later sixties. "Minus fifty-seven hundredths," answered the professor. "Well, Professor Newton," said R., "I'm going to study mighty hard the rest of this term and try to raise my stand to zero."

The title "heavenly twins," given by a witty under-



graduate of the early seventies to Professors Hubert A. Newton and Elias Loomis, had in it the elements of a misnomer. For "Newt," so called for short, lovingly, was professor of mathematics, not of astronomy, and "Loom" was graduated twenty years before his colleague, who had taken up astronomy as a kind of side study and mathematical diversion. Yet both by congruity of astronomical taste and individual peculiarities were bracketed naturally together in the undergraduate mind and nomenclature. To Newton belongs perhaps the most striking astronomical discovery of his time—that the comet of 1866 and the November meteors have nearly coincident orbits and are intimately related. Not so well known, indeed, almost obscured by time, is the fact that Professor Newton, not long before his death, using naked eye observations entirely, fixed with definiteness the fall of a large meteor to a very small area in western Connecticut. To him and to Loomis have hung a long roll of college jokes which unto this day the grey-haired alumnus repeats with zest. Both were professors of the old school in times when astronomy filled a large arc in the college curriculum. The study may sink below the horizon of the elective system now, but in the pleasant memories of the old grad "Newt" and "Loom" remain still vividly above it.

The old classroom was naturally the scene of undergraduate pranks. Woe to the young tutor who had not the art or presence to maintain discipline, who had not sized up the powers of his marking book or whose near-sightedness gave scope for fun or disorder on the back benches. But the mischief was apt to be commonplace and lacking the artistic quality to be found outdoors and on the Campus. One of the

exceptions to the rule of mediocrity was when an undergraduate of the sixties secured a turtle, pasted a newspaper on the creature's back and turned the combination loose during recitation in the Sophomore Latin room with telling results. Classroom trouble usually came from outside and was at its worst during the Sophomore-Freshman hostilities of late autumn and early winter, when the older and bolder class played their pranks through the Freshman classroom windows of the Athenæum. An incident of attested record is the trick of a Sophomore, leader in Freshman persecution, who thought his class was "letting up" on the Freshmen too early or too much. He watched his chance and in the winter gloaming drove three snowballs in succession through the window panes of a reciting division of his own classmates. The "insult" was, of course, laid to the Freshmen and the Sophomore lukewarmness for a season dispelled.

But those days of the old classroom asperities are now, relatively speaking, tales of the past. The Faculty are not ranked as arch-foemen of the undergraduate. Comparatively the mischiefs of classroom and Campus are extinct. Gentler manners have come in and the old academic roughness has gone out. The Brick Row period had certain virtues of its own. But it also had its sins whose loss is Yale's gain.

There were other professors of wit and wisdom as well as of peculiarities—Northrop, now head of Minnesota University,<sup>1</sup> whose crisp comments like "if so why not" at the end of a stumbling recitation stirred the division to glee; and Packard, fine instructor but

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Northrop was succeeded as president of the University of Minnesota by Dr. George E. Vincent, '85, who was inaugurated October 17, 1911.

conscientiously severe, whose attitude was shown when a student arrested for snowballing in Chapel Street reported to him, after three absences at the City Court, his acquittal. "Ah," said the professor, "then they did not succeed in fixing it upon you." The incident suggests what was the general fact, that, far more than now, the relation of student to Faculty was one of armed neutrality, if not positive hostility. The Faculty was the foe in authority, the student the target of suspicion with the presumption always against him. And of course, any classroom or text-book hit at the powers—as when, for an example, Quintilian in his elements of oratory says in his Latin, "This faculty is composed of the simplest material"—brought out its burst of applause with punitive sequels in "marks."

In those days, forty years ago, we had in the College such men of striking personality as Hadley, Porter, Newton, Thacher, Northrop and Loomis, each *sui generis*. Now of all the instructors whom the writer met then on Campus and in classroom not one remains. Some few are on the *emeritus* list; most of them on that longer list starred in the Triennial Catalogue.

Of them all perhaps the figure which rises most prominently in mind is Professor James Hadley, the senior professor in Greek, with his classic and refined face, his measured and soft intonation, his perfect phrasing of words and sentences. Hadley was a master scholar in other branches than Greek. It used to be told of him that when he took the Yale Greek professorship the best mathematician in the country was lost. His written English was of wondrous purity. Of a small volume of essays published in later life it was said that the Harpers—or it might have been some other publishing house—held for a long time the

manuscript as a perfect example of copy—so clear and beautiful was it in its penmanship, so exact in punctuation and without an erasure or interline from beginning to end.

Of Hadley there come, in lighter mood, three reminiscences. One was when he rebuked effectively spitting in the classroom by the remark, "Gentlemen, those of you who expectorate in this room need not expect to rate high in the class." Another was the couplet, which a poor scholar whom Hadley had let through penned on a leaflet and passed round the division room:

Oh, had Had. had a heart of stone  
How illy-had I fared.

And another episode when the place of the easy-going President Porter for a single recitation in metaphysics was taken by Professor Hadley. How systematically did he "flunk" us—or, rather, did we flunk ourselves! Then Professor Hadley took up the lesson paragraph by paragraph, analyzed it clearly—here and there dissenting from the views of President Porter, author of the book—and gave us a new and really informative metaphysical perspective.

Speaking of President Porter, this incident is recalled of an alumni meeting. He had introduced as speaker the famous William M. Evarts, who had been in a President's cabinet and a United States Senator from New York State. As a "gag" on Porter, Evarts told this story:

"I was going down the Mississippi with a friend on a steamboat. Near Natchez we came abreast of a thin mud bank where swallows had made their nesting holes. On the sharp upper edge of the bank appeared sections of the old holes worn away in varying degrees

of arc. Said my friend, 'Evarts, do you see the mud of that hole all but worn away? Take it all away and leave the hole.' That's metaphysics."

President Porter's gentle laxity in recitation will be remembered by many a graduate "who now parts his hair with a towel." It was perhaps mere tradition that the president never read his examination papers and took the term stand for his final marks. To a student who went to him with eighty disciplinary marks where usually forty-eight spelled suspension, Porter said: "I'll take off thirty if you'll account for the other three." The inauguration of President-elect Porter was a gala day—and night—in the autumn of 1871 when the Senior Class in torchlight procession visited him at his Hillhouse Avenue home headed by the valedictorian with a beer barrel on a pole and labelled "Porter," the president in his speech expressing the hope that the cask was filled only with metaphysical beer.

It was at the close of his Junior year that a member of the Class of '72 crossed Chapel Street one day to market his disused text-books with George Hoadley, who blended sale of second-hand college literature with phantom lunches. The budding Senior having sold his wares at prices as spectral as the lunches, happened by merest accident to lay hand on a volume on the counter which proved to be a text-book of Senior year edited by Professor "Tommy" Thacher and used by him in first term. Its text was a long and legal oration by some old Roman—may be Cicero, but not now recalled. But, opened, its pages were a wonder. Its former owner with a pen sharp as a needle and with penwork fine and clear as agate type had interlined the whole translation from "Tommy's" own

lips, and on the margin the answer to every one of his classroom questions was written out. So fine and delicate was the editing that three feet away the page became a mere foggy blur, but merging into absolute distinctness at normal reading distance. It was an "Oration" stand at its lowest certified without study. That the unique work was bought in a twinkling—price thirty-five cents—and that it served its buyer—a moderate scholar—well next term follows logically. Then came the sequel. He sold it for five dollars to a Junior, a dripping from the class above and still in acute classroom perils. At the end of the next Senior first term "Tommy" addressed his division half frantically thus: "Gentlemen, this is the poorest fourth division that I have ever taught in Yale College. But among you, I'm glad to say, is one very poor scholar in general but who with me has kept a First Division stand." It was the man who owned the text-book aforesaid, which afterward, by repute, went down at a mighty price through several successive college generations.

On a crowd of Sophomores waiting at the old Fence to waylay Freshmen, "Tommy" charged down with the words, "You're a disorderly gathering! Go asunder!! Go asunder!!!" afterwards paraphrased into "Go to thunder!" He was not much of a classroom humorist but had to laugh with the rest of us one day when one of the dunces of the class in Latin Comp., after guessing several times at the needed form of the verb *ignoro*, hit on the right one, *ignora mus*. Professor Thacher was a pretty strict disciplinarian, but guide and friend to many a student in unmerited trouble.

The Grand Old Man of the old Faculty, his sun rose and set in his Yale loyalties. In the President's lecture room one of the long seats creaked resonantly at one

end when a Senior student's foot pressed it at the other, thus hiding the mischief-maker. "Stop that!" thundered "Tommy" one day when the noise had persisted for two or three minutes. The creaking stopped but presently began again. "I said 'stop' and that noise stopped," thundered Tommy again. "It proves deliberation and not accident. The man who is doing that is unworthy to be a Senior in Yale College"—illustrating how unworthiness for Yale was Tommy's supreme anathema. The Faculty once appointed Professor Thacher, who was senior professor in Latin, to teach political economy for one term. His exordium to his division ran thus: "Young gentlemen, I am a professor of Latin. The Faculty in an emergency has asked me to teach political economy. I ask your charity."

## II

### AN OLD SCHOOL PROFESSOR

The name of Professor Elias Loomis is one to be honored by Yale men not merely for his record of personal service in the classroom through more than a third of a century but for his great benefactions directly and indirectly to the University. His memory is now to be perpetuated urban-wise through all time by the title, "Loomis Place" given by the Corporation to the new street which is to be cut through the University grounds. The new memorial is a fit text upon which to hang some personal recollections of a Yale teacher distinctively of the "old school" type but whose unique traits made him almost a type by himself among a group of colleagues in the Faculty not lacking in old-fashioned picturesqueness.

Turning briefly to the biography of "Loom," as he was affectionately desyllabilized by the undergraduates of his time, one finds that he was the son of a clergyman and born at Willington, Conn., in 1811. He had a brilliant scholastic boyhood, was reading Greek as a youngster and passed the examinations for Yale at fourteen years of age, though not entering until a year older, and graduating in the Class of 1830. The Commencement program of the Class of 1830 shows that Loomis had an oration on "The Influence of Emulation on the Progress of Mental Improvement"—a prolix theme that satirizes his laconic habit of speech. Followed next a year of teaching in Baltimore, then





PROFESSOR ELIAS LOOMIS



a year in Andover Theological Seminary—and thus those who remember “Loom” have a humorous vision of what he might have been as a preacher—perhaps a foreign missionary. But he gave up the clerical intent and in 1832 came to Yale as tutor. The custom of the Yale Faculty in those days, as later, was to “plug in” a tutorial novice into any vacant classroom chair—indeed, the dictum seemed to prevail that the stronger a young teacher had been in mathematics, the wiser for him and his pupils it would be that he should teach Latin or Greek. At any rate, Loomis for a time was “plugged” tutorially into the classics. And again, we have a somewhat comic thought of the future great mathematician dipping out to callow collegians the waters of the Pierian spring. But we have a test of his success as tutor in the words of Chief Justice Waite, of the United States Supreme Court, “If I have been successful in life, I owe that success to the influence of Tutor Loomis more than to any other cause whatever.”

Appointed professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at Western Reserve College in 1836 he took the chair after a year of study in Paris. But the same year, 1837, with its financial stress, left the college in hardship, unable to pay its instructors and, in Loomis’ written words, “without enough money in the treasury to take me out of the state.” Salaries had for a time to be paid in farm produce. Yet during his seven years at Western Reserve one obtains glimpses of the unique “Loom” of after years at Yale. He built a campus fence a third of a mile long on which he spent many hours to establish an exact north and south line. More apocryphal is a tale how a mighty cyclone passed over the college and drove a dead hen into a sandbank an indefinite number of feet; and how

Loomis, with a dead chicken fired from a field-piece, repeated nature's experiment to determine accurately the velocity of the cyclonic blast.

Professor Loomis next (1844) began a service of sixteen years in the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of New York—a service marked by the beginnings of the series of text-books on mathematics and astronomy. First and last, it is said, six hundred thousand of them were sold. They were the major sources of the estate which finally came to Yale. In 1860 Yale called him to succeed Professor Olmsted and with the opening of his Yale professorship memory flies back to the personal Loomis whom the mediæval Yale undergraduate knew. It was a singular figure even viewed visually and objectively, marked by those same mathematical exactitudes that ran through his text-books. His frame was slight and moved along the New Haven streets and Campus walks with an invariable slow gait. The college boys used to contend that if the lengths of his stride from morn to nightfall could be measured they would not be found to deviate by the infinitesimal fraction of a millimeter. His garb hardly varied more. There was the inevitable high hat, the close-fitting black coat—half between frock and cutaway—the familiar old-fashioned linen stock—all flawlessly neat, yet a garb which, by its challenge to modern change of fashion, conveyed an idea and general impression of seediness. But the outer man of cloth was secondary to facial contours, not much modified by the spectacled semi-ellipses—one for long, one for short sight. It was the face that spoke the man—rigid, unemotional, set in straight lines, always looking right ahead. Sometimes he smiled, but it was a closing and mathematical extension of lips

rather than parting of them. When at vast intervals and under the strain of some uncommon press of humor the lips of Professor Loomis actually parted, it was reckoned the equivalent of another man's uproarious laughter. It is doubtful whether living man, at least in Yale days, *heard* Professor Loomis laugh. As was his face so were his general habitudes. He was an embodiment of the precisions as inflexible and even as a mathematical scale, his crisp, brief speech tallying with his other temperamental exactitudes. And there was a quality of the Loomis voice, high pitched and staccato, that makes it quite impossible by the written word to express the man—especially to a younger college generation that knew him not. But his grey-haired pupils of the Senior and Junior classes who sat before him on the adamantine college benches will remember.

There are thronging memories of funny incident and episode of the "Loom" classroom. It was a classmate, whom we will call Jim Sullivan, who had made cribbing a fine art. He seemed to have a kind of telescopic eye and when on his feet in recitation with only the slightest divergence of glance downward he could read an astronomical text-book on the floor—especially as that particular text-book, Loomis' own, was printed in large and clear type. But this Napoleonic figure in cribbing met his Waterloo at his first recitation in the Loomis classroom. "Sullivan!" called Loomis, and Sullivan rose confident of a cribbed "rush." "Book shows, that will do," said the Professor, and Sullivan sank down into a "flunk." Then there was that other classmate, Sweeney, a good natural scholar but infirm and reckless in preparing his task. The main subject of the morning's lesson was the use of the big celestial and terrestrial globes and

Sweeney was called up to manipulate the spheres and find in Canton, China, the time corresponding to that on his watch in New Haven. Sweeney was working on the subject and watching his time while Loomis' back was turned made through the door what, in the official college vernacular of the day, was termed an "egress," thinking the professor would forget. Loomis said nothing but lay low and at the opening of the next recitation sent Sweeney to the globes with the same—or similar—question. Sweeney, deeming it but a coincidence, essayed the same trick again. But just as he was silently slipping through the door the professor called, "Sweeney, you'll be called on the same subject tomorrow." Sweeney crammed the subject and on the morrow got there; and "Loom" never reported the matter to the Faculty.

In the lecture room his talks on physics were incisive and condensed and his experiments worked out in advance with a care which rarely left room for imperfection, much less for failure, but usually prefaced with the saving remark: "The nature of the phenomenon I conceive to be this." To him—and to another professor—of chemistry—is attributed the comment after the failure of an experiment: "Experiment fails, principle remains." It was in a lecture before a division of the writer's class in the old building that stood just to the west of the present Connecticut Hall that the professor scored one of his biggest experimental triumphs. He was secretly proud of his accurate aim with the air gun and had hit the little target thirty feet away several times and once at the center. Presently came a shot which seemed to miss the target altogether. The division laughed. Loomis peered at the target a moment, walked up to it, squinted sideways at it again,

drew out his pocket knife and dug out a bullet from the central hole. "Last bullet in the exact center over the first," said "Loom," and amid the thunders of applause from the benches one saw his lips part in his rare equation of a real laugh.

In those days the most prominent firm of New Haven stationers was Skinner & Sperry. A student had sent in to the Faculty meeting a letter purporting to be from his father—living in a distant city—as an excuse for some academic default. Loomis took the letter, held it up to the light and exclaimed, "Water mark, Skinner and Sperry. I move that B."—naming the student—"be suspended."

One would infer from his temperament that Loomis was a severe disciplinarian. Yet, as a division officer, he was never unpopular or deemed overstrict. He enforced the Faculty rules but with an even and exact scale of justice that carried with it a sense of fairness which commended him to the undergraduate. And now and then he quite relaxed. They tell a story of him in Faculty meeting where the case of a Sophomore and a Freshman, who had been in a Campus fracas—who, in fact, had been in a genuine fight—was on trial. The Sophomore was a notorious bully and breeder of trouble who had repeatedly incurred Faculty discipline. "Did the Freshman hit him?" queried Loomis. "Yes," was the reply. "Did he hit him hard?" "Yes, hard." "Very hard?" "Yes, very hard." "Then," said Loomis, "I move that the case be dismissed."

Of positive slips in his scientific work only two are on record. In his astronomy in the section on "tides" appears the statement that at the head of the Bay of Fundy the tides sometimes rise seventy feet. A former pupil of the professor went to Nova Scotia and made

not merely careful measurements of the great tides but of their past records, finding that the highest known in the half-century had been about forty-three feet. Meeting Loomis on the Campus a few months later, his old pupil informed him of the "book" error. After a moment of depression, the professor replied: "Took it from other books. Should have gone and measured the tides myself." The other slip was in connection with a question raised by a leading newspaper of New York City "Whether an ice boat could under any conditions sail faster than the velocity of the propelling wind," which was left in the form for a reply by Professor Loomis and two other eminent physicists, one of Columbia, the other of Princeton. All three, strangely enough, answered the question in the negative and had to retract after a storm of protests had come from the ice-boat men with their testimony to the superior speed of the craft sailing *across* the wind. But on the side of his precisions may be noted the fact that in the year 1835 when a tutor at Yale he fixed with the crudest instruments the latitude and longitude of the old Athenæum tower within two seconds of the best computations today.

In his last days and almost in his last hours he was moved from his boarding house to the New Haven Hospital where he passed away; and it is told that in the final moments of delusion old classroom words passed his lips, such as "That'll do, you may go," addressed to his nurse, while his last words of all were "What's the weather?" The probate of his will disclosed an unlooked-for estate of more than \$300,000, practically all, after an annuity of about two-thirds the income for two sons, going to Yale for astronomical uses—and those sons have since further commemo-



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rated their sire by fellowships in science of \$10,000 each. Thus both on the mental and material side, in terms of high personal service and concrete heritage, will the name of one of her most remarkably individualized sons go down into the future annals of Yale. In the Memorial Hall of the University on the tablet placed by his old pupils is his fit tribute: "An exact scholar, an astronomer of wide repute, in meteorology a pioneer and a large benefactor of this University."

### III

## ANNALS OF OLD-TIME EXAMINATIONS

One of the last indirect contributions to the *Alumni Weekly* of the late Frederick J. Kingsbury, '46, was his brief tale of how he found one day a classmate whittling with his jackknife an enlargement of a knot-hole in the sash of a window of one of the college classrooms just before a term examination—this for the easier passage of a “skinning” paper, so-called. To Mr. Kingsbury’s query, “What are you doing there, Jim?” came the reply, “Preparing for examination.” The pun attests the fact that even in those far-away days of the last century, cheating the Faculty at examinations was in vogue. Probably, too, its moral status in its relations to the Faculty—as measured by the undergraduate standard—was much the same as twenty or thirty years later whereof these memories are penned. That is to say, a college man of good scholarship who “cheated for stand” was rated dishonorable. Not so the man of perilously low scholarship who hung by the eyebrows on the brink. In the eyes of his classmates his successful “skin” through a hard examination was invested with a quality half heroic, half jocose. He had “done” the Faculty, who had been trying to “do” him, and had won a personal triumph over his official foes. The sentiment was morbid, no doubt, but it was there and held its own from class to class.

There is a better undergraduate sentiment now, by common and trustworthy report. The old practice of "skinning" under its modernized term of "cribbing"—a vernacular change like the shift of the old "rush" into the verb "to kill"—has dropped to minor degrees. Certainly one hears nowadays relatively scant Yale talk of pains and penalties inflicted by authority for cheating. Old graduates will note this improved academic era from various points of view. Some will lay it to the general betterment of college morals with its talk, and sometimes actuality of an "honor" system at examinations; others will refer it to elective studies and the potential choice of subjects, easier because, as a rule, more congenial, and yet others, with plausibility, will accent the fact that in those days the examinations were harder and, in the case of a larger proportion of undergraduates, more fateful. Harder and more fateful they surely were. In these years the examination year splits into two parts and the exam ends the ordeal for each section. In those days there were two stiff term exams, one in late December, the other in late March or early April, and not less searching because they were vocal; and in June came the dismal and dreaded "Annual" in Alumni Hall, spanning all the studies of the year. Each subject was usually three hours long, a whole class being individualized in Alumni Hall around the hexagonal tables that remain to this day. How many a frail scholastic bark went to pieces on the rocks of the "Annual" only the records of Woodbridge Hall and the leaves of the non-graduate catalog—properly sifted—can tell. But frequent as were its wrecks and portentous its ordeals, they were pitched in a minor key as compared with the funeral march of the "Biennial" exam, covering the classroom

work of two full years and which held on from 1850 to 1865. Moreover, those were times when each man must toe the dead line of required study with mathematics writ big and electives yet unspelled. No escape then for the man who was a shark in algebra and geometry but a minnow in Greek and Latin or *vice versa*.

Far more than now was the temperamental trend of the instructor in the classroom studied as a clue to the exam. Was he exacting in subjunctives?—subjunctive passages in the text were best crammed. Had he emphasized in recitation a particular group of formulas or problems?—those were the ones to “line up” on.

The death in ripe old age of Cornelius S. Morehouse, the “grand old man” and dean of New Haven’s printing industry, a founder of the house of Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor, for years the Yale printers and at once factors and watchdogs of the examination papers, recalls those days of the biennials and annuals, the tricks of “skinning” which they generated and the irrepressible conflict in which the precarious scholar set his wits and, sometimes, his desperation against the keen vision—and prevision—of the Faculty.

Many of the tales are apocryphal or imported to the Yale Campus from other and indefinite college latitudes. Such, for example, is the legend of the printer’s devil at T., M. & T.’s, hired by the Sophomores to don white duck trousers, sit down accidentally on the printer’s form and bring out the Euclid figure on the seat of his pantaloons. Equally nebulous, the tale of the venturesome Sophomore who “shinnied” up the water-pipe and, with strong opera glasses, peered through the skylight of the printing house and “got” the paper. More credible is the story of the heavily

bribed printer who rested his shirt sleeve on the form and sold his undergarment to a Yale class for \$300 as a private speculation. What is certain is that desperate attempts used to be made to get the paper—usually in mathematics—but very rarely with success. “A Graduate of ’69” (L. H. Bagg) in his “Four Years at Yale” tells of one such bold venture that failed: how two professional burglars were brought up from New York, dogged the mathematical professor and got a glimpse of the paper—in conic sections—but could not identify the figure, so many in the book being alike; how, with two Sophomores, they broke o’ night into the printing office, when their dark lantern went out and one of the Sophs had to hie him back to the Campus for a new light; but how the keenest search amid forms and cases and presses failed to reveal the longed-for sheet. That story of his class by “A Graduate of ’69” is genuine and a measure of the exam desperations. Mr. Bagg also tells us, forsooth, that one of the despairing Sophs of the burglar venture got through that dreaded exam by the bold trick of “double papers,” with imitated handwriting—passed in—for a price—by a high stand classmate.

Of the impressionist type is also the story of the bribed printer who brought out the mathematical figure by the device of dropping his handkerchief on the form, sitting down upon it and thus securing the impression. It is a pat comrade to the pantaloons legend but rests on more direct evidence.

The pocket game, with the skinning paper held through the slit trouser leg and the long double scroll, winding and unwinding twixt thumb and forefinger figured too often in the annual exams. It was named the “roly-boly”; and, in truth, there was here and there

a crippled scholar who began his "roly-boly" at the beginning of the term, condensing its figures and formulas until it covered the whole book and the product a marvel of cribbing ingenuity—to be sold to some infirm scholar of the next class should the text-book be continued. Among what the college boys of our time termed the "easy meats" of the classroom, Professor Noah Porter, afterwards president, undoubtedly took the first undergraduate prize with his persistent blindness to the most palpable crib—a trait familiar and celebrated with thunderous applause by his college audience in Center Church when, in his inaugural address, he announced that "the relation of teacher and taught should be kindly, sympathetic and *unsuspecting*."

Out of clear memory of those old days comes one veritable incident. One goes back to Frederick N. Judson, '66, now a great lawyer of the West and late chairman of the Yale Alumni Advisory Board. At the time of the episode he was teacher in the Hopkins Grammar School and was carrying home in his hand the papers of the Virgil exam when he stopped to pass a word with a Freshman of the Class of '70 Yale. Just then a gust of wind turned up one of the edges of the package. It showed just two initial words of the passage of the Georgics, but 'twas enough. The sharp eye of the Freshman caught them, the sub-Freshman class of the Grammar School was duly notified and the passage—with prudential limitations—"killed" at the exam the second and unseen passage, carrying off a fraud which otherwise might have been scented. Æolus, god of the winds, became for the nonce a Grammar School deity.

The ancient and honored house of Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor has almost no records of an exam

paper lost, strayed or stolen, but, per contra, a long narrative of successful precautions. For some years its foreman used to cart press and type to a sequestered room of the old library, where, under surveillance of a member of the Faculty, the paper was "set up" by the foreman, whether in English or Greek text—not an irrational precaution in days when \$1,000 or even \$1,500 might be obtained for a "hard" paper, especially in mathematics. Later, the preparation of the papers has been transferred to a select corps of printers in a locked room, also under Faculty watch and ward. Yet once or twice the papers have gone astray. Once the package was taken from an errand boy by a city detective, hired for a big sum by the students; but the rasped sealing betrayed the fraud to the professor when the package was delivered and a new paper was printed. So careful was the late Professor Seymour that when a package of the Greek paper was left accidentally in his vestibule, he went to the pains of printing a new one. In the contractual relation of the parties the firm furnishes plant and printers of high character; the Faculty assumes the rest of the responsibility.

## IV

### YALE ASTRONOMY, OLD AND NEW

In the evolution of the elective system of study at Yale it appears to have come to pass that astronomy, outside of the Prospect Hill Observatory, is singing its swan song. At any rate, as has heretofore been noted, the new academic elective pamphlet offers no course in the study for the college year 1910-11, though there may be a single course in the year following; and the same exclusion is found both in the courses of the graduate branch and of the Sheffield Scientific School. The change has come, too, strangely enough, during a period of a decade or two when astronomy has been popularized—when the daily papers give us their monthly map of the constellations, when each new celestial discovery is heralded in the press despatch, and when the canals of Mars and the mutations of Halley's comet reach out from the big observatories into the illustrated magazine article. What has actually come to pass at Yale has been the transit of astronomy from a classroom to a research study.

That the ancient Yale scientists, in their crude way, delved in astronomy is certified by some of the earliest records of the College. In 1747, as a yellow and time-worn page in the Treasury shows, the College owned along with other scientific apparatus: "A telescope with a tripod; two sets of posts and a glass to be screwed on to look at the sun; a pair of globes celestial; and an orrery," the latter technically explained as a contri-



vance to illustrate by revolving balls the movements of the bodies of the solar system. The revered President Ezra Stiles in his famous diary under date of June 23, 1779, gives us some astronomical *addenda* to the Yale collection. They include "President Clap's planetarium about 7 feet diam. ditto exhibiting the astron. movements by mechanism. Mr. Austin's ditto in wires about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  Diam. Telescope, a reflector. Mr. Williams' cometarium. Mr. Austin's lunarium. Mr. Clap's comet of 1744. Brass quadrant, astronomical," the latter given by Christopher Kilby of London in 1757. The reference to "Mr. Clap's comet" hints, if it does not prove, that President Stiles' predecessor, as Yale's official head, was the object of celestial attraction.

How President Stiles dabbled in every branch of science and had his theory for each, his vast diary in many pages attests, and astronomy was one of his chief objectives. He tells of stars, planets, solar phenomena. But among his delicious and quite unconscious fakes may be rescued *verbatim* this, which will be informative, for the astronomer up to date:

Nov. 12, 1788.—Mr. Sam Mix at North Haven saw the meteor of 17 Oct. and judged it to fall a little west of his house. He has seen four or 3 others heretofore; one of which he stopt and caught in a Net as he was fishing at Dragon on the East River  $2\frac{1}{2}$  m from Y. College; this was a Mucilage or Gelly; another on the Rode from N. Haven to North Haven near Balls about five miles out of Town, it fell down in the path near him, he examined it and found it a gelatinous substance; another elsewhere which he kept till it froze and he cut it with his Knife. These were little irregularly formed bunches of Gelly. Col. Levi Hubbard tells me he was one eveng. returning to Town and near the Neck Bridge he saw a Light which he first took to belong to the houses in town a mile off—but it came forwd in the Course of the Neck Lane until it struck upon his breast and dissipated in luminous Gelly.

His cloaths were all besmeared with it till he arrived home to his own house in Town. Hence the Meteors in the inferior part of the Atmosphere called Jack O'Lanterns or gelatinous Congelations (concretions) of the phosphorus kind, which being subtile and very much attenuated float in Air and are carried along by gentle streams of air till they strike objects or fall to the ground. Mr. Chapman of Tolland once followed one that fell and found near half a Bushel of Gelly on the ground. It is luminous by the phosphoral attraction of fire out of air.

First in the Yale roll of genuine astronomers as pioneer comes Professor Denison Olmsted, 1813, eminent in all-round scholarship as well as in the lore of the heavens, gifted as teacher and a teacher himself of other great Yale teachers, promoter of public education in Connecticut, as strong in good citizenship as he was in the classroom. It was in Olmsted's time that Yale, in 1830, got her first real telescope—ten feet focal length and five inches aperture—reckoned in those days the best in the country, and through which Olmsted in 1835 caught Halley's comet on its return, several weeks before the announcement came from the star-gazers of Europe. It was Olmsted also who first gave to the world the true theory of meteoric showers after witnessing the great shower of 1833, and along with it came his theories of the Aurora Zodiacal light. That he worked up the whole College for years to a high pitch of astronomical enthusiasm comes as a strange commentary from the early nineteenth century on the present stellar *hiatus* at Yale in the first decade of the twentieth. What Professor Olmsted was as a teacher is attested indirectly by one of his text-books on natural philosophy which ran through no less than a hundred editions; and directly by the group of astronomers and mathematicians who drew from him their classroom inspirations, including Elias Loomis,

'30; F. A. P. Barnard of the same class, president of Columbia College; William Chauvenet, '40, professor of Astronomy at the Naval Academy; J. S. Hubbard, '43, astronomer of the Naval Observatory; and brilliant young E. P. Mason, '39, who, as an undergraduate, made important original contributions to astronomical science and was making more when tuberculosis took him a year after graduation—the dread disease which by sad and strange coincidence swept away four promising sons of Professor Olmsted in young manhood, all four graduates of the College.



## YALE WORTHIES



# I

## SOUTH MIDDLE'S ROLL OF HONOR

The life at Yale in classroom, in dormitory and on the Campus of the Yale graduates whose lodgment in Connecticut Hall, renamed from South Middle College, has just been commemorated by tablets, make one fact very prominent: all, or nearly all, of those men, whatever their personal idiosyncrasies, ranked high in scholarship, in literary work and in debate. Their standing in College thus forecasts success in after life and has repeated the tale told on a larger scale of Yale's valedictorians and salutatorians—men as a rule reputed far below the average in postgraduate deed, but who, as the actual records show, have risen far above the middle line.

Taking up in order of graduation the men of the Connecticut Hall memorials, there comes first the name of the famed jurist, James Kent, of the class of 1781. In these words of his own in which he sums up the intellectual elements of his undergraduate career, the truth of his statement may dilute its flavor of conceit:

My four years' residence at New Haven were distinguished by nothing material in the memoranda of my life. I had the reputation of being quick to learn and of being industrious and full of emulation. I surpassed most of my class in historical and belles-lettres learning and was full of youthful vivacity and ardor. I was amazingly regular, and decorous and industrious and in my last year received a large share of the esteem and approbation of the President and tutors. I left New Haven September, 1871, clothed with college honors and a very promising reputation.

Simeon Baldwin, once Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut and classmate of the Chancellor in 1781, describes Kent as systematic in his studies spite of the many interruptions of the war; very retentive in memory; among the best of the class in *belles-lettres* and classics and at the head of the class in general reading and literature. So absorptive was his mind that from the style of his last composition could be inferred the author just previously read. But Kent, in his early college years, had one fault, symptomatic, however, of mental activity. So fast did ideas rush to his tongue that words came too rapidly and were apt to "lead off" into incoherence. He broke himself of this habit by rehearsing to Baldwin with orders to stop the speaker when words began to flow too swiftly; and Baldwin tells us how often Kent, when overchecked, would sit down and weep copiously. Kent graduated with the honor of the Cliosophic oration which, in those far-away days ranked him second in a graduating class of twenty-seven men. Yet Baldwin, himself, later a member of Congress and a Judge of the Connecticut Supreme Court, says of the great Chief Justice and Chancellor of New York State that "although a distinguished scholar in his class he acquired nothing at College and nothing in the circumstances of the time which, without great personal effort, could make him the most eminent jurist of his time."

Chief Justice Kent's room was on the fourth floor of the north entry of Old South Middle on the front corner, overlooking what was then the college yard and the Fence.

Three years more bring us to another embryo jurist on the Yale Campus, Jeremiah Mason, Class of 1788, later United States senator from New Hampshire. In



his case there is an autobiography but not one that gives much space or emphasis to his College career. His first day at Yale was a bit galling. Going up to the Campus to view the college buildings, he encountered in the college yard a man booted and with whip in hand who asked if he were a Freshman: "Yes, sir," answered Mason. "Take off your hat then, when in the presence of one of the government of the College; and go and ring the bell for prayers," said the personage. Young Mason obeyed orders, went to the Chapel, sought the bell rope in vain and went back to his lodgings—only to be summoned later for disobedience to the room of "one of the government of the College" (Tutor Channing) and get a vigorous hauling over the academic coals for not knowing that the rope had been drawn up to the belfry. At this point the paternal Mason, then a member of the Connecticut General Assembly, interfered to rescue his son from the flogging system of the College and secured the son's lodgment with a tutor in return for part payment of tutorial room rent and other service duly rendered.

Mason's undergraduate autobiography is chiefly of value for its sidelights on the scholastic Yale of the time. He tells us how the learned President Stiles "had excellent talents for government; was both loved and respected and maintained a sound discipline; and a boy that would not study had an uncomfortable time of it." Those who have read the famous diary will recall the President's intense love of Hebrew and his insistence on its study by the whole Senior class; but will hardly wonder at Mason's testimony that "we learned the alphabet and worried through two or three Psalms, after a fashion; with the most of us it was a mere pretense. He (President Stiles) said that one of the

Psalms he tried to teach us would be the first we should hear sung in Heaven and that he should be ashamed that any of his pupils should be entirely ignorant of that holy language."

There follows a bit of scholastic "graft." Mason at Commencement in his forensic disputation on the legality of capital punishment tells how he "stole the most of my argument from the treatise of the Marquis Beccaria, then little known in this country. It was new and consequently well received by the audience; indeed its novelty excited considerable notice. I was flattered and much gratified by being told that my performance was the best of the day."

Jeremiah Mason's room was on the third story of the same entry as Kent, the front corner room. Mason was regular and diligent in studies; stood first in his class in Latin and mathematics; was strong in disputation; and was one of the Chapel monitors. The early bent of his mind is indexed by constant attendance as an undergraduate at the New Haven law trials.

The academic record at Yale of Eli Whitney, Class of 1792, whose invention of the cotton-gin swerved a great nation's history, is all too scant. He roomed in the north entry in the ground floor corner room, the old-fashioned windows of which are today the same as in his time. In Stiles' diary under date of April 30, 1789, the President's brief entry, "examined and admitted a Freshman," is probably first official reference to the illustrious inventor. A second entry under date of July 12, 1792, proves that Whitney owned rhetorical as well as mechanical gifts:

12—Whitney of the Sen. class delivered a Funeral Oration upon his classmate Grant, who died in Georgia last spring. He



FIREPLACE IN ELI WHITNEY'S ROOM IN SOUTH MIDDLE



was the fourth that has died out of that class. The oration was well delivered and publicly in chapel.

The oration was afterwards published.

Professor Denison Olmsted's memoir of the inventor informs us that Whitney did not enter College until twenty-three years old; earned most of his way to and through College, chiefly by teaching; in College gave more attention to mathematics and mechanics than to the classics but wrote many good compositions and some verses—less famous now than his cotton-gin; and that his written words, as an undergraduate, reveal imagination, a political cast of thought and exultant patriotism over the recent release of his land from the British yoke. Here are two incidents that depict the inventive bent of the young academic scion:

On a particular occasion one of the tutors, happening to mention some interesting philosophical experiment, regretted that he could not exhibit it to his pupils because the apparatus was out of order and must be sent abroad to be repaired. Mr. Whitney proposed to undertake the task and performed it greatly to the satisfaction of the faculty of the College.

A carpenter being at work upon one of the buildings of the gentleman with whom Mr. Whitney boarded, the latter begged permission to use his tools during the intervals of study; but the mechanic, being a man of careful habits, was unwilling to trust them with a student and it was only after the gentleman of the house had become responsible for all damages that he would grant the permission. But Mr. Whitney had no sooner commenced his operations than the carpenter was surprised at his dexterity and exclaimed "there was one good mechanic spoiled when you went to college."

Two entries of the Stiles diary, while not during Whitney's undergraduate life, jostle it in time so closely that they are here annexed:

Feb. 22 (1794). Mr. Whitney brot to my house & shewed

us his machine by him invented for cleaning cotton of its seeds. He shewed us the model which he has finished to lodge in Philadelphia in the Secretary of States office where he takes out his Patent. This miniature model is pfect & will clean about a dozen pounds a day or about 40 lbs before cleaning. He has completed six large ones, barrels . . . five feet long to carry to Georgia. In one of them I saw about a *dozen pounds* of cotton with seeds cleaned by one pson in about twenty minutes from which were delivered above *three pounds* of cotton purely cleansed from seed. It will clean 100 cwt a day. A curious and very ingenious piece of mechanism.

March 12 (1795).—Yesterday morning Mr. Whitney's workshop consumed by fire. Loss 3000 Doll. about 10 finished machines for seeding cotton & 5 or 6 unfinished, & all the tools which no man can make but Mr. Whitney, the inventor, & which he has been 2 years in making.

The undergraduate personality of James Gates Percival, Class of 1815, introduces us to a "remote, unfriended melancholy" but not "slow" genius, a man of moods but with spasms of amiability and cheerfulness. Many verses he penned during his college life. The poetic outbursts used to follow the musings of long and solitary walks after each breakfast and supper. Then he would return to his room, in the English phrase "sport the oak" and for an hour or two, pen in hand, let genius burn. In his first college year he offered the manuscript of his poems *Seasons of New England* to General Howe, then local bookseller and publisher, whose literary shop stood on the present site of the New Haven House; and the muse was crushed to earth for awhile when Howe refused even to examine verses penned by a Freshman. Guys and "skits" of his classmates levelled at his passion for verse-making brought out at first tears and such exclamations as "I *will* be a poet"; afterwards satirical skits of his own aimed at his torturers. As a versifier

he was bold and persistent; wrote a tragedy and took part in it as an actor; read his poems intrepidly at the meetings of Brothers in Unity; and used to paste them on the college walls while he stood near and listened to the comments of his readers. In person the collegiate Percival was of middle size, light complexion, with an agreeable but somewhat stolid face; and very sensitive to animal suffering, as witness his anguish at the violent death of one of South Middle's host of rats. He was antipodal to existing fashion. Did the College cut its hair long, Percival cut his short; did fashion dictate short coats, Percival wore his long; was black dominant in color garb, Percival donned grey; and he never blacked his boots. But in scholarship he was stalwart, studied mathematics as a recreation, made eighty-four abstracts of the lectures of the elder Silliman—said to be the best digest of them extant—and would have won the Valedictory oration but for an impediment of speech. Such is the strange hybrid of recluse, crank, poet and scholar that summarizes under Yale's elms Connecticut's foremost muse.

Percival's room when in South Middle was in the north entry, which housed most of the men whom Yale has now honored. The geologist-poet lived on the fourth floor of the old dormitory, in the back room, where later President Porter lived.

If Eli Whitney, Kent, Jeremiah Mason and Percival lent early luster to the quaint gabled chambers of Old South Middle, a later succession of famous names added to the value of the old brick dormitory as a priceless Yale heirloom. Woolsey, Porter—two Yale Presidents—lived there, as did Horace Bushnell, the spiritual New England theological leader, and Edward Rowland Sill, Yale's best loved poet.

Strangely enough in the case of one who impressed so recently and so deeply his character on Yale, the records tell us little of the undergraduate life of President Woolsey, Class of 1820, in which class he graduated at the age of nineteen. In the main his life as student was that of the scholar and writer, his literary activity being reflected in a manuscript periodical, the *Talebearer*, edited jointly by himself, Leonard Bacon and Alexander Twining, uncle of President Hadley. In the *Talebearer* appears poetry of varied merit and essays, most of them of a didactic and somewhat skilled undergraduate type. In its higher literary flights, for example, are a poem by Bacon on "Vinegar" dedicated to the "acetic" muse, and an essay by Woolsey signed "Peter Ponderous" that traces out satirically the changes in the fashion of dress. Woolsey was one of a "hexahedron" of six friends formed to continue college intimacies after graduation by exchange of letters. In 1820, Woolsey's year of graduation, at the Phi Beta Kappa's Commencement banquet the Faculty forbade the use of wines. The society declared the Faculty *ultra vires*, and insisted on the wines, which Woolsey and the next in classroom rank as the two "best scholars" duly passed around. The Faculty did not press the matter.

It was during Woolsey's stay in College that the debating society, Linonia, fell into discord and schism. Thirty-two members from southern states, objecting to the election of a northern president of the society, seceded to form the Calliopean Society—which continued a southern organization until its passing in 1853, when it owned with minor assets a library of 6,000 volumes.

The *Talebearer* gives us side glimpses of this



trouble and some offshoots of it in Brothers in Unity where the paper, read at the meetings, furnished criticisms that did not always assuage forensic bad temper. The records of Woolsey are interesting in connection with some comments of his on the good showing of the college catalog of 1820 in which, pre-casting the possible growth of Yale to 1,200 students, he asks "how could the President instruct a class of 300 men?" giving thus a passing view of the functions as instructor of the head of the College in the old Yale. Woolsey, graduating as valedictorian, was evidently a student whose high scholarship did not bar him from a large group of strong personal friends. There is no proof that he cared for sports or even for exercise beyond long walks; but those who remember his bent form in later years will marvel when told that as a Senior his stature fell but a quarter inch below six feet.

The great name of Horace Bushnell, Class of 1827, in later years so large in theology and still growing with the years, does not appear to have had big undergraduate dimensions, actual or prophetic. Long an invalid in maturer age, Bushnell, on the Campus, was a well-grown young man, both wiry and sturdy in frame, robust in general physique, ruddy in cheek, carrying a head of unusual size marked by deep-set eyes under a mass of raven hair. A trait of good-fellowship is hinted in the familiar title, "Billy Bush," given him by his mates. He was versatile, loved nature, exercise, sports—especially fishing—and music, in which he was so versed as to be a member of the Beethoven Society and the college choir; and he seems to have been a good "mixer," albeit much of his dormitory life was that of the scholar. In his

academic four years he had bitter soul wrestlings, stirred by religious doubt, to which he once referred in an eloquent passage of a sermon preached many years after in the Old Chapel. Bushnell took part in the first "conic sections rebellion" of 1825, which is to be sharply demarcated from the much more serious conic sections rebellion in 1830. In his Sophomore year his class claimed that, by explicit contract with its mathematical tutor, it was exempt from the corollaries of the text-book, and, when the corollaries were insisted on, thirty-eight—including Bushnell—out of the class of eighty-seven men refused to recite and were suspended by the Faculty. Parental authority sustained that of the College and the great theologian with the rest, signed this formula of repentance.

We, the undersigned, having been led into a course of opposition to the government of Yale College, do acknowledge our fault in this resistance, and promise, on being restored to our standing in the class, to yield a faithful obedience to the laws.

Bushnell had good comradeship in the mutiny which included such classmates as Chief Justice Welch, of Minnesota, Judge Henry Hogeboom, of the New York supreme court, Professor Grosvenor, of Illinois College, and President William Adams, of Union Theological Seminary; and the famous preacher is quoted in later life as justifying on moral grounds the academic sedition and, presumptive, repenting his own *pro forma* repentance. He had a trace of impetuosity in his nature. Once on the way to Chapel noting a classmate "stropping his razor the wrong way," he dashed into the room, took the instrument in hand, showed the true art of making an edge, and all the way to the Chapel doors dilated ardently on the theme. Horace

Bushnell lived in the south entry of Old South Middle, in part of the room occupied by the Dean's office.

Concerning President Porter, Class of 1831, few reminiscences are handed down. He entered College in his sixteenth year, a round-shouldered lad and the smallest member of his class—thus coming to be familiarly known as "Little Noah Porter"; but in later undergraduate years he shot up to the average stature of his classmates and lost all awkwardness of figure. In sub-Freshman days he had bursts of sudden anger, but of these college life gave him almost complete control and not a trace of them survived into later life—a self-mastery that credits his Yale training. While not athletic, he was a keen lover of outdoor sports of the quieter type—though they tell of him that, after shooting his first game bird and seeing its dying struggles, he gave up shooting as a sport. He was an ardent lover of nature also and self-trained into a good botanist. Diffident and retiring in his early academic years, as an upperclassman he became prominent as scholar and debater, excelled in mathematics, and was noted in the classroom for clearness and precision in thought and speech. Simple in habit and manners, he disclosed on the Campus the same geniality that marked him as the later professor and president; and there an undergraduate personality destined for the Yale headship seems to end. President Porter's room was the same as that of James Gates Percival sixteen years earlier.

Edward Rowland Sill, '61, the poet, whose name is written large in Yale's literary roll (though possibly his fame is on the wane just now with the critics of American verse), roomed in the south entry of the old building where he lived his mutinous and original life

at Yale. His room was on the back corner of the third floor. Sill was a dreamer from the day he entered the College. His memoirs show him to have been an omnivorous reader, though very little in love with the curriculum of the day. He was of an original mould and was very likely one of the exceptions that proved the rule that, considering the state of education in this country at the time and the uses to which college-bred men put their collegiate education, the old formal prescribed course turned out the best men. For Sill the curriculum of his day was a thorn in the flesh. He disliked being forced into the groove his classmates studied in, and he objected strenuously to having his mental pabulum digested for him by his classroom authorities. He made the old Library his friend, and was more immersed in the odd volumes he was constantly extracting from its shelves than he was in the books his tutors laid before him. Sill was not widely known at College, but some of his tenderest and most delightful lines were penned here, perhaps in some dusty, secluded corner of the Library, or in his Campus room, with its open fire, its low ceiling, its paneled doors, and its small-paned windows looking out on the Campus and toward the towers and minarets of the old Library across the lawns.



THE OLD LIBRARY



## II

### THE TIMES OF BAGG

Of the late Lyman H. Bagg, "A Graduate of '69," and author of "Four Years at Yale," a book which for all time will be a historical index of the undergraduate life of the College during the sixties and for some years later, there comes back to the writer across the gap of forty years a vivid picture. One sees again a form that might have stepped out of one of Dickens' novels—bent at the shoulders, boyish in stature, aquiline and wrinkled in face, and with a peculiar expression, half humorous, half cynical, which instantly demarcated him from the common student type. Bagg's face was not a fortune, nor did it necessarily denote genius. But it had the contours of a decided and strong individuality. Joined to the figure of the man and a unique shuffling gait that never seemed to vary in pace, it was the outward sign of a strange personality and, in its way, of a gifted one.

It was not as a classmate that the writer knew Bagg, but as a contemporary on the Campus, who met him more frequently at New Haven and elsewhere during a few years after his graduation than perhaps before. But in the life of the Campus he is recalled as essentially a man of what would be called now "outside activities," chiefly of a mental sort. He was seen at the ball game or the boat race, but not uplifted into the athletic enthusiasms; apparently a good mixer with his class and apt to be one of the familiar figures

perched upon the ancient and honored Fence; reputed, and doubtless in fact, an inveterate collector of Yale memorabilia, which habit may indeed have been the germ of the volume that perpetuates his name.

Mr. Bagg was a clear writer but not imaginative and with a proclivity for objective themes, including statistics, in which he had the gift of precision. His literary rank, measured by the standard of his College time, is indicated by his editorship of the *Yale Literary Magazine*; and, for some obscure reason, apparent defects in imagination did not prevent his election as class poet. His class poem, by the way, has internal evidence that he struck rocks in the normal classroom voyage. It comes out in the stanza:

And some are still with us concerning  
Whose perils we think with dismay,  
For, unless snatched like brands from the burning,  
These words were unspoken today—

lines that brought out a round of laughter and applause from '69 at its Presentation Day exercises in the Old Chapel. That class poem and one other "Bull Doggerel" delivered at one of the old-fashioned Thanksgiving Jubilees and appearing in the *Yale Literary Magazine* of December, 1867, were the only times—as Mr. Bagg himself certifies in a later communication to his class—when his muse dropped into print. In his "Bull Doggerel," a Hudibrastic effusion carrying considerable humor, he attests his own lack of poetic fancy in the lines:

Most rhymesters have to talk about the "Muse"  
And "inspiration" and that sort of thing,  
That they may satisfy the common views  
And "mystery" about their verses fling.



They never mention old John Walker's name  
Nor yet his rhyming lexicon so true,  
Though on his help hang all their hope for fame  
And, like enough, their "inspiration" too.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of rightly giving praise I am not chary  
And so the credit of my verse is due  
My Bull Dorg and my rhyming dictionary.

His tendency to minor, if not trivial, statistics is indicated by his stated record of 160 pages out of 488 in the volume of the *Yale Literary Magazine* when he was editor; and by such entries as "wrote class poem for Presentation Day 403 lines," and "220,000 words in Four Years at Yale."

That work, his *opus magnum* in more senses than one, containing 713 pages, he published two years after graduation and was in those days dubbed by Bagg "An Encyclopædia of College Life," and, within Yale bounds, merits that title. "Four Years at Yale" connoted a mountain of toil not merely in such matters of research as the confirmation of names and dates, but in its collation of a myriad of facts relating to the undergraduate life at Yale and student activities on and off the Campus told under three divisions: (1) "The Society System"; (2) "The Student Life," and (3) "The Official Curriculum," each division having its separate chapters numbering altogether fifteen, besides a chapter of introduction and a final one of all-round comment—a kind of epitomized summary by the author of his personal opinion on some of the larger problems of Yale life. It is emphatically one of those volumes that come out of the long silences and from the midnight oil. Its im-

print, "Charles C. Chatfield and Co.," has its own reminiscence.

Mr. Chatfield, a graduate of Yale in 1866 and dying ten years later, soon after graduation established, on apparently very inadequate capital, a publishing house in New Haven under the ambitious title of "The University Publishing House," and printed therein a good many Yale books. He was kindly and well-meaning, but inexperienced as a publisher and too careless in his enterprises—traits that led to early bankruptcy. Bagg himself has told us in print how, after two New York publishers had turned down "Four Years at Yale," Mr. Chatfield, "with an enormous capacity for accepting all sorts of doubtful jobs, recklessly accepted my offered volume without so much as reading a line of it," and how he (Bagg) found out that it "was one of the rules of the University Publishing House that no cash taken in should ever be paid out on any possible pretext." The terms of publication left small residuum for the laborious author. An edition of 1,700 was to be printed. Of these, 200 were to be distributed to "literary editors"—if they have them still they can get from ten to twenty dollars each. The next 800 copies were to be sold for the exclusive profit of the publisher; and the final 700 copies were to be sold for the joint benefit of publisher and author—the share of the latter to be 10 per cent. "Hence," says Bagg, "even if the entire 1,700 copies had been promptly disposed of my cash reward would have been \$175 and the possible sale of a second edition of 1,000 copies would have brought in \$250 more."

What next came to pass was the bankruptcy of the University Publishing House, after, as Mr. Bagg says,

it had made a profit of some \$400 or \$500 out of his book, and from the ruined house directly Bagg secured no cash. But from the receiver he obtained some unbound copies of "Four Years at Yale," which a New York publisher brought out later as a "second edition," returning in the end to the author "a little more than \$175" as reward for his big task.

The house of Chatfield must not be dismissed without brief added reference. It was the publisher of *The College Courant*, a weekly periodical, half magazine and half newspaper, covering, in imperfect fashion, the doings of all American colleges and of which Bagg was, for a time, one of the editors. The same tottering firm fathered also—and owned—the weekly undergraduate *Yale Courant*. And it was in a measure the outcome of the partly successful insistence of the publisher that the undergraduate editors should "take their pay in books" from his bookstore, instead of the contractual cash, that led (1872) to revolt and the founding of the rival *Yale Record* under separate student ownership and control.

In the closing chapter of "Four Years at Yale," under the head of "A Matter of Opinion," with its analysis and forecasts on college problems, it is interesting to see how the author anticipates later academic thought. He favors the prep school, with its stimulus to self-reliance, as the medium for the college "fit"; believes that many Freshmen enter College too soon and that even twenty years of age is not too old; criticises too great Faculty emphasis laid on classroom marks, and too little on the elevating outside activity and on the frictional education of the student brushing against his mates; and there is a vein of prophecy in his forecast of the elective system, then dimly

descried: "The worst effect of optional studies is to destroy class unity."

Final allusion might be made to the picturesque and varied life of Bagg between his "Four Years at Yale" and his passing on—in particular, perhaps, to his "26,694 miles on a bicycle" of the ancient big-wheel type held fast to by him as he playfully explained "because 46 inch wheel signifies the year of my birth." But the limitation here is to the Bagg of his Campus epoch and to the abiding work that he penned. He wrote his book at just the right time—when the college life proper was at or very near its climax, when it had not been modified by the broader work of the University, and when almost all of the old customs and institutions still either survived or were things of recent and personal memory. Such a book is an integral part of Yale history and loses none of its value as the product of the odd personality of its author who, through many shifts of a literary life work, never relaxed his academic fealties.

### III

## AN EARLY UNDERGRADUATE GENIUS

Almost hidden away in the massive tome "Yale College," printed in 1879, is a sketch of the brief and brilliant life of Ebenezer Porter Mason of the Class of 1839, who survived his graduation but a year and a little more. The short biography of the young genius of the class and College appears in the chapter on Professor Denison Olmsted—one of the grandest of Yale's "grand old men"—written by the late Professor Chester S. Lyman. In a little faded and stained volume published in 1842, Professor Olmsted himself has told more *in extenso* the life tale of one who, as a student, was probably the most gifted and versatile of Yale's younger sons; who, ere he graduated, had won fame on two continents as an astronomer and whose early passing just at the threshold of a great career no philosophy can prevent from seeming sad and strange. Many graduates of Yale have won eminence either within her walls or in the world at large; here was one who in his far-away time had attained it already as a youthful undergraduate. Yet because his career was so brief, he is all but unknown except to the very oldest of surviving alumni and by many of them but dimly remembered. To rescue such a character from academic oblivion is a task of justice to his memory, of interest as a story in itself, and depicts a picturesque personal episode in Yale annals.

Ebenezer Porter Mason was born in Washington, Conn., December 7, 1819, son of the Rev. Stephen Mason, sometime Congregational pastor in that town, whose family name at least suggests the rich Puritan and Colonial blood of the famous Captain John Mason, leader in Colonial affairs and victor in the campaign against the Pequots. There were omens in Mason's infant life of his powers to come. As a creeper upon the household rug, he traced out colors, textures and forms. At two years of age, his chief diversion was books. At three years, he was picking out letters of the alphabet and forming short words and sentences; and ere four years had gone, he was "reading the Bible with remarkable fluency and propriety before he had even seen a common spelling book," and this after the loss of his mother, his first instructor, who died when he was three years old. As Mason's early years go on, the signs of his mental gifts multiply, though he was restrained from head-work, as far as possible, by his relatives, who saw the need of upbuilding a fragile body. He wrote at seven years a letter perfectly punctuated and spelled which would not have discredited a youth of twice his age, and played a good game of chess, and a year or two later he had mastered the mechanics of a steam engine; was a past-master of Colburn's arithmetic and reading with zest Bacon's "Novum Organum." Professor Olmsted says, "Even then few persons equalled him in the facility with which he made his calculations, especially in fractions." At school, he led his classes in all studies by a wide gap, at twelve years of age he was correcting the teacher in mathematics and was practically fitted to enter Yale two years ahead of the prescribed entering age of a Freshman.

Young Mason's early taste for poetry developed almost as soon as his love for mathematics and at thirteen his muse was well fledged. To that early period belongs a series of poems of remarkable excellence for so young a versifier. Among them were translations of the *Æneid*, of which this is a sample of his paraphrase in rhyme of the Combat of *Æneas* and *Turnus*:

Meanwhile Aeneas, watching close his foe,  
Lifts high his spear, to Turnus boding woe,  
And hurls it from afar. The weapon sped,  
Nor could the flight of swift-shot rocks exceed,  
Or thunderbolts of Jove. The fatal spear,  
Like blackening tempest flew, with ruin dire,  
Pierced through his armor and his seven-fold shield,  
And then transfixed his thigh. Now forced to yield,  
With bended knee to earth great Turnus falls,  
And groans are heard from the Rutulian walls.  
The mountains wail with sorrow at the wound  
And all the groves with Turnus' fate resound.

This reference to the star group, Orion, written in later years, reveals also Mason's poetical mood:

And when the star-mailed giant  
A blaze of glory sheds,  
And high in heaven defiant  
His lion mantle spreads,  
I watch his mighty form uprear,  
As spurning earth with hoof of air,  
He mounts upon the whirling sphere,  
And walks in solemn silence there.  
I watch him in his slow decline  
Until to Ocean's hall restored  
He bathes him in the welcome brine  
And the wave sheathes his burning sword.

Mason taught school for a time on Nantucket Island; finished his preparation for Yale at Ellington,

Conn., and entered the College at the age of sixteen, in the Class of 1839.

At the very outset of his Freshman year, Mason's gift in mathematics excited the wonder of the instructors. He extracted cube roots of large numbers off-hand and solved quickly "in his head" problems in algebraic equations of considerable intricacy. He won the first prize in a contest for the solution of prize problems, doing many of them by various and original methods. He ranked high in general scholarship and continued to do so through his whole college life, was an excellent writer, and an essay of his contrasting Cicero with Demosthenes as well as his Junior oration attracted special attention. But the feature of his college course was his achievement in astronomy. Earlier proclivities in that branch of science were deepened by association with a classmate, Hamilton Lanphere Smith, owner of a good telescope, himself of strong astronomical bent and in after life professor of that branch at Kenyon and Hobart colleges. He and Mason were a kind of brace of "heavenly twins" in astronomy outside the classroom. Smith and Mason, beginning with the raw materials and melting them for the speculum in their anthracite stove, made a telescope through which they resolved six of the double stars; and two years later, co-working, they made the largest and, in some respects, the best telescope then in the country. Their first telescope was set on the platform above the portico of the Old Chapel, where, in the upper part, Mason, for convenience to his beloved instrument, afterwards chose his room. What that room was, let this description in a letter of Mason certify:



"If you want to picture to yourself an agreeable situation, just form an image of mine. Softly body it forth with warm fancy's rapturous touch. *Imprimis*, a room occupied before me by a notoriously dissipated fellow, as likewise a tobacco-chewer of the first order—and a sheetiron stove consequently nearly rusted through and floor delightfully variegated. Secondly, prospect from it the bricks of North College, with a view of the washroom windows of three students, all at the comfortable distance of eight feet—both buildings rising high above so as to exclude all but a narrow line of sky—room consequently as dark and shady as any grotto of the Nymphs or Muses. Thirdly, chimney of such construction that the stove has no draught, employing me every morning for an hour in kindling a fire which can be effected only by keeping all windows raised during the process of burning about eight or a dozen newspapers and blowing the rest of the time at the charcoal—I mistake—not *every* morning—every *fourth* morning, I should have said, for I look around and live on my friends the rest of the time. Thus, in winter, light is to be obtained close at the window and warmth close by the fire—an indubitable proof that light and heat are not inseparable. In summer, however, when the sun shines hot upon the opposite bricks of North College, heat but not light is afforded in such quantities as to make it hot enough for a New Zealander. I want to write more, but I am sitting at seven o'clock in the morning in my cold room without a fire which I have not the courage to attempt to kindle."

Maintaining always a high rank in general classroom work, harassed by debt—he was supported through College by friends and relatives at the South—

frail in body and already carrying the symptoms of consumption—the astronomical achievements of the undergraduate Mason were almost incredible. They included most accurate and original delineation of the nebulae with a memoir and charts filling fifty octavo pages of the “*American Philosophical Transactions*”—a work which drew praise from Sir John Herschel and was for years an astronomical classic; original computations of the orbits of double stars; telescopic observations on shooting stars; and a vast number of minor observations and notes or memoirs upon them. This was his work as an undergraduate. In the year following his graduation, with health quite undermined, besides other extensive astronomical work, he prepared an elaborate mathematical treatise of a hundred and forty octavo pages on practical astronomy besides doing the astronomical work of the United States Government Survey between the Maine boundary and Canada. Professor Olmsted’s tribute: “Mason, young as he was, at the time of his death, was clearly entitled to rank among the first astronomers of America,” stands with its statement. Not least among his remarkable powers was his deftness and skill as a draftsman, while in penmanship, he could write in half a dozen different styles, clear as copperplate, and varied, when he chose, by many forms of graceful pen-work ornamentation. It is something more solid than a tradition of his relatives in Litchfield County, Conn., that he scorned the use of ruler and dividers, and that his lines and circles drawn offhand could hardly be distinguished from those made with the aid of instruments.

Besides his amazing mental gifts, as scientist, artist, writer, mechanic and poet, Mason had a lovable and

winsome personality. He was buoyant in temper, dutiful, unselfish, modest, grateful for kindnesses and, though compelled by his work to be somewhat of a recluse, was naturally a good comrade and classmate. In frame and face he had to the end the look of a delicate boy.

He died suddenly at the last near Richmond, Va., on December 26, 1840, a year and a few months after graduation at Yale, the victim of consumption, which had afflicted him for three years, aggravated by an ailment of the stomach. Professor Olmsted, his biographer, tells of his own many vain attempts to persuade Mason to heed warnings against wintry open-air exposure in astronomical work—yet, in the modern light on tuberculosis, it may have been that very exposure which prolonged his life. And it is a bit of pathetic irony on the words of Professor Olmsted that in later years, four of his own sons, after brilliant work at Yale, died soon after graduation like young Mason and all of the same disease as his.

## IV

### A THEOLOGICAL MARTYR

Almost every Yale class, whether a class in being or extinct, has had its gaps that mark the quenching ere graduation of some promising light. There have been the gaps by death, by domestic mishap, by loss of health, and now and then the eclipse of some shining light by Faculty decree, just or unjust. In the class list of 1743 of the Triennial Catalogue, then Latinized, now Quinquennial and Anglified, one of these gaps is found where should stand the name of David Brainerd, victim of the Faculty, yet not, perhaps, so much the sacrifice to narrow and misguided Yale authority as of the theological time in which he lived. His name is now all but forgotten in Yale annals; the vast majority even of the graduates who have passed their half-century class reunion have never heard his name nor read it; but, rescued from the shades of a century and three-quarters ago, it outlines not merely a striking personality but an episode very sensational in its time and out of which a great sister university may have been born.

David Brainerd, sixth child in a family of nine sons and daughters of Hezekiah Brainerd of Haddam, Conn., was born April 20, 1718, in a household whose family struck roots deep in the old Puritan soil and then and since has stood for one of the strongest kin groups in New England genealogy. Losing both his parents in early life, he lived for some years with

relatives in East Haddam, next labored in the near township of Durham on a farm, which had come to him from his father's estate. But, spurred by mental ambition and the religious emotions and currents which in those days set so strongly toward the ministry, through the college training, he decided to enter Yale, fitting for college, as was the custom in that far-away and simpler academic period, with a clergyman, Rev. Phinehas Fiske, pastor of the Haddam church, and later studying with his brother, Nehemiah, Yale 1723, pastor of a church in Glastonbury, Conn. Even in that early manhood, his piety was profound and his religious feeling intense. He himself tells how he read his Bible through twice a year, of hours passed daily in prayer, of moods of religious gloom, of long soul wrestlings, and of final assurance of grace. And it was probably this acute, almost morbid, depth of his religious nature that led to the academic tragedy in his undergraduate life.

He entered Yale at the age of twenty-one in September, 1739, with the Class of 1743, was attentive and faithful in college duties, in scholarship one of the first, if not foremost in his class, a fervent leader in religious activities. But his bedrock piety seems to have been veined by a spirit of assertiveness and an outspoken quality which was to lead to his undergraduate undoing.

It was a time of great religious tension in which the College shared and in which young Brainerd took active part and gathered around him a group of kindred spirits, for, as President Jonathan Edwards says, "mutual conversation and assistance in spiritual things." During his Junior year one evening in the College hall, after Mr. Whittlesey, one of the tutors, had delivered

a prayer, the subject of Mr. Whittlesey's religious character became the topic of talk between Brainerd and two or three of his friends, evoking from Brainerd the criticism that "he (Whittlesey) has no more grace than this chair." A Freshman chanced to catch the words. Next, *cherchez la femme*, it is a woman who enters the tale to whom the Freshman went and babbled the incident; and she, in turn, hies with it to President Clap. The President summons the Freshman, calls next to the inquisition Brainerd's friends to whom the remark was made, finds the facts and orders Brainerd to make public confession in the hall and ask pardon. Brainerd refuses on the ground that he should not be held responsible for words uttered in private talk. His case is further deepened by disobedience of an order of the President against attending a meeting of "Separatists"—a body of seceders from the main church, who at that time were creating in the colony much civic and ecclesiastical discord. The Faculty joined with President Clap in a serious view of Brainerd's acts and he was formally expelled from the College. He came on for the Commencement at which his classmates took their degrees, and the day after wrote a humble letter to President Clap and the Faculty, acknowledging his fault. But he never got his degree.

It is but just to President Clap and his Trustees of the College to point out that they were but actors—though zealous and leading actors—in an acrimonious religious period due to the Separatist movement during which the Colonial legislature of Connecticut enacted severe penal statutes aimed at the secession; and it may be added that it was his sympathetic and coöperative relation in church matters with the lawmakers, which

he utilized shrewdly in obtaining the Yale charter of 1745, and also the first state grants for Connecticut Hall. Such was the bitterness of the feeling of which Sparks' "American Biography" (1830) tells us, in its several chapters of the life story of Brainerd, that when Brainerd came to the Commencement of his class, he found himself in danger of arrest if publicly seen on the street, was forced to lodge with a friend outside the town and passed Commencement day in solitary prayer in the woods. As another attest of the academic fanaticism of the times, three or four years later two pious undergraduates, John and Ebenezer Cleaveland, were summarily expelled from Yale after refusing public confession of sin for attending, with their parents, a Separatist meeting at home during vacation.

Thus far it has been but the narrative, in the main, of the old-time theological severity visiting with its penalty an undergraduate offender. The sequel opens a much larger historical question: Was Brainerd's expulsion the mainspring of Princeton College?

The Rev. David Dudley Field of Haddam, member of the historical societies of Connecticut, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, father of the four "great" Fields—Cyrus, layer of the first Atlantic cable, David Dudley, mighty in the law, Stephen, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Henry, writer and editor—expounds the Princeton hypothesis through several pages of his "Brainerd Genealogy," printed in 1857. Dr. Field tells us how the great Jonathan Edwards, who was to be president of Princeton, resented the severity of the Yale rulers and pleaded with them hard but in vain; how there were many eminent clergymen who sympathized with

Brainerd and among them "Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, pastor of the church at Elizabethtown, N. J., and the Rev. Aaron Burr, pastor of the church in Newark, who also pleaded for Brainerd before the authorities of Yale College, in behalf of the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge in Foreign Parts, which had appointed him their missionary." And how Judge John Dickinson of Connecticut, nephew of Jonathan, had declared to him (Dr. Field) "that the establishment of Princeton College was owing to the sympathy felt for David Brainerd because the authorities of Yale College would not give him his degree and that the plan of the college was drawn up in his (Judge Dickinson's) father's house." Dr. Field adds: "I am certain that I have declared the precise fact that Judge Dickinson uttered. Nor is this the whole proof of the fact. There is evidence that the Rev. Aaron Burr said, after the rise of Princeton College, that it would never have come into existence but for the expulsion of David Brainerd from Yale College. It is a significant fact that three of the men who were conspicuous in their efforts and sympathy for Brainerd were the first three presidents of Princeton College—Jonathan Dickinson, Aaron Burr, Yale 1735, and Jonathan Edwards, Yale 1720. . . . Brainerd was expelled in the latter part of 1742 and Princeton College received pupils soon after. . . . All the members of the New York Synod were warmly attached to Brainerd and friendly to Princeton College."

As a sidelight on the Princeton theorem, one finds that the Rev. Samuel Finley, afterwards president of Princeton College, was, under the anti-Separatist statute of Connecticut, twice arrested and carried out



of the state as a vagrant for preaching in seceding churches.

There rests the Princeton hypothesis of evil turned to good and the indiscretion of a Yale Freshman and the gossiping tongue of a New Haven woman sowing the seeds of the great New Jersey university. For the rest, it is the brief narrative of the short but exalted lifework of David Brainerd himself as preacher and missionary—a tale which fills a bulky printed volume of the great Edwards himself, though chiefly made up of Brainerd's diary. Not long after his expulsion from Yale, he went into mission work among the Indians along the upper Delaware River and continued in that labor after his failure to secure his Yale degree. Infirm of body, he yet labored incessantly and zealously and won respect and fame in the pulpit and as a mission worker. Says Dr. Field: "The amount of labor which he performed in the brief period of his public life, considering how feeble he was and how much he suffered by sickness, is absolutely astonishing." Meanwhile he had become engaged to Jerusha Edwards, daughter of the great theologian, but their marriage never came, and October 9, 1747, in Northampton, Mass., he passed away at the age of twenty-nine. Such was the esteem in which he was held that a hundred years after, during a session of the General Association of Massachusetts at Northampton, the members in a body visited his grave and, standing around it, listened to an address on his character and labors. In the class list of 1743 the aching void where his name should be still remains.

His name, the sad and unjust academic fate which overtook him, and his bright but brief life are recalled in our day by the recent bequest of \$65,000 to the Yale

Medical School by the late Cyprian S. Brainerd, Yale '50, of Haddam, direct descendant of Hezekiah, father of the Yale martyr to the sectarian authority of the old days.

## V

### IK MARVEL, PROSE-POET

In his familiar *nom de plume* of "Ik Marvel," in his written words which so often depict with quaint and tender realism the sunny side of New England life, and in the subtle Yankee flavor which penetrates his lines, one can descry with something very near to certitude the New England extraction of Donald Grant Mitchell and infer that the roots of his family tree struck deep in the richest Puritan soil.

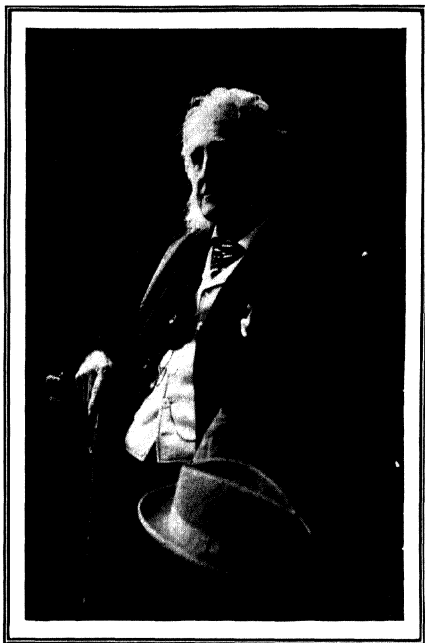
Young Mitchell, a nine-year-old boy, was at school in Ellington, Conn., when his father died in 1831 and the lad remained there until he entered Yale College in the Class of 1841.

The college records show no high proficiency in Mitchell's scholarship and his name appears in neither the Junior Exhibition nor the Commencement lists. But his literary bent in College is attested by his election as an editor of the *Yale Literary Magazine* and his position as class orator. Moreover, he was popular among his mates, a class leader, and, in his Senior year, a member of Skull and Bones; and through his life in classroom, in the Old Brick Row and on the Campus the roots of loyalty to Yale struck deep, as attested by his devotion to her in after life. Pen-pictures of his college days often were drawn into his literary field.

He held for a while the American consulship at Venice and after his return in 1855, bought, two miles

West of New Haven, the "Edgewood" farm, which at once became a part of his personality in letters. There he lived in close *rapproch* with nature, an ardent devotee of the field, forest and garden, almost a recluse in general habit, yet with a kindly welcome for old friends. During his life at Edgewood and outside of his literary tasks, he did some semi-professional work in landscape gardening and was not infrequently consulted as an expert in laying out public and private grounds—New Haven being especially indebted to him for the designs of her East Rock Park. Otherwise almost his only emergence from the close retirement of Edgewood was to deliver a few courses of lectures, to make a trip to Paris in 1878 as United States Commissioner to the World's Exhibition, to be one of the judges of industrial art at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 at Philadelphia, and to serve as a member of the Council of the Yale Art School, a place which he held continuously after 1865 until the Council was abolished in 1898. Almost his last appearance in public was his reading in the Corporation Room at Woodbridge Hall during Yale's Bicentennial week, of his sketch of that ancestral Woodbridge after whom the building is named. Sitting in the Yale President's chair—for the infirmity of age did not let him stand—he read a paper which those who heard pronounced the gem of the many bicentennial addresses. He received in 1878 the honorary degree of LL.D. from his University.

Mr. Mitchell's larger literary work began with his contribution to the Albany *Cultivator* of letters from Europe during his first trip, followed soon after by a series of sketches, the sequels of his travel in the Southern states. The result of his second trip to



DONALD G. MITCHELL

IK MARVEL

AND

HIS HOME AT  
EDGEWOOD





Europe was made public in his "Fresh Gleanings from the Old Fields of Europe" and his "Battle Summer, or Paris in 1848," the former giving a prelude of his lucid simplicity of style, the latter showing that the rage of mad Paris was a subject ill adapted to his gentle pen. In his then anonymous work for *The Lorgnette*, the young writer showed also that satire was too heavy and harsh a weapon for him to lift in scoring the foibles of men even in the thin soil of fashionable society.

It was not until about a year later that Mitchell struck his own most characteristic vein in his "Reveries of a Bachelor," the first of them printed to divert suspicion, by its shifting of style, from the authorship of the articles in *The Lorgnette*. The earlier "Reveries" appeared first in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, afterwards were reprinted at the South and a little later (October, 1850) they reappeared in the fifth number and first volume of *Harper's Magazine*. It is an interesting literary fact that when, a year or two later, Mitchell offered the completed manuscript of "The Reveries" to the publishing firm of Ticknor & Fields it refused the work and thus lost one of the most profitable American volumes. Two years after (1854) came the companion volume, "Dream Life."

In his home at Edgewood, made so familiar in his writings, Mr. Mitchell for more than fifty years lived in touch with nature, so close and loving that but for his ardor of the field and garden, more prolific labor would probably have been done by his pen. His affection for outdoor life was a passion and every phase and form of it was a familiar thing. He knew the lays of the birds, the "rustle of the bladed corn," the mysteries of plant life, and, until cumbered by age,

delighted much in long tramps which made his figure—robust, strong, white-haired, with lineaments blending poetic classicism with the cherubic heartiness of the English squire—well known on the country highways for miles around his home. The writer of this sketch recalls vividly a visit to Edgewood years ago when Mitchell pointed out on his library table a group of the pyramidal shoots of the *quasi* vulgar “skunk’s cabbage” transplanted to a jar and surrounded by moss—the prose-poet pleasantly expounding how that abused plant, first outpost of the spring, only became assertive—like some of human kind—when molested and downtrodden. It is said of him that he delighted more in a paper on some rural theme penned for an agricultural journal and ill-paid or not paid for at all than in his articles written for the great magazines, and the highest agricultural critics have testified to the accuracy of his observations on the lore of the farm—a trait which, when a young man, won him a second prize for a plan of farm buildings offered by the New York State Agricultural Society. To his absorbing love of the fields is doubtless to be attributed certain long gaps in his literary work, which his friends have frequently commented upon ere he drifted into his serene old age. In politics, Mr. Mitchell was a Democrat of the “Old Line” type but took no active part in public affairs.



## VI

### THE WESTMINSTER OF YALE

The history of Yale, as College and University, has reached through two centuries and more. The history of Grove Street Cemetery has reached through over one century. There was thus almost a century during a period when it was a hard and unpleasant task to carry the college dead away from New Haven, and when they passed from life to the old semicircular burying ground that filled an area of several acres in the center of New Haven Green and covered the site on which Center Church now stands. Thus Yale owns, in fact, two Westminsters, an old and, relatively speaking, a new. The older Westminster on the Green still holds the sacred dust of many of her earlier graduates, some of them not without renown. But when, in 1821, their memorials were removed to the burial lots in the "God's Acre" on Grove Street, the two Westminsters, in every outward sense, may be said to have merged in one.

In the first beginnings of the Grove Street burying ground, as well as in what may be called the transition period between it and the ancient churchyard on the Green, the name and influence of Yale figure conspicuously. It was James Hillhouse, Yale 1773, Treasurer of the College, member of the lower house of Congress, United States Senator, and commemorated in New Haven not merely by her stately plant of elms, but by many other tokens of public munificence and enterprise, who first suggested the purchase in

1796 of the field of six acres on which, as a basic plot, the larger Grove Street Cemetery has been built up; and joined with him were thirty-one citizens of the town, many of whose names are to be found starred on the Yale Triennial. A little later the six acres were increased to ten for the purpose, as the old record recites, of obtaining a burial ground "larger, better arranged for the accommodation of families, and by its retired situation, better calculated to impress the mind with a solemnity becoming the repository of the dead." Mr. Hillhouse had, at first, planned a family burying ground on his own property. But happening to see the neglect into which a private burying ground once belonging to a branch of his house had fallen in the ownership of strangers, he planned the new burial place with its special provision for family lots and said to be the first of its kind on our continent. It was due, undoubtedly, to this provision that the Yale dead in the cemetery have, to a considerable number, been grouped in the two "college lots" so-called. Each of the thirty-two founders, with James Hillhouse at the head, subscribed fourteen dollars for purchase money and expenses; and, a year later (1797), they were made a corporation by the Connecticut General Assembly.

At the first meeting of the new corporation lots were gratuitously set apart "one to the President and Fellows of Yale College, one to each of the Ecclesiastical Societies then existing, one for the burial of strangers dying in the city, three for the poor who should die not owning lots, and one to people of color"; and, a year after, a lot was given to President Dwight of Yale and another lot to Professor Meigs, who had aided in surveying the ground. In that sur-

vey, it may be added, a young graduate of the Class of 1795, Jeremiah Day, afterwards to be President of Yale, carried the chain.

The first college lot is a few rods immediately to the right of the present entrance and must have been nearly in front of the old gateway to the ground. The lot is an irregular oblong in shape, some sixty-five feet in length and averaging perhaps twenty feet in width. With fitting symbolism it is aligned with the lots given to the New Haven churches, attesting, as it would seem not by accident, the spiritual blood which flowed through the academic veins. Church and College were together in life, and in death they were not divided. It is more singular that in the living Yale's march northward the old college lot is now brought almost under the eaves of the great Dining Hall, the lineal successor of the tempestuous Commons of the eighteenth century and not without some recent troubles of its own.

The lot is crowded with Yale monuments, some twenty-five in number, and none of them recent. Not one of them is striking or ornate, but many of them are dignified, whether recumbent or reared in that familiar ancestral type of "box" monument—made of slabs and hollow within—in which the rectangular apex crests the thick, low shaft; and all are nicely aligned and their shapes, cut in coarse but enduring marble, well preserved. As a whole the ancient academic plot, while meager as to its area, is impressive. Its mortuary keynotes are *tenax propositi*, endurance, consistency, and the rigid unyielding traits of the Yale ancestors who, each under his somber and inflexible stone, seem ready to rise up and, like Colonel Newcome, say *adsum* when his name is called.

Of the Yale Presidents, all who bore that title—Clap, Daggett, Stiles, Dwight, Day, Woolsey, and Porter—either lie buried in Grove Street Cemetery or have their monuments within its bounds. Of these only the monument of Stiles is in the old college lot, though President Dwight rests in the original family lot adjoining and a few feet away. The stone of Yale's second titular President, Naphtali Daggett, in the family lot, a few rods to the northward, bears the simplest of inscriptions, recording merely his birth, death, pastorship of the church at Smithtown, L. I., his professorship of divinity and his college presidency. Not so the more ambitious stone in the college lot of President Stiles, erected by the Corporation to Yale's many-sided administrator and the intellectual democrat of his time, whose inscription in prolix Latin, tells us of honors, fame, greatness in church and in learning and "*Per terras honore habitus*," who passed away "*Lacrymis Omnium*." Hard by is the stone of D. Jabez Backus, student in the College, dying at the age of seventeen, a little more than a year before President Stiles, who gave the Latin for the epitaph of a youth "*Subita morte peremptus*" after a short life, promising rich fruits. Striking the same note of undergraduate pathos is the monument to "Alfred E. Clarke, Point Coupée, Louisiana," a Junior in the College. The dim letters tell how "strangers watched the death-bed of this loved youth and wept over his early grave," while "his bereaved parents in a distant land anticipate with hope the glorious morning when the grave shall give up their dead." The most ambitious stone in the enclosure is a large red stone sarcophagus, which in the briefest terms records "N. Smith, Professor of Medi. and Surgery in Yale College"—a man whose fame,

as pioneer in his science, does not suffer because unlettered in Latin superlatives.

Around one stone in the ancient lot hang the sad memories of a college tragedy. The marble tells of the death in 1843 of Tutor John Breed Dwight, Yale 1840, a grandson of the first President Dwight, and the story of whose death is unwritten in the Yale histories and is only told in the dingy files of the local newspapers of the time. On the night of September 30, 1843, there was a disturbance on the Campus caused by an attack of Sophomores on Freshmen. The students were dispersed by the authorities, but a little later a group of Sophomores gathered to renew the fray. Young Dwight tried to quell the disturbance, and while drawing a young Sophomore, seventeen years old, toward a light for identification, was stabbed twice by him in the thigh with a dirk knife. The Sophomore, son of a wealthy Philadelphian, fled to his home and was forthwith expelled from the College. Tutor Dwight's wounds were not deemed dangerous and were almost healed when fever set in and he died on October 20. The Sophomore came back to stand trial, and, after a preliminary hearing—in which Doctor Knight, the attending surgeon, testified in doubtful terms as to the connection between the wounds and the fever—was bound over under \$5,000 bonds for trial in the following January on the charge of assault with intent to murder. Illness was pleaded for non-appearance at the January term, the bond was forfeited and there the record ends, save only a set of resolutions of the Sophomore Class regretting the act and declaring that, as a class, it will “frown” on the carrying of concealed weapons.

With the new burial ground in use, the old church-

yard on the Green fell into disuse and into unsightly shabbiness, and the question of a transfer of its stones to the Grove Street lot was mooted actively. That the plan found its foes is proved in the faded leaflets which tell of a meeting in the New Haven County House May 31, 1815, to protest against any intrusion on the old graves by the foundations of the new Center Church, and "178 persons, the remains of whose kindred have been deposited in said ground," register their plea against encroachment and promise to "adopt and forward means for a suitable enclosure about the ground." But seven years later the old burying ground being "wholly neglected," the city itself acted. It bought three acres more on Grove Street, gave—in the northwest corner of the cemetery—a new lot to the College, and on June 26, 1821, began with solemn ceremonial the transit of the old stones to the new burying place. There was a characteristic service in crowded Center Church; hymns, "Hark! from the Tombs a doleful sound" and "How long shall Death a tyrant reign," with a funeral address by Abraham Bishop (Yale 1778); then President Day, assisted by other college officers, began the removal of the quaint old stones, some twenty in number, over the graves of the undergraduate dead whose families had no other resting places in the new grounds; and the ancient moss-grown slabs were set up again in the southwest corner of the second college lot, its first and most fitting tenants.

It is on that undergraduate corner with its humble mementoes of Yale's young dead of the eighteenth century, most of them forgotten even by their own families and kin, that the eye pauses. The oldest lichen-covered stone tells us that

HERE  
LYES THE BODY OF  
ISRAEL SON OF  
HEZEKIAH BRAINERD  
ASSISTANT  
WHO DIED A MEMBER OF  
YALE COLLEGE JAN. 6,  
1748, AETATIS SUAE 23.

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Flendi quae causa est  
Si tantum a morte tenetur lutum,  
Animam interea  
Christus complectitur almus?

While the stone of Phinehas White, "Collegii Yalensis Alumnus," who died in 1796, aged 22, passes on this post-mortuary warning across the centuries:

Oh! Had kind Heav'n allow'd a larger date!  
So short his warning and so swift his fate  
Ye young ye Gay attend this speaking stone  
Think on his fate and tremble at your own

That student corner of Yale's Westminster, with its twenty undergraduate stones of the eighteenth century, wakens deeper pathos than the nearby Yale memorials of the later and greater dead whose time was fully lived out. Here the young fruit blasted, there the fruit ripened in its fall! Vision turns back to the far-away century and notes the average type of student life which the old stones suggest to fancy: Perchance some lad on the niggard New England farm fired with ambition which overcomes the parental scruple of poverty; the hard study, after chores, by the tallow dip; the few months of crude Greek and Latin under the country

minister; the hard struggle into College; a year or two of faithful work; a sudden fever ill cared for; a quick passing and then these many years of rest.

The second or greater Yale burial plot is some one hundred feet by sixty feet in size, including an addition made in 1835 by purchase of the College, and is partly held in private ownership. Altogether it contains about sixty stones, recording some of Yale's most illustrious dead. None of the Presidents lie in the lot. But among its sleepers are Leonard Bacon, the Nestor of his church; the two Gibbs, father and son, the one strong in theology, the other more mighty in mathematics; Larned, in an earlier Yale time in charge of her department of rhetoric; and Marsh, over whose recent grave the University has placed a block of Quincy granite which forms a lower base measuring  $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$  feet. This is capped by a heavily moulded block of red Scotch granite, and on the side facing the street is a bronze tablet with the inscription:

OTHNIEL CHARLES MARSH,

BORN AT LOCKPORT, N. Y., OCTOBER 29, 1831,

DIED AT NEW HAVEN, NOVEMBER 18, 1899.

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Professor of Paleontology in Yale University, 1866-1899.

President of National Academy of Sciences, 1883-1895.

Eminent as Explorer, Collector, and Investigator  
in Science.

To Yale University he gave his Services, his  
Collection, and his Estate.

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In the same lot lie Birdsey Grant Northrop, Yale 1841, pioneer and promoter in New England village



improvement; Mary A. Goodwin, who "of African descent gave the earnings of her life to educate men of her own color in Yale College for the Gospel ministry"; and a suggestion of Yale's new ties with the Orient appears in the stone to Kakichi Senta, who died May 17, 1892. Hard by, just to the north of the lot, under a large sarcophagal monument of brown stone, rests Joseph Earl Sheffield, his grave overlooked by the line of massive buildings of the Yale school that bears his name.

It is a strange post-mortuary happening which has laid almost side by side on the same street of the dead in the southwestern part of the cemetery a group of Yale's most famous alumni. Within a space of seventy feet, fronting the pathway, lie Noah Webster, Yale 1778, the lexicographer; Eli Whitney, Yale 1792, maker of the cotton-gin, whose invention swerved American history; Lyman Beecher, Yale 1797, famed preacher of his time and father of Beechers more famed, who in accord with his lifelong wish was laid by the side of Professor N. W. Taylor, Yale 1807, herald of a new and more sunlit theology; and Noah Porter, 1831, President of the University. Where in this country, on a span of turf so narrow, will be found the gravestones of a group of men so renowned? And not far away rests Jedediah Morse, Yale 1783, father of American geography, and, as sire of Samuel F. B. Morse, Yale 1810, grandfather of telegraphy.

Many are the famous dead of Yale, in other parts of her Westminster, most of them resting among their kindred. A few rods from the striking group mentioned lies Theodore Winthrop, 1848, the young and gifted novelist, who fell at Big Bethel, one of the first of the prominent martyrs of the Civil War. The large

red sandstone of Yale's first titular President, "the Reverend and Learned Mr. Thomas Clap," letters the virtues of one for "near 27 years Laborious and Painfull President of the College" and carries as annexed and capitalized epitaph: "Death! Great Proprietor of all, 'tis thine to tread out empires and to quench the stars." Near the north wall, under a handsome sarcophagus of Scotch granite, lies President Woolsey. The stones of Whitney, Dana, Silliman and Newton bear names eminent in learning on two continents, and under a plain oblong of granite rests Thomas Anthony Thacher, after "a life spent to its end in earnest and loving work for Yale College and its students." Nor, without the "passing tribute of a sigh," should one go by the grave of Denison Olmsted, Yale 1813, Professor of Natural Philosophy and active worker for the cemetery, where he lies in sad comradeship with five sons, all passing by consumption as young men, the oldest counting but thirty-four years. Finally, among Yale senators, governors and minor men of state, should not be passed by the name of Aaron N. Skinner, Yale 1823, four times mayor of New Haven and head of a famous school. If Hillhouse was the founder of Yale's Westminster, Skinner was its builder, who rescued it from decay, who for years watched and planned for trees, for new layouts, for the massive wall, who designed the impressive Egyptian gateway and whose own stately stone erected by fellow citizens, pupils and friends deserves as fit epitaph *si monumentum quæris, circumspice*.

Within the seventeen acres of the Grove Street city of the dead are more than twelve thousand graves; and, among their silent inmates, of those who are *clari, clariores et clarissimi* Yale claims almost every one.

# ATHLETICS OF YORE



# I

## A REVERY OF THE GAME

On sward and base line gleams the sun,  
Across the field the cloud shades stray,  
And airy fingers of the breeze,  
Along the rustling tree-tops play.  
Southward afar, o'er leafy tips,  
Blend sky and sea and sun-lit ships.

No murmur from the steepled town.  
No echo from the Westering hill.  
Save when the silence bursts in sound  
And college cry and chorus fill  
The welkin, with their cheery call  
To prowess of the bat and ball.

Ripples of crimson, waves of blue,  
In tide of vibrant colors stream,  
Where the massed faces, row on row,  
Incarnate a fantastic dream  
Of a great human harp, that flings  
Its rival notes from quivering strings.

The pageant dims; the shoutings die.  
From field and base the players fade.  
What forms are these that through the mist  
Of memory, sport in phantom shade?  
Each at his old-time post of play,  
Lo! the Old Nine is here today.

Blithe striplings then; bowed greybeards now.  
For them no more the rapturous thrill,  
When hard-wrung victory bent, to crown  
The fielder's art; the batsman's skill,  
And all the world was far away  
At close of our triumphant day.

Varied the symbols we have penned,  
On Time's great score card—mazy lines  
Of Honor, Error, Joy and Woe,  
And here and there the mystic signs  
That mark how some old player sleeps,  
And Death his fateful tally keeps.

The vision passes; rings again  
The college cheer and echoing song.  
But still the veterans wait to hear,  
In sunset shadows waxing long,  
The Mighty Umpire's final call  
Of "out" in the last game of all.

## II

### GENERAL ATHLETICS IN THE SEVENTIES

The grey-haired graduate of Yale who contrasts, mentally and visually, American college athletics today with college sports of the early seventies sees in the foreground much of the difference between a mechanism and recreative fun. This is the main contrast. But another difference, like unto it, was found in the old generality of sports. Yet in the very early seventies at Yale there were no track athletics; tennis was at low terms; golf was undreamed of as an American sport and known only as a term with a trans-Atlantic echo; and, as what would be called today major sports, there were only baseball and boating. A throng of undergraduates usually gathered after supper at the old boathouse hard by Tomlinson bridge to see the Varsity Six go out and come in; while each afternoon and evening found on the harbor and the Quinnipiac a goodly flotilla of purely recreative craft. The earlier rival boating clubs—the Varuna and Glyuna—had expired. But their traditions of boating as a sport were still strong. Within such narrow limits there was a recreative and wide quality that by comparison left the intense college athletic system of these times out of sight. And, through it all, coupled necessarily with its measure of rivalry, ran the real fun-loving spirit of the game.

In seeking causes of that old-time athletic generality, the bearing upon it of the “required” system of study

is not to be overlooked. The rigid scheme of recitations—with small dilutions of lectures in Junior and Senior years—called for three classroom exercises a week except for omission on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons—the halcyon half-holidays. There was no elective or group plan that allowed the undergraduates so to elect courses as to reduce them to an athletic basis and leave free several afternoons of the week. Thus there was less actual time for athletics; and with a recitation due for four days in the week inexorably at five o'clock in the afternoon there was in those four days scant time for getting one's afternoon lesson, for the trip back and forth to the field or boathouse and also for the practice on the diamond or in the shell. As to boating, indeed, some of it came after the six o'clock supper.

But the old scholastic regimen, as a promoter of sports, had its compensations. It released the classes for sports *all at once* on the bi-weekly half-holidays. Five hundred men in the four classes were, so to speak, synchronized for recreation if they wanted it and the recreative habit thus was collective and intensified rather than distributive and had all the force of collective and pent-up energy. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons with their freedom from the classroom thus became in a sense dedicated to the habit of recreation, while at the same time insufficient for out-of-town absenteeism. Athletics were part of a homogeneous scheme which brought classes together. In any comparison of old and modern athletics at Yale this stimulus to general recreation based on harmony of college exercises must be allowed for. But even if it is allowed for, the contrasts remain striking.

It is the *spirit* of the old sports of Yale which the



graduate of forty years gone has of late years so sadly missed. It may best be instanced, perhaps, in baseball, where modern scientific play—saying nothing of commercialism—has been dearly bought at the cost of the old breeziness and all-round fun. Curved pitching and the close play behind the bat in the early seventies had not come in. There was one stripling, Cummings of the Star Club of Brooklyn, who was a pioneer exponent of the curve cleverly disguised as an underhand throw. For the rest it was “straight arm” pitching or, more strictly, a toss rarely of much speed. Hence free hitting in most superlative terms, the swift grounder, the clean “daisy cutter,” the far-away rocket parabola to the remote outfield, the frequent home run, the big scores but with many ups and downs. At the annual game alone was a gate fee (fifty cents) charged. Coaches, training tables, Easter trips and the whole costly outfit of up-to-date Yale baseball were unknown in that amateur epoch. The recorded cost of one whole baseball season was but \$862, most of it raised by undergraduate subscription.

That old college baseball of course lacked in modern superfine niceties. There was no coaching from the bench, no signals, no “squeeze” plays. But it was a game of individualities, of self-reliance and quick judgments. Mechanically imperfect and scientifically immature, it had the charm of the personal equations. And through it all ran deep the non-professional and non-commercial *motif*.

Hardly second in college interest to the university matches were those of the college classes. It was somewhere in the later sixties that somebody, now unremembered, gave the College a class flag to be battled for in baseball. It was an ornate blue silk

banner bearing the college device, as now recalled, mounted on a rosewood staff and rich in ornate frills. No later contests with Harvard and Princeton have brought out sharper rivalry than those which focussed around that banner. One curious incident of the class games for the trophy is here recalled. Our pitcher, a bulky, round-headed and hard-headed classmate, was hit on the head by a sharp liner straight from the bat. The ball—"lively" in those days and more charged with rubber than now—bounded sidewise on the fly to the third baseman's hands and the batsman was "out" under the rules, leaving the pitcher none the worse.

A year or two later the champion class flag disappeared from the class captain's room. Rumor and precedent assigned it a home in one of the "tombs" of the secret societies.

The general interest of the early seventies in outdoor recreation extended to boating. Not a few of the undergraduates owned their single shells or pair-oars; and the large boathouse and float just this side of Belle Dock where rowing and sailing were for hire depended almost entirely on student custom. "Every boat out" was a familiar dictum of the proprietor on any Wednesday or Saturday afternoon of balmy weather and sunshine. With five times as many students in Yale now as there were then is there a public boathouse on the harbor or Lake Whitney that can claim equal patronage?

Such memories of the Yale athletics of four decades ago serve not only to point out the later evils, but to welcome their coming abatement denoted by the evident firm resolve of the Alumni Advisory board to reduce the athletic intensities, broaden out sports for the

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undergraduate multitude, big letter pure sport and expunge pure rivalry, and on the enlarged Yale Field open any day recreation to the everyday man of the Campus. The old simplicities, the limitations and the primal spirit of the sports of the early seventies can obviously never again be fully renewed.

### III

## REMINISCENCES OF OLD YALE BASEBALL

The New Haven of the later sixties was a relatively small and sprawling municipality that centered thickly along the immediate shore, around the Green and in the region between the Green and Mill River. Westward, Northward and Southward it was but a step from the Campus to spacious lots which opened themselves hospitably to the ball player. Among those old sporting fields, the ancient Campus naturally holds earliest place. From time out of mind it appears to have been not merely an area of college play but a kind of battlefield of Faculty and undergraduate where authority has wrestled with the pent-up physical energy of sportive youth tempted by greensward level ground and nearby open spaces. As far back at least as the year 1765 the ancient "statuta" of the College tell us in the Latin how "*Siquis Pila pedali vel palmeria, aut globis, in area academica laserit . . . multetur non plus sex denariis et damna resarciat*," which informs us, by translation, not only that the undergraduate played ball with foot and hand a hundred and fifty years ago, but was interdicted as to those sports in the college yard under penalty of making good the damage and incurring a maximum fine of sixpence. But presumptively then, as in later times, there was latitude in the written rule and its spirit rather than rigid form prevailed. The undergraduate might indulge the "laserit" but not too vigorously or on too collective a

scale; he might "pass" the hand ball but not bat it or play matches; he might use on the Campus the antique equivalent of "punt" but not of scrimmage or mass play; he might be playfully recreative but not violent or aggressive in a way to "damnify" the academic window panes. Such ancestral policy toward Campus sports may at any rate be inferred both from the Campus conditions and the modern attitude of the Faculty.

The real playground of the college youth with their names starred long ago in the Triennial Catalogue was, undoubtedly, the Green in the days far before asphalt walk, lawn mowers and grass-grown restraints of the city fathers. The tales of the mighty football scrimmages of Yale classes on the Green coming down as late as the fifties attest the high function of the Green as a minister of college sports. And fancy today may look enviously back to the times when right at Yale's frontal gates was a big playground barred by no decree or limitation of time or distance.

The extinction of football on the Green in the fifties and the rise of baseball a few years later bring the playgrounds of the College within the sweep of direct memory. In the sixties the city was still a contracted municipality. There was a public swimming beach where now stand the railroad shops, college boat races were started under the present solidities of Seaside Park and a brief trudge from the Campus took the ball player South, North and West to big and free open spaces. The nearest was the "Elm Street lot" on the South just beyond the present Christ Church, not so smooth as a floor nor so broad as a Western prairie, but big enough for the democratic football play of the

time and for baseball in which batting ambition soared no higher than a two-base hit.

Northward and just beyond Broadway a broader reach of vacant lots opened, two or three of them large enough for football; and a step farther still, was the "Ashmun Street lot" where the University nine of that day habitually practiced and now and then played minor matches. The Ashmun Street ground was hardly an ideal ball field by the modern standard; its surface was wavy and humpy, disconcerting to fielders; its backstop was a broken board fence shutting off some low tenements among which high fouls dropped persistently and many a ball got lost, strayed or stolen; and to the right, across Ashmun Street, was the cemetery into which other foul balls dropped, bounding erratically among the tombs and entailing hard and coöperative climb of the high stone wall. But the field was but ten minutes' walk from the Campus, it gave room for double ball games, it was rent free and it served in a period when baseball training was neither acute nor exacting and when fun and fine recreation were at the front of college athletics.

Like unto it in quality of surface and soil but much more expansive and also much farther away were the "Hospital lot" just south of the New Haven Hospital and the "Congress Avenue lot" some half a mile beyond. Both these conditioned a brisk and pretty long walk from the Campus. But both were available for the half-holidays of Saturday and Wednesday afternoons that in those days broke the stiff weekly curriculum of required study; and both were used for intercollegiate matches or games with leading out-of-town nines. The Hospital lot itself, fairly level, hard-soiled, zigzagged by footpaths, larger in area than

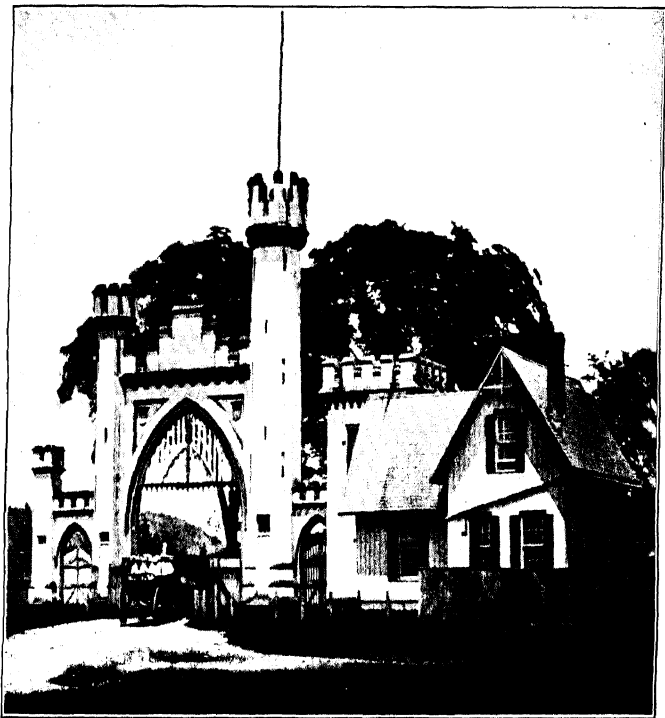
New Haven Green, was a vast unbroken square expanse owning its half-dozen rough diamonds, where almost as many matches might be in progress at once. It and its three contemporaries on Congress Avenue, Elm and Ashmun Streets are now lost under the thick dwellings of the spreading city and the reminiscent eye seeks their original bounds in vain.

It was in the last half-decade of the sixties that Hamilton Park came to the fore as Yale's playground and held its place until superseded by the new Yale Field some fifteen years later. The Park, indeed, served so long as an arena of academic skill and muscle as to reach a kind of athletic classicism and be girt about by rich traditions of prowess and victory. It had two ample fields within the race track, each semi-elliptical—often flooded and used as skating ponds o' winters—not with sandpapered diamonds, yet level and smooth even if tested by ideals of our present baseball days, a half-hour's walk from the Campus and of two-thirds that time by the sluggish horse car. An embryo fence of a single rail demarcated the race track from the field and marked the bound past which the hard-hit ball assured a home run. Nor did the Park lack natural beauty with its westward grove of chestnuts, the Westville hills beyond and the overlooking face of West Rock suffused with mellow sunbeams or glooming shade. For a number of years the rent of the Park was nominal and all but the more important ball games free. But on a field not held in Yale ownership, there was no care for structural improvements, and save for a pigmy stand behind catcher, spectators, sometimes numbering thousands, stood or squatted in the great human wedge paralleling the upper base lines and with no barrier but the restraining ropes. The Yale nine

shared the Park with state professional baseball leagues and the enclosure had its vicarious and occasional uses as a fair ground.

In the early eighties reports of the coming dissection of the Park into building lots forced the Yale Athletic managers to consider purchase of new grounds and the present Yale Field was the outcome, purchased in 1882 for \$22,000 and with \$31,000 expended for immediate improvements, including grading. Since then there has probably been spent upon it \$150,000 more, the Field probably represented a total outlay of not less than \$200,000—attesting the present magnitudes of athletics—and more funds needed still for grading the southwest angle. Though the life story of the Field now spans almost thirty years, the features of it, with their sharp punctuations of athletic episodes, are too familiar to need review. The Field which seemed three decades ago so big and adaptable to future Yale generations is even now cramped and outgrown; and the urgency expressed by ex-President Dwight in one of his later annual reports for a minor field nearer the Campus retains its force. But it is apparently vetoed by the high cost of New Haven land unless, indeed, relaxation of the terms of the Hillhouse place contract gives room for those phases of baseball which are minor and not intercollegiate. They were not ideal fields. There was fertility of hummock and “nub,” a billowy and marine layout on all of them but Hamilton Park, and even a hand-roller, much more a lawn mower, was a thing of the future. But to objections to the lesions of the soil by visiting teams, the phrase “as fair for one side as t’other” covered a multitude of sins. And if the ball struck an





ENTRANCE TO HAMILTON PARK



impediment and leaped shortstop's head, the incident was lost in the shuffle of many errors less pardonable.

Exact dates of the old rules of play and of their changes are lost in the fogs of time. But certainly up to the earlier seventies the first bound was "out" on fouls; and up to the middle sixties first bound was out on fair flies too. Fielders and, for that matter, the catcher rarely risked a fly catch if it were possible to evade it, and the uncertainties of the first bound, due to vagaries of the ground, made it an exciting gamble for player and spectator alike, especially after a hard and long run. It gave a positive vantage to the home team, familiar with the density of the soil, and on that "first bound" the lively and elastic ball of the period, filled with rubber, was eccentric and deceptive, especially to the catcher when he had to allow for the foul backward twist. On a soft field the first bound was low and pigmy; on a hard field it might—if a high foul—jump the catcher's head by six feet 'mid the derision of the spectators. Any long fly catch in the outfield was one of the red-lettered feats of the game.

For several reasons batting was free and easy. In the first place, the batsman faced no curved pitching. He took aim at the straight, tossed ball and struck with his full might. In the second place, the bats were big, long, semi-"pudding sticks" of soft pine, white-wood or spruce, constantly breaking, but pretty sure to find the ball. Moreover, strikes were called not by any fixed rule but at the umpire's option, only exercised when he thought a cowardly or too fastidious batsman was letting too many good balls go by; and, finally, the lively ball of the period had a "jumping" quality and pace that constantly tempted hard hitting and usually got it. Old players of today not seldom raise

the question how much farther, if any, the lively ball of those archaic days was driven as a "sky" hit than the "dead," up-to-date ball hit by the hard-wood bat. In the writer's opinion, there wasn't much real difference. The real difference was in the speed of the old lively ball and the pace and distance of its roll once it got by a fielder, which made the home run almost commonplace. On Hamilton Park in those old days over and over again an infield bounder got its home run after an outfielder's miss or fumble.

The University nine was chosen on novel lines. Stalwart hitting was a prime essential—not, by the way, quite valueless in a Yale nine today—and fielding was rather secondary, though a strong and accurate thrower was appraised pretty high. The outcome was a team of giants, gifted at smiting tremendous "sky scrapers," but weak at other points and rudimentary in team play and in every refinement of the game. There was no preliminary training, if a few hours of early spring work in the Gymnasium be counted out. On no New Haven field was there a stand to seat spectators, and the first use of a rope to keep them back at a "big" game was deemed a vexing and dangerous novelty.

Position play was unique and would rouse the mirth of the baseballist of today. Long trousers were part of the conventional college uniform and not until the late sixties did knickerbockers come in. The catcher, maskless, padless and gloveless, stood several feet behind the batsman when a runner was on first base and if he caught him on throw to second base, the runner was hooted as a sluggard. Not until the early seventies did Catcher Bentley—Yale '73—seek mild protection from the dental chair by a big square of rubber held in the teeth—a device copied from the

Harvard catcher of that date. For a left-handed batsman, the shortstop crossed over to a point between first and second bases and the third baseman took shortstop's place or one very near it. The pitcher was but forty-five feet in front of the batsman, yet for some occult reason didn't insure his life. In general field play, the three basemen hugged their bags much closer than now. Outfielders stood considerably farther beyond the diamond, recognizing the values of an out on first bound. It was in a game between the Harvard nine and a Massachusetts club that a hard-hit ball, striking within the diamond, was caught on the deadly first bound by a left fielder—but Boston Common, where the game was played, was hard as the Puritan conscience and the ball may have struck a "nub" of the rigid soil. Team play was, of course, in its rudiments. There was a gentle hint of "backing up" and very rarely a double play at the expense of a careless runner waked the enthusiasm of the standing, sitting and squatting crowd in days before bleachers were dreamed of. But team play ended there and waited several years for even moderate development by the famous professional "Red Stockings" of Cincinnati.

A red-lettered game of Yale was that played June 6, 1868, at Hamilton Park, with the Union Club of Morrisania, then champions of the country. Ten innings were needed to give the champions victory, by a score of 16 to 14, and the game would have been tied again but for an error of the umpire in misjudging a ball as "dead." Of the return game at Morrisania, the score is at hand, clipped from a New York sporting paper, and is reprinted in full as an example of the best type of scoring of the period—the upright columns indicating in their order, left on bases,

fly catches, outs and runs, and the foul bound catch being out as was the first bound of a fair ball at a slightly earlier time:

YALE	L.	F.	O.	R.	UNION	L.	F.	O.	R.
Buck, 1st b.,	0	1	3	2	Goldie, 1st b.,	1	0	3	2
Lewis, r.f.,	0	2	4	1	Austin, c.f.,	0	1	3	3
Condit, l.f.,	2	1	1	2	Ayres, s.s.,	0	1	4	2
Cleveland, 3d b.,	0	1	4	0	Pabor, P.,	0	0	3	2
Hooker, P.,	1	0	3	0	Wright, 2d b.,	1	2	1	3
McCutchen, s.s.,	1	0	4	0	Birdsall, C.,	0	7	4	1
McClintock, r.f.,	0	4	2	2	Shelley, 3d b.	0	0	4	1
Deming, C.,	0	1	2	2	Reynolds, r.f.,	0	0	1	4
Selden, 2d b.,	0	2	4	0	Smith, l.f.,	0	2	4	1
	—	—	—	—		—	—	—	—
Totals,	4	11	27	9	Totals,	2	13	27	19

INNINGS,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	2	2	1	0	1	1	1	1	0—9
Union,	2	1	2	2	2	0	2	5	3—19

Umpire.—Mr. Grum of the Eckford Club.

Scorers.—Messrs. Wood and Lush.

Time of Game.—Two hours, twenty-five minutes.

Flycatches.—Yale, 11; Union, 13.

Foul Boundcatches.—Yale, 3; Union, 2.

Catches on Strikes.—Yale, 1; Union, 1.

Outs on Fouls.—Yale, 9 times; Union, 5 times.

Outs on Bases.—Yale, 11 times; Union, 12 times.

Times First-base on Hits.—Yale, 10 times; Union, 20 times.

Times First-base on Errors.—Yale, 5 times; Union, 3 times.

Total Bases on Balls.—Yale, 0 times; Union, 1 time.

Total Bases on Hits.—Yale, 13; Union, 22.

Total Errors of Play.—Yale, 15; Union, 20.

Left after Clean Hits.—Condit, 1; Hooker, 1; McCutchen, 1.

Fancy, in our days of scientific baseball, the scoring in print of strikes caught and the professional champions of the country making twenty errors in a game!

Yet, that game at Morrisania—now in Greater New York—in June of 1868, was not classed as a loose one.

The game was autumnal as well as a warm weather sport and some of the most exciting matches were played in October. A return match with the Waterburys bears date of November 2, 1867, when there was ice on the pools and years before the glove came in to warm and cushion the epidermis. Hospitality was one of the keynotes of the sport and the nine was reckoned barbaric that didn't entertain the visiting team at a post-game dinner. Interchange of courtesies took also the form of mutual gifts of silken badges with the imprint of the club name. Veteran players bunched or spread the badges on their chests with effects variegated, spectacular and, æsthetically, humorous.

Town as well as gown had its baseball teams. There were the Quinapiacs, made up mainly from New Haven young men of trade; and, more noteworthy, the Mutuels, organized with six nines, chiefly from the schoolboys of the town, whose first nine, with its oldest player counting but seventeen years, beat most of the Yale class teams. Three of the Mutuels, as Freshmen, in one year "made" the University nine.

There were episodes and incidents without number. It was at Andover School, then, as now, a big Yale feeder, that the graduating school class of '67—headed for Yale '71—had in it three fine ball players, one of them "Archie" Bush, sure catch, hard hitter, swift runner and well-nigh unerring in judgment, perhaps the best player of his time, amateur or professional. Just at the close of its last school year the class went on a diluted spree to a nearby city. "Uncle Sam" Taylor, headmaster of the school, a Spartan in discipline as he was in Greek irregular verbs, expelled

the whole class and called on the Yale authorities to sustain his edict. The Yale Faculty did so, but Harvard, more sensible and liberal, took the class in; and Yale, as a sequel, lost the baseball championship to Harvard for four years. It was Bush's tremendous hit in the game of 1871 over left fielder's head that won the game in the last inning and when a sad Yale proverb "out of the woods but not of the Bush" had its final application. Bush, on graduating from Harvard, insisted successfully against Yale's protest that the Varsity nine, before limited to the Academic Department, should be open to the scientific and professional schools—there were one or two strong players of Bush's great nine who were to pass to Harvard's schools. It gave Harvard victory next year, but the year after—1874—a fine Yale catcher came back to New Haven in the Law School and in two games broke Harvard's long roll of baseball victory.

The New York firm of Peck & Snyder was the forerunner of the Spalding of today as a baseball emporium. About the year 1868 they sent up to the nine a curio in bats for a try out. It was a novelty as a hard wood—ash—stick; and for several inches, beginning two or three inches from its bigger end, it was cut lengthwise by a saw into quadrants. Its theory was an elastic hit and it had the humorous quality of a weird staccato when it took the ball. But nobody on the nine before or since could make the bat work except one day, when in a game with the champion professionals at the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, "Tom" Hooker, Yale pitcher, took the odd bat, caught the ball just right and hit to far right field a ball which for distance was said to be the record hit of those grounds.



Other incidents, dramatic or humorous, cross memory. There was the great hit to left field of Pearce Barnes, '74, which took the game in the last inning from the professional Eckfords. There was the tragic fate of French, crack first baseman, drowned at Lake Whitney in his Sophomore year when rescuing his sister. Another time was when our nine was to meet the baseball champions of the country at the old Union Grounds in Brooklyn, now lost below the dense and expanded city. Even the name of the then champion professionals is gone. It might have been the "Mutuals," with its famed Start on first base, and Hatfield the record thrower, or the old "Atlantics," with Pearce and O'Brien, or the Unions of Morristania, with left-handed pitcher Pabor and George Wright, later a baseball Colossus. But the ground itself is engraved in memory with its single upper row of bleachers, its variegated pagoda just below the deep right field and its high board fence thickly flecked with knot-holes, from one of which, of blessed memory, hangs a tale.

The writer played left field; his normal position fixed him within a few rods of the battery of knot-holes, and he did not have to wait long to become aware of an audience beyond the barrier, facetious, whimsical and at times a bit vituperative. The street boy was there in full battalion, his sharp, if somewhat coarse, wit focussing on the fielder and each particular knot-hole vocal as well as visual. Any small peculiarity of dress, pose or play was the target of the running fire of jest from the knot-hole brigade, varied by broader generalities of speech levelled mainly at the coming fate of the little New Haven greenhorns who dared face the big champions of the land.

Presently a huge batsman—name not now recalled—stepped up to the home plate. I noticed his glance in my quarter of the field, the mighty thews of his bared arms, his free swing. The hard hitter was divined and I dropped back a rod or two and to lower left field. Then came from the nearest knot-hole a voice harsh but with a sub-note of sympathy:

“Hey, you young feller there. Look out fer that chap at the bat. He’s the slogger of the gang. He bats close ter the foul line. Yer way off. Git up nearer that foul line and git ther quick and yer’l ketch him.”

(Scornful silence and no change of place by the left fielder.) Again the voice:

“Saay, young feller agen. It’s the truth we’s a givin yer. We’s the boys that’s seen them fellers play and we knows ’em. Git way up to that foul line close by us and ketch that big hitter.” (Chorus from the knot-holes, “*Mind what he’s a tellin yer. Git up to the foul line.*” With et ceteras of personal criticism.)

The knot-hole suasion, if lacking culture, began to have the dignity of multitude and experience. Half-consciously I began to drift toward the deep foul line and—what was more to the point—to poise for a quick run toward the line.

“Git up farther, young feller. Yer aint right yet to ketch him.”

Then the big batsman hit. He caught the ball, in the new baseball vernacular, “right on the nose.” It was a hot liner, at the apex of its curve not fifteen feet from the turf, speeding like a bullet some two feet inside the foul line and, under ordinary conditions and with the left fielder in his orthodox place, good for three bases if not a homer. But the knot-hole advice had prevailed. A quick dash with just time to slacken

speed and the liner was taken at the psychological moment, and at the physical vantage point to resist its force—just in front of the chest.

There were thunders of applause from the knot-holes. Fists pounded the boards, feet kicked a salvo and the chorus of "I told yer sos" made the welkin echo. At least so it seemed to the elate left fielder.

But there was later if not loftier triumph. An inning or two afterward the big hitter came to the bat again. This time the left fielder, after another *charivari* of knot-hole warnings, was close to the foul line. The big hitter sensed the situation and quartered around for a deep field hit. Whether it was accident, the persistence of habit, or some obscure trick of our pitcher, who can say? What happened was another bullet hit, but this time twenty feet or more foul. And the fielder, thanks again to knot-hole coaching and amid another chorus of delight from the fence, caught out the "slogger" again.

If this were fiction instead of history, the two catches should have saved the day and game. The final catch should have happened in the last inning, with the bases filled, two out and Yale just one run ahead. But the truth is mighty and shall prevail. The two "knot-hole" catches came early in the game. The big batsman wasn't caught again by the left fielder. It isn't recalled that the two catches had really much effect on the score. At any rate the professionals beat us badly. But that episodic baseball through a knot-hole forty years ago survives as a reminiscence more vivid than would have been victory.

In the way of comic incidents might be recalled the ball caught on the fly by third baseman after a sidewise carom from the pitcher's head, and the ball, which in

the Congress Avenue match of 1866, with the Charter Oaks of Hartford, fell into the full barrel of a soft soap vender watching the game from his wagon.

The Charter Oak Club, for years champions of Connecticut, fearing Yale and fearing no other state club beside, must not be dismissed without its paragraphic tribute. On its list were carried names hardly second, in state fame at least, to those of the baseball *colossi* of the Atlantics and Eckfords. There was "Gersh" Hubbell, afterwards billiard champion of the state; the two Bunce brothers, twins, lithe and trusty young players; Blackwell, a Trinity student, who won fame in pick-up catches—then called "trapping" the ball—a trick used by him as a mere ornament and baseball "frill," and with a crudity which would make the modern first baseman or catcher smile, yet not so easy then, long before the era of portly glove and pad; and finally "Ed." Jewell, a dashing but too spectacular first baseman, playing more to the gallery than to the score card. Seen now through the baseball mists the old Charter Oaks earned their renown fairly by good discipline, steady work and the germs of team play when that baseball trait was almost unknown. The famed club met one of its first defeats, oddly enough, by the Freshman nine of the Class of 1870, the evening of whose unlooked-for victory at Hartford was lurid in the annals of the old Campus.

It was in one of those games with the Charter Oaks, that a singular "out" was scored. The ball was hit hard in a hot liner to shortstop. It struck the short-stop's ankle, ran up his body to the chest and there, by instinct more than design, was caught and held amid cheers which made the welkin echo. And there were some heroic baseball figures even in that infancy of

the game. One remembers Sheldon, '67, a wondrous thrower for distance; McCutchen, '70, a boy in stature, but whose sharp play of grounders at shortstop nicknamed him "the rat-trap"; and "Charley" Edwards, '66, skilled fielder and swift runner, whose mysterious and tragic passing at New Haven is of recent history.

Scholarship was linked in those archaic days closer with athletics than now—and a 2.25 rule would have been equally needless and scorned. The records of the University nine of 1868 show that two of its regulars graduated with high orations, two with orations and three with first disputes. And there were other differentials—less of science but more of wholesome fun; less of nervous competition for the nine but more of recreation; less of training but more of individual initiative and action; less of the professional method and spirit and more of the amateur feeling; and other traits of the old game to which the veteran looks back with conviction that the baseball scions of today have somewhat yet to learn from the college sport of their fathers.

## IV

### YALE FOOTBALL OF THE FIFTIES

Yale football in what may be called its archaic epoch, with its great class matches on New Haven Green, of Sophomores and Freshmen—contests that were lineal ancestors of the later and up-to-date rush—probably goes back to about the year 1840. But of its first decade few or no records have come down. The obscurities of time probably veil several mighty struggles in front of the old State House, dramatic incident of rough scrimmage and rush, and plenty of heroic deeds of individual prowess of brain and muscle in the game. Not until the early fifties do the football lights begin to shine brightly and then only at a period which proved to be at once the zenith and the final eclipse of the ancient game. Old-fashioned class football sang its swan song in 1856 by decree of the Faculty, just after it seemed institutional and vitalized. Seen from the landscape viewpoint of half a century, the prohibition of the Faculty is to be criticised justly. In abolishing the annual class game, the Yale authorities did away with one of the salient things which lent outline, depth and picturesqueness to the academic life; which, in physical harmfulness, was to the football of today as a game of checkers; and which served as a benign escape valve to the pent-up steam of the two hostile lower classes. If there had been more football in the fifties, there would probably have been less hazing in the sixties.

An ancient, faded six-by-four-inch broadside headed by the familiar *Yale Lit.* figure of Governor Yale, of unknown date but almost certainly printed during the thirteen years following 1840, rescues for us the rules of the old game on the Green. They read as follows:

(1) The players are to be divided into two divisions as nearly equal as possible.

(2) The weakest side (or, if it be between classes, the lowest class) has the first warning.

(3) The bounds are the path running in front of the State House to the Center Church; and the fence upon Chapel Street, between Temple and College Streets.

(4) The brick walk on Temple Street and the fence upon College Street are two side bounds. If anyone picks up the ball over these side bounds or, picking it up anywhere in the field, can run with it over these bounds, he has a right to a kick at the place where it went over.

(5) If the ball is caught it must be kicked from the place; the catcher has no right to run with it.

(6) If the ball is upon the ground, it must be kicked upon the ground; *no one can pick it up and bound it*; but he can run with it to either side bound as specified in article 4.

(7) In the test game between the Sophomores and Freshmen, the Freshmen have the first warning. According to custom, it (the game) consists of five trials, the side that gets three games being the winner.

(8) In the last two trials, the Seniors assist the Sophomores and the Juniors the Freshmen.

The rules are signed "By a Graduate."

The ball used in those days appears to have been generally of thick rubber and about ten inches in diameter; but sometimes of a beef bladder blown up

and laced up in a leather case. The latter principle has been modernized in the football ovoid of the present day.

From the New Haven correspondence of the *New York Times* of October 15, 1852, is extracted this description of the game of that year:

The freshman gave the first kick and then a general rush was made for the ball around which they formed a dense crowd for fifteen minutes, each class striving with their utmost ability without gaining a single rod. At this crisis the ball was kicked from the crowd over the side-bounds, where any one who can get it has the right to one kick. A sophomore obtained this right but, not being expert himself, he communicated the ball to the leader of his class, a powerful fellow, who ran several rods with it when he was overtaken by a more athletic freshman, but succeeded in throwing the ball nearly over the goal. One or two more kicks and the umpire decided that the sophomores had won the first game. After contesting the second game for nearly an hour the umpires finally decided that one of the freshman having caught the ball was entitled to a kick at it. This the sophomores were unwilling to allow, but claimed a victory and challenged the freshmen to commence a third game. The freshmen determined to abide by the decision of the umpires and refused to commence the third game until the second (as they claimed) ended. . . . Darkness ended the fierce conflict. Hundreds of spectators witnessed this trial of strength in which the combatants evinced as much interest and invincible courage as was exercised on the plains of Mexico by the American soldiers; and it is also worthy of note that in the contest also one brave hero fainted and was borne bleeding from the field.

On Saturday, October 22, 1853, beginning nominally at 2 o'clock p.m. but, owing to a prolonged wrangle in selecting the three umpires, not actually until a half-hour later, came the climacteric football bout between the Freshman Class of 1857 and the Sophomore Class



of 1856. The Freshman leaders, pervaded with the classic stories of the deeds of battle of the Greek phalanxes, devised at a secret meeting a formation which, in a sense, antedated the later fame of Harvard's "flying wedge." This plan was to select thirty-six of the largest and strongest men of the class, who were to form a square, the ball to be placed a certain distance in front. The ball was to be kicked a few feet, as the rules of the game required, then it was to be picked up and brought back into the square, which, with locked arms, was to advance towards the State House, backed and flanked by the rest of the class. When it met the opposing Sophomores it took the form of a diamond. Two strong men of the class were to form the frontal apex of the angle. Behind them came three ranks of three, four and five men, each picked on the principle of blended muscle and weight. The rest of the class was organized as flank and rear guards to protect the wedge. Somehow the Sophomores got wind of the new device and picked a body of fourteen natural athletes to break up the Freshman phalanx by side attack—strategy which, as the sequel shows, proved its merits. The Freshmen on the fateful afternoon, put 131 men into the field and the man was evidently "queered" for his college course who didn't show up on the Green. The Sophomores had but eighty-nine men, but with their added year of age, heavier and more brawny than the Freshmen. Many of the combatants had stripped to their undershirts. Others wore fantastic clothes and false mustaches, and red paint and lampblack in streaks and blotches made their faces hideous. The match had been heralded far and undergraduates, the Faculty and half New Haven formed a deep fringe around

the battlefield, with a high-colored background of women in the windows and balconies of Chapel Street.

The game opened with a "fake" cant of the ball by the Freshman kicker-off, who, instead of footing the ball took it back into the wedge, which then began its solid march toward the north goal line; but only for a moment and until hit by the flank attack of the Sophomore fourteen. The flank impact was sharp and successful. It scattered the flank guard "interference," tangled up the wedge, and the game presently resolved itself into the old-fashioned dense mob play around the ball. After a long struggle, a Sophomore, carrying the ball, came out of the human pack, ran across the Trinity Church side line and won his free kick, which didn't, however, send the ball quite to the Freshman goal line. Here another long fight followed, when a Freshman got the ball at the edge of the big scrimmage and with a clear field before him, ran the ball to the Sophomore goal line. The Freshmen sung their pæans of victory, but the Sophomores claimed that the ball struck the South fence and refused to play on unless the claim was allowed. The match then became forensic. There ensued a long and tumultuous wrangle and it is at this point that the quaint contemporaneous narrative avers: "Some difficulties at this time took place between a few individuals of both classes. Angry words and *appeals somewhat more impressive* passed between them." Verbal football promised to continue until darkness, the three umpires couldn't agree and two of the three resigned after declaring the match a draw. It was during its argumentative period that the Freshmen received a big bouquet alleged to have been sent from the ladies at

the New Haven House. Freshman John M. Holmes, not unknown later as preacher and verse maker, acknowledged it in this gem of brevity:

*Ladies:*—In the name of the class of '57 I thank you for this honor. In my present plight I will only add this sentiment: Ever may the flowers of love and hope and happiness yield you their blushes and their fragrance.

But the Sophomores declared that the bunch of flowers was a professional "stage bouquet," bought either by previous subscription of the Freshmen themselves or by Junior class admirers. History will hardly clear up the floral problem.

With the resignation of the tired umpires, the great match ended physically, only to burst out anew in a tempest of class broadsides, lampoons, verses and other screeds, the Freshmen even printing the first number of a newspaper dubbed "The Arbiter" to sustain their title as victors.

The red-hot football antagonisms of the fifties were prolific in prose and verse. Here is some of the challenge literature signed by class committees:

"The Class of '56 hereby *defy* the sophomores to the four remaining games of football at such time as they may appoint."

Fifty-Five's acceptance of a previous challenge has an addendum which has its modern suggestion for the late ill-starred Princeton game.

What maddened folly that could dare  
Rush headlong on the tiger's lair.

—*Keats*.

These two more familiar acceptances will also bear reprint:

Come!

And like sacrifices in their prime  
To the fire-eyed maid of smoky war  
All hot and bleeding will we offer you.  
Let them come on, the base-born-crew,  
Each soil-stained churl, alack!  
What gain they but a splitten skull,  
A sod for their base back.

In the endless songs of victory or defiance which followed the combats of the early fifties, the undergraduate muse tried vainly to soar high with draggled wings. Samples are annexed:

Ye bold and merry sons of Yale!  
Come listen while I tell  
A long to be remembered tale  
Of scenes which once befell,  
When full two hundred fearless men  
The Green were scattered o'er  
And Glory greeted there and then  
The class of Fifty-Four.

#### CHORUS

Come join the chorus,  
Shout, Shout, each sophomore!  
Three cheers for Yale and three times three  
For dauntless Fifty-Four.

We waited long to see the ball,  
And sweep it o'er the field,  
Ere Fifty-Five, disheartened all,  
The privilege would yield.  
At length it came; we formed our rank,  
And with one ringing cheer  
Drove ball and Freshman, rear and flank  
And swept the greensward clear.

Yet once again repeat it while  
Their requiem we sing.  
We charge upon them rank and file  
And beat them with our *Wing*.  
Three times and out; we've won the day,  
The bloodless strife is o'er.  
We bear the victor's prize away  
And shout for Fifty-Four.

In jubilee tonight we meet,  
A merry sophomore band,  
Each classmate with a smile to greet  
And clasp each proffered hand.  
Then give three cheers for Fifty-Five  
In all its fierce array,  
Three more for Juniors who survive  
And nine for that bouquet.

The "Wing" referred to in the verse will be recognized by grey-haired graduates as Wing Yung, Yale's famous Chinese graduate of '54.

The callow muse of '56 "blew out" in such ecstatic stanzas as this:

The gallant class of Fifty-Five  
By lamp black made more brave,  
To prove their courage still alive  
A valiant answer gave.  
With grim moustache and asses' ears,  
They thought the Fresh to fright,  
But lusty men, with rousing cheers,  
Not lamp black, win the fight.

#### CHORUS

Hi! Sophomores! Ho! Sophomores!  
Aint you in a fix?  
Beat once by class of Fifty-Four  
And now by Fifty-Six.

The next and final effusion, while hardly of a classical standard, serves to illustrate the versified football polemics of the period and throws an incidental side-light on the "bouquet trick." It is entitled, "A Revised Edition of The Battle of the Ball"—the last five words having headed a Freshman's prolix song of victory.

And so the freshmen all proceed  
(As it had been before agreed)  
And get a grand bouquet.  
For Fifty-five, as Juniors tell,  
Had done the same when beaten well,  
And so, "why shouldn't they."

And then, to hide the deep disgrace,  
That very justly claims its place  
On a dishonored brow,  
They hasten to their rhyming man  
And tell him quickly, if he can  
To write a poem now.

And so he to their succor runs  
With many jokes and many puns.  
("Sucker" in truth was he,)  
And writes their greatly wished for song.  
(Three weary, boastful columns long)  
And prints it greedily.

The Class of 1860 had arranged a match with the Class of 1861, when, in accord with a Faculty vote, President Woolsey "blocked the kick" with the terse announcement at Chapel: "The football match next Saturday will not be played." And for more than ten years after, at Yale, there was a football *hiatus*.

The Class of 1872, very strong and ardent in athletics, deserves its historical credit mark for the revival of the game. It came about thus: In those days, baseball was played in the autumn up to about the first of

November, when cold weather chilled the sport. November, therefore, was left as a month without snow when there was a sporting *hiatus* which certain restless spirits of seventy-two, in the Junior year of the class, determined to fill. A rough code of rules was adopted, while a half-dozen footballs and a long vacant lot a little to the northwest of York Square did the business. Forty or fifty of the class took up the game. The Class of Seventy-three followed suit and a match between the two classes was arranged. This little condensed item from the "Yalensicula" of the *Yale Courant* of November 16, 1870, records the first Yale match, which opened a new football age:

The football game (at Hamilton Park) between the Juniors and the Sophomores last Wednesday was very interesting, though the one-sided nature of the contest detracted somewhat from the excitement. The Juniors selected were a much heavier set of men and succeeded in driving the ball past the Sophomore goal six times in succession. The Sophomores, however, played a plucky game and came near winning two of the games.

Seventy-three, however, began faithful practice, got their "second wind," challenged the too careless victors of seventy-two to a second game some two weeks later and won by four goals to two. Then football went over to the following autumn, when the rivals played the final game for the championship of the College. By this time the sport had reached a pitch which the *Yale Courant* of the period describes as a "frenzy"—and a large crowd witnessed the climacteric struggle which ended in a "draw," neither side winning the requisite four games out of seven. Seventy-two took the first game after an hour's contest, and darkness

closed the second, after play of an hour and forty minutes more.

With the autumn of 1872, the revived football under the paternity of D. S. Schaff, of 1873, becomes intercollegiate. Columbia is challenged and beaten. Football is, at last, firm on its legs and there follows the four years of the "old-fashioned" game of the "American" type, which are to end in 1876 with the adoption of the Rugby game, fathered by Harvard. During the four years Yale usually comes out victorious over Columbia and Rutgers, which have taken up the game, but is fairly outclassed by Princeton, whose primacy in the sport is marked. Princeton plays a game of the "rush" order, with the ball near the center, while Yale plays overmuch and too loosely around the ends—thus forced to bring in the ball sidewise to the goal, while Princeton forces the ball straight to the posts; and, besides, the men from New Jersey excel in agility and in "batting" the ball. One funny intercollegiate episode crosses the period. Harvard, just beginning the Rugby game, is invited by Yale to send delegates to a football convention of colleges and her captain, in declining, impugns the Yale game as having "too much brute force, weight and, especially, shin element," while "our (Harvard's) game depends upon running, dodging and position playing, i. e., kicking across field into one another's hands." Even allowing for the later development of the mass play and scrimmage, the unconscious irony of the Harvard captain is as rich as it is obvious.

Class games began in 1870 with thirty men on a side, later dropping to twenty-five, a number lowered afterwards to twenty in the intercollegiate matches. Tripping and holding were ruled out, nor could the ball



be carried; but, as substitute tricks, batting the ball with the flat of the fist was valid as was also running the ball across the field by short bounds. As now remembered, a fly catch gave the player a free kick; but an attempt to run in as a side trick the "toe catch," or passing the ball to the hand on the toe, acquired only with long practice, and a device coming from some of the "prep" schools, was ruled out as opposed to the spirit of the rule, while squaring with its letter. When the ball went out of bounds a player either threw it in with back turned to the field or brought it into the field and tossed it in the air. The modern "off-side" play was satirized by two so-called "pea nutters" or "lurkers," quick, agile players who went down on to the opponent's goal and stayed there to drive the ball through. Two "backs" watched the "lurkers" and sixteen out of the twenty men on a side thus, in effect, became rushers, who could play wherever the captain sent them. The positions of honor were three or four "free" places just outside of the ruck of the game. In these near skirmish lines, the best players danced, ready to take the ball and advance it as soon as it came out of the ruck. Goals were further apart than now—usually about 600 feet—and there was no cross-piece. To win a single game—as distinguished from a match—or, indeed, to score any point at all, the ball had to be driven between the posts; and to win a match usually four goals out of seven had to be scored. A single game lasting an hour was not uncommon and a match sometimes three or four times as long.

"Babying," also dubbed "puggling" the ball or carrying it along by short kicks, was one of the high arts of the sport not attained by many, and with obstacles much increased by the large number of play-

ers and the vagaries of the ball—of rubber blown up and “locked” by a tube. The ball was to the last degree resilient and with the quality of appearing in half a dozen places in as many seconds. That persistent bounce of the ball was no small factor in the open and lively character of the old game.

As the first international episode in football, the Yale-Eton match played December 6, 1873, deserves its brief tale. A number of young Englishmen, graduates of Eton, in business or traveling in this country, after seeing one of the intercollegiate matches at Hamilton Park, proposed a game between Yale and old Etonians in the United States. The idea was welcomed at Yale, and after considerable discussion, the Yale rules were accepted with “peanutting” left out, teams of eleven and the match to be won or lost on actual results of games. The Englishmen came up from New York with a number of ladies, the players having been gathered from all over the country, one coming from San Francisco and another from St. Louis. They were stalwart, ruddy young Englishmen averaging twenty-four years of age, who, in the Eton uniform of white flannel crossed by light blue shoulder sashes, made a fine appearance on the field, emphasized by contrast with Yale, whose team wore no uniform except light blue caps. Among the English team, was a live Viscount (Talbot) and Lord Rosebery would have played but for accidental detention.

The Englishmen, though out of practice and easily winded, played wonderfully well. They adopted, in a general way, the Princeton “rush” tactics of keeping the ball before the team on the central line of the field, and in skillful “babying” they showed Yale some new and telling points. Yale, on the other hand, played

a side game—which, in these days would be called working the ends—a policy well favored by a ball more lively than the visitors had been used to. But Yale was still more favored by winning the toss and taking the wind, which blew a half-gale down the field. It took Yale, with the wind, an hour to score the first goal; then the Etonians took the wind and the next goal in fifteen minutes. Yale then scored a goal in twenty-five minutes and also took the match as the visitors had to leave to catch a train. Had the day been calm or had the Englishmen won the toss, they would, undoubtedly, have taken the match too.

In all games the rubber ball of the period, with its chronic infirmity of leaking or splitting, was a source of vexation blended with amusement. It reached a climax in a match with Princeton at the Park, where the ball split in the middle of a hot game. By some inadvertence no substitute ball had been supplied and players and spectators had to wait until the creeping horse car of the time brought out a fresh ball from the Campus. In that particular match with Princeton—in the autumn of 1873—those Yale players who survive will long remember sadly the prowess of a big Princeton theologian. He seemed to cover the whole field at once and with his fist could bat football liners that rivalled those of the baseball diamond.

In those times the Campus was an arena of constant football controversy between students and Faculty, especially on moonlight nights, when the face of the old Lyceum clock served as the favorite football target.

The old-time football was not scientific and compares with the system and subtleties of the modern superfine game as two-old-cat with latter day baseball.

But it was an "open" sport; what science it had was not masked by mass plays; and its all-round quality, its breeziness, its bounce and hearty fun had in them something of suggestion, at least, for the hosts of the modern gridiron.

FROM THE ANNALS OF THE TREASURY



# I

## YALE'S TREASURY

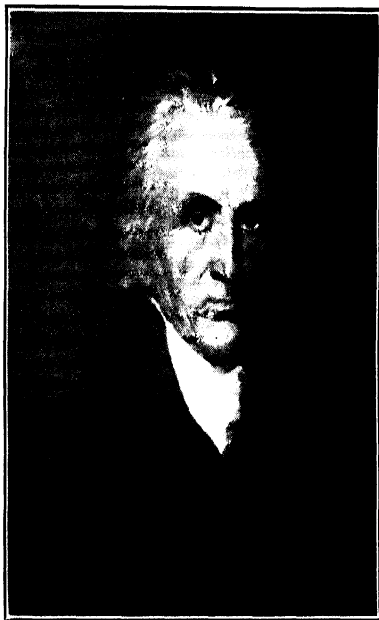
The list of Yale's treasurers begins with Nathaniel Lynde of Saybrook, Conn., who, in 1701, gave the College its first house. Mr. Lynde, though regularly elected treasurer, appears never to have performed the duties of the office, maybe because there were no duties to perform. In the same year was elected Richard Rosewell of New Haven, who lived afterwards but a few months. John Alling of New Haven was chosen in 1702. Ten years later (1712) he was succeeded by John Prout, successful merchant of New Haven, who held the place for forty-eight years. His accounts were kept in ounces of silver and records show that for the two years ending in July, 1761, the total income of the College was 2,093 ounces—or about 1,046 ounces a year, representing in our time about the same number of dollars bullion value but, in those far-away days, several times their purchasing power.

In 1765 came in Roger Sherman, later member of the committee which drafted the Declaration of Independence, and United States Senator. For six years following him served John Trumbull, author of the political satire "McFingal" and a judge of Connecticut Supreme Court. Next came, in 1782, James Hillhouse, who held the treasurership until his death fifty years after. His salary as treasurer was

ten pounds a year, while even a poor tutor got seventy pounds—a stipend indexing alike Mr. Hillhouse's academic loyalty and the small duties of the office. Twenty years after taking office, Treasurer Hillhouse's salary was raised to \$60 a year. Among the later treasurers Wyllis Warner was the soliciting agent of the centum millia fund, to be referred to hereafter; and Edward C. Herrick, entomologist and skilled amateur astronomer, has an abiding memorial in the "Yale Oak" of today, which was christened the "Herrick Oak" when first planted some four decades ago, in the corner of the Old College yard and covered by Battell Chapel.

It is a singular fact that the systematic accounts of the College preserved run back only to the year 1796, uncertain tradition affirming that, before that date, they were not kept in books at all, but on separate and scattered sheets now lost. One finds, however, in the old volumes, mellowed and dingy with time, some interesting entries. Payments for glass figure extensively, indicating that the undergraduate of the eighteenth century had his window pane objective—as the penal College Statutes prove, too. An entry in the year 1800 shows that President Dwight was paid \$450 for a year's preaching, or the equal of almost half of his salary of \$983 paid that year, though the year following he appears to have drawn \$1,335. In the former year the auditing committee, including Treasurer Hillhouse himself, would not accept but referred to the Corporation for further action an excess of \$101.95 charged over and above the appropriation for a monument to President Stiles—by no means the first time that contract prices have been exceeded, though the deficit does not always follow men





JAMES HILLHOUSE, YALE 1773  
TREASURER 1782-1832  
From a portrait in Woodbridge Hall



to their graves. Tutors in those days were getting \$211 to \$236 a year. The treasury accounts ran into mills where an odd number of cents had to be split. Not in the treasury accountings proper, but in an older "Land book" which the treasury holds, is a schedule which gives the sum total of the scientific apparatus of the College in 1747. It is annexed *verbatim*:

A telescope with a tripod; two setts of posts and a glass to be screwed on to look on the sun.

A pair of globes celestial and terrestrial with quadrants of altitudes.

A pair of old globes.

A theodolite with a tripod, plain table and brass scale and sights for it, needles and glasses.

Two measuring wheels or perambulators.

A Gunter's chain, a short wooden scales, a pair of dividers, a protractor.

A loadstone set in brass with steel arms.

A microscope with the apparatus.

A barometer with thermometer.

An Orrery, a concave glass, a curve glass, a multiplying glass.

A pair of small neat ballances or scales with all proper weights.

A landscape box, two prisms with a stand, a brass syringe.

About ten glass tubes.

The same volume shows that for ten years, 1743-1753, the total accessions to the Yale Library were thirty-one books, most of them of sermons.

The first printed report of the treasurer appears upon one side and part of a single little yellow sheet, faded with the years and bearing date of August 1, 1830. Here it is in full:

PRODUCTIVE FUNDS OF THE ACADEMICAL DEPARTMENT  
AUG. 1ST 1830

Phoenix bank stock at par	.	.	.	.	\$ 8,223.91
Good notes and debts	.	.	.	.	19,864.27
					<hr/>
					28,088.18
Notes of Graduates	.	.	.	.	2,768.08
					<hr/>
					30,856.26
Debts owed by the College	.	.	.	.	13,000.00
					<hr/>
Balance	.	.	.	.	17,856.26
Interest on \$17,856	.	.	.	\$1,071.36	
Ground rents	.	.	.	862.30	
Rents of houses in New Haven	.	.	.	740.00	
					<hr/>
Whole income from funds	.	.	.	2,673.66	

In the expense account for the fiscal year ending August 1, 1830, incidentals figure at \$1,111, wood \$375, "Commission on term bills" \$484, librarian's salary \$100, appropriations for indigent students \$870, and instruction (salaries) \$11,735. The total expense for the year was \$20,309. The larger items in only nine sources of income were term bills \$16,136, interest \$877, and rents \$1,422. Total income was \$19,471 and expenses exceeded income by \$837.

In the next fiscal year, the Medical School fund appears, amounting to \$4,376 in Phoenix Bank stock; and Theological Department funds of \$18,048, represented by "Dwight professor notes, stock and subscriptions."

The oldest fund of the College, of large size and one of the most interesting, is the "Centum Millia" fund, which is returned in the last Treasurer's report (1908-1909) at \$82,950. Aroused by the low state of the

Yale funds in 1830 a mighty effort was made to raise a general fund of \$100,000. The circular appeal appears with the names of the first subscribers under date of December 1, 1831. It recites that, since its founding, Yale College has received from state grants \$75,000 and from individuals but \$70,000; that owing to fidelity and economy "The College plant may be estimated as worth \$150,000," but that, owing to loss by failure of the Eagle bank and outlay for plant, the whole income, apart from term bills, "but little exceeds \$2,000 and not one professorship in the College is endowed"; that while Harvard has a plant worth \$800,000 and income of \$24,000, the annual deficit of Yale is from \$500 to \$1,000, although she has a larger number of students than any other American college. Friends of Yale are asked to decide whether Yale College, "after diffusing her rays so widely for more than a century, is destined to rise with the rising greatness of the nation or, having attained the zenith of her strength, shall be doomed, descending, to withdraw her light till her place shall be found among the stars of an inferior magnitude."

In the list of subscribers to the first \$42,000 of the fund appear a number of famous names, the poor professors doing their share—and more—with the rest. They include President Jeremiah Day, \$1,000; Benjamin Silliman, \$1,000; James Kent, \$500; Leonard Bacon, \$150; John Pierpont, \$150; Horace Binney, \$100; Noah Porter, Jr., \$100; F. A. P. Barnard, \$100; Horace Bushnell, \$100; and Timothy Pitkin, \$150. The Yale Senior Class subscribed \$1,000.

The earliest printed document in the treasury files at the Yale Library bears date of September, 1823.

In it David C. DeForest recites his descent from a French Huguenot of his family name, who fled from France to Holland at the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and expresses his intention of giving the College \$5,000, to remain at interest until January 1, 1852, when he computes it will amount to "Twenty-five thousand nine hundred and forty-one dollars, eighty cents and six mills." Then the income is to go to DeForest descendants or a student willing to assume the name and for the DeForest gold medal, now the foremost literary and oratorical prize of the College.

## II

### EARLY GIFTS TO YALE

The gifts of Yale began with her founding in 1701 and in a sense the first gift *was* her founding, when in October of that remote year, the original ten trustees—or some of them—had their historic meeting in Branford and gave their forty volumes of substratum for the establishment of the College. By strict construction the College thus had a literary rather than financial tap-root. But, naturally, from the very beginning and especially during the early decades, when students of the College were few, financial support from extraneous sources was a prime element in its vitality and growth. The history of Yale gifts and of their varied character, from the small offerings of the early eighteenth century down to the great and rising benefactions of the last fifty years, is a long one—too long to fill in with much detail.

In the same month and year of the historic “gift of books” came the first contribution of the Colonial legislature to the embryo College. It was “120 pounds in country pay annually,” country pay meaning payment in “rates,” i.e., taxes levied by the Colonial “General Court,” in the payment of which commodities were appraised 50 per cent higher than the money price. The 120 pounds was equivalent in our denominations to about \$275, which then would be equal to about three times the present purchasing

power of the sum. The Colonial State recognized its natural fatherhood of education and the theological motive penetrating state society and the status of the new College was an added force. And as the state started its aid, so it continued. The \$275 was paid regularly for fifty-four years, besides other state gifts including one in the administration of Rector Cutler (1719-1722), "impost on rum" of 115 pounds for the Rector's house. Connecticut's total gifts to Yale may be reckoned roughly at \$250,000, or a round quarter-million, since the founding, not counting the tax exemptions shared by Yale with Trinity and Wesleyan. The state gifts have included many grants for improvements of the college plant, including the construction of South Middle College, of the extinct Trumbull Gallery, and the old Medical School, now the Sheff administration building.

The Richard Salter gift in 1781 of 200 acres of land in Tolland County, Conn., for promoting the study of Hebrew is of interest for being the basis of a Hebrew "elective" in his own college time—first prophecy—or portent—of the elective system to begin a quarter-century after. Not until 1782 did Yale receive any important gift from one of her graduates—500 pounds then from Daniel Lathrop of the Class of 1733, who gave it without restrictions. But Harvard with a larger and richer constituency had not received so large a gift from a graduate until 130 years after her founding. Yale's gift of \$10,000 in 1834 by Dr. A. E. Perkins, Yale '30, for the library, was the largest single donation down to that time.

A few years before that date, in 1823, there appeared on the roll of Yale givers a name almost unremembered now but which should be rescued from



obscurity and set high in her honor list. Sheldon Clark was born on a farm, the son of a farmer, January 31, 1785, and in the up-country town of Oxford, Conn. He had early aspirations toward learning, thwarted by the death of parents and dependence on a parsimonious farming grandsire, who insisted that his charge should hold fast to the soil. But the youth read books and had a brief period of education at Litchfield, Conn., higher than the little red schoolhouse—enough to whet his craving for knowledge, and respect for it. When young Clark was twenty-five the grandfather died, leaving the grandson some \$20,000. He came to New Haven, and for a few months attended Yale lectures and recitations as a non-enrolled student. Going back to the farm, he was for the next ten years a soil tiller, teaching school winters and meanwhile loaning funds until his capital grew to \$25,000. To use the words of his biographer, the elder Professor Silliman: "In a rugged country of stony hills he had followed the plow, he had fattened droves of cattle, he had taught school in winter and loaned money at all times—not to become wealthy for himself but to promote the good of others."

In the year 1823, his benefactions to Yale began. In that year he gave \$5,000; the year after \$1,200 more; and the same sum four years later. He gave in ten separate sums the \$1,200 that bought the telescope in the old Athenæum tower through which so many college generations studied the heavens; and in a letter of that time acknowledging the thanks of the Senior Class for the gift, he recites his high motives in his benefactions and the adverse criticisms he had incurred—maybe from mercenary relatives and heirs-

at-law. Dying suddenly and tragically by a fall in his barn, April 10, 1840, he left Yale most of his estate, by a will drawn seventeen years before, deposited with Professor Silliman and left unchanged. Altogether his benefactions amounted to \$30,000, three times the donations of any other individual giver down to 1841; and among his gifts was one for the promotion of graduate study, attesting how far the up-country farmer was ahead of his generation. The great gifts of later times may obscure yet hardly measure up in fair balance to those of Sheldon Clark. Within a few years—1905—he has had an analogue in the giver of the Viets fund, entered in the Sheff moneys at \$281,753—coming by will unsolicited and unlooked for from Levi C. Viets, a resident of a back town of Hartford County.

For obvious reasons some of the old sectarian funds show queer changes as time has swept on from an epoch of dogma into one of duty. The Dwight Professorship Fund of Systematic Theology in the Divinity School is an instance to the point. It was secured by the Corporation through subscriptions to the amount of about \$20,000 in 1822, and named in honor of the first President Dwight, whose son was a large contributor. The conditions—presumptively laid down or, at least, accepted by the Corporation—set forth that the professor before appointment must be examined as to his faith and, in writing, declare his “free assent to the confession of faith and rules of Ecclesiastical discipline agreed upon by the churches of the State in the year 1708” or seven years after the founding of the College. It is further declared that if the person who fills the chair of the professorship holds or teaches doctrine contrary to those of 1708, “it shall



SHELDON CLARK, EARLY BENEFACTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY



be the duty of the Corporation to dismiss such person from office forthwith."

The Root Scholarships in the Theological School, founded in 1864, during the Civil War, go to young men of decided and hearty anti-slavery character, sentiment and principles, and known as such to the Faculty by examination and otherwise, and, in their judgment, likely to exert a good and efficient influence in that behalf." The academic Trinity Scholarship, founded in 1855, gives to the Rector and Wardens of Trinity Church, New Haven, the appointment of the scholar. But, if they do not appoint, the academic Faculty can do so. The large Porter Fund of the Academic Department, given in 1878, provides that \$600 a year is to go for a lectureship on the topics of "Righteousness and Common Sense," and, somewhat similarly, the Silliman Lectureship Fund was given in 1884 for a series of lectures, "the general tendency of which may be such as will illustrate the presence and wisdom of God as manifested in the natural and moral World," but they must not be on topics relating to polemical or dogmatic theology. These provisions let in the up-to-date important Silliman lectures by world-known men of science.

Another curious fund of much the same sort is the Divinity Fund of \$50,000 in the Academic Department, the income of which is used to support preaching in the college pulpit. It runs back to a gift in 1746 of about \$142, made by Philip Livingston of New York, whose family name by that small donation was for many years linked with the professorship. The severely orthodox President Clap in 1756 added a gift of land worth about \$200, and in 1863 S. B. Chittenden of Brooklyn raised the fund to \$50,000.

President Clap when he made his donation attached the condition that the incumbent

shall always believe, profess and teach for truth all the doctrines contained in the Assembly's Catechism and the Confession of Faith received and established in the churches of Connecticut, and none contrary thereto and shall preach in the College Hall or Chapel on the Lord's Day and other days as often at least as other universities generally do. . . . Provided . . . if the Professor of Divinity should preach or teach any doctrines contrary or repugnant to any of the doctrines contained in said catechism or confession of faith, then, in either case, this grant shall cease, determinate or be void.

The sensations of President Clap, could he see in these days even the interest on his \$200 used to pay a Unitarian like Dr. Edward Everett Hale for preaching in the college pulpit, can be better fancied than described; and in the roll of college preachers he would find some other terrifying names.

Another hereditary fund is the "Day Fund," originally of \$2,000, given by Thomas Day of Hartford, in 1832. Along with provision for support and education at Yale of Day descendants, the President of the College is authorized to withhold the benefit of the fund "for immoral conduct or a violation of the College laws" from any student otherwise entitled to receive it. But, if the student reforms, then the President can apply it to the student's benefit or add the sum to the principal, as he sees fit. The gift has the somewhat peculiar provision that the President and Fellows must make good *any* loss in either the principal or income of the fund. In some contrast the Elliot hereditary fund allows the College "the usual percentage for managing trust funds." The Leavenworth hereditary funds follow the analogy of the Day Fund

in holding the College responsible for losses and have the exceptional feature of providing for advertising of the scholarships in New York, New Haven and Hartford papers.

Memories of the older generation of Yale graduates go back in somewhat sardonic spirit to the Old Treasury building, which stood for some seventy years on ground a little in front of the present statue of President Woolsey. In wildest nightmares no one could dream of the architectural fitness of the ancient structure to the financial ideal. It was, in fact, intended and used for the Trumbull Collection of paintings, which had been bought by the College for a low annuity; and, unless tradition goes astray, as Trumbull was to be buried beneath the building, it was framed in a sarcophagal and tomb-like design, symbolic also of the deadly decrees of the college Faculty issued from its conclaves in the building and which cut off prematurely so many an undergraduate life. For years the treasury was a cramped room in the cellar-like first story, but later rising to better quarters one flight up when the Trumbull Collection—with his remains—found permanent lodgment in the present Art Building. The old structure, an architectural wart on the Campus, came down when Woodbridge Hall went up.

For years the printed reports of the treasurer, beginning in 1830, fill less than one page of a small sheet. As the funds grew and departments were added to the College, all to be welded ere long into the University, the sheet waxed into a small pamphlet. But for more than a half-century it was hardly more than a bald statement of additions to funds, a list of funds and a recital of income and expense with no

textual matter, no general summaries, no general balance sheets—the dimmest of reports in which the Yale man groped in vain for financial light. It was not until 1899 that Treasurer Farnam broke the opaque custom by giving a summary of his twelve years of stewardship—substantially coincident with that of President Dwight.

As one glances over these curiosities of Yale funds—reaching back over the centuries, expressing the spirit and atmosphere of varying and often discordant epochs and representing the notions of donors of differing temperaments—a full realization can be had of some of the problems which the Yale treasurer must solve. On the one hand are ancient and outworn whims personified in faded trust deeds; on the other, the wisdom, if not necessity, of consolidating funds and of simplifying accounts.

As time and Yale history go on, the gifts drift steadily away from eccentricity and from individual whim and conform more and more to some special Yale need—not so broad and deep as her general need, but still in a large sense utilitarian.



### III

## BRITISH GIFTS TO YALE

The Blount legacy to Yale, telegraphed from England in late vacation, and which came as a kind of benign bolt from the blue, remains at this writing a mystery both in origin and motive and somewhat uncertain in its final outcome.<sup>1</sup>

Of the gifts that are to be classed as primarily or secondarily English, three stand out vividly in historic perspective. One is the donation of Elihu Yale that gave title to the earlier College and later University; the second, the Newport farm of Dean George Berkeley; and, third in order, but first in size and fruition, the gift of George Peabody that affixed his family

<sup>1</sup> The gift by Archibald Henry Blount, Esquire, of Orleton Manor, Herefordshire, England, amounted to a net \$320,085.87, and came to the University under a second will, dated June 4, 1907. The precise reasons for the legacy remain today as much a mystery as when this paper was written. In a careful study of the circumstances, made in 1914, former Treasurer Lee McClung was unable to discover any personal connection between Mr. Blount and the University, but was of the opinion that the English donor had become a believer in the social and political institutions of the United States (probably through a long neighborly acquaintance in Herefordshire with that American melodramatist, Captain Mayne Reid) and had selected Yale as an American university likely to satisfy his democratic ideals.

(NOTE. This article was written before the legacy was announced, early in 1914, of a fifth great English gift to Yale—£100,000 from the estate of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, who, when Sir Donald A. Smith, had been Chancellor of McGill University, Montreal.)

name to the Museum which his nephew, the late Othniel C. Marsh, even more richly endowed with his labors as well as estate. To these may, perhaps, be added the Higgins professorship in the Scientific School, endowed several decades ago with some \$32,000, the gift of Mrs. Susan Higgins of Liverpool, a niece of Mr. Sheffield.

The hardly unfamiliar name of Governor Elihu Yale runs back to the year 1648, when at Boston a son was born to a Colonial emigrant who, ten years later, returned to England. There the son received his education, entered the East Indian service at the age of twenty and, in time, rose to the Governorship of Fort St. George, Madras. Those were days in the British East Indian service when the right hand knew what the left hand did, though the public usually did not. Down the obscure streams of history have floated unsavory rumors of graft and "tainted money" as basic rocks of great estates which were carried back to London. Governor Yale returned to England, where, in 1714, Connecticut's Colonial Agent, Jeremiah Dummer, stirred the nabob's at first languid interest in the future Yale University. The founder's first gift was the not impressive donation of forty books of uncertain value, prompting Mr. Dummer's epistolary comment: "Governor Yale has done something, but very little considering his estate."

But later the Governor's purse-strings—and library—relaxed. In 1717 he sent three hundred more books and a year after "Goods to the value of two hundred pounds sterling besides the king's picture and arms." To the trustees of the struggling College—maybe moved by that gratitude defined as a lively sense of new favors to come—these consecutive

donations were mighty gifts; and one reads how at the Commencement of 1718, they named the College "Yale" and how Mr. Davenport, one of the trustees, "offered an excellent oration in Latin expressing thanks to Almighty God and Mr. Yale under Him for so public a favor and so great regard for our languishing school."

Governor Yale's total gifts, with the high purchase power of money in those days, transmuted into our dollars, amounted to about \$5,000. Rarely or never in the history of our race has so enduring a monument been bought so cheaply. But John Harvard was a close second when by a legacy of half his estate or about seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling—now representing say \$9,000—he secured title for another American university of greatness and fame.

The story of the Berkeley farm tells us of a gift less, perhaps, in name but more unique in its conditions and records than the benefaction of Governor Yale. The Rev. George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, Ireland, and inheritor of four thousand pounds sterling from "Vanessa" (Mrs. Vanhomrig) and more ardent than practical as a philanthropist, schemed in his poetic "Westward the star of Empire" days a missionary college in Bermuda for the American Indians. With a royal charter and promises of a government grant, he set sail for Bermuda in 1728 and, storm-beaten for five months, landed at Newport, R. I., where, three miles from Mr. Dooley's modern center of "money, matrimony and alimony," he bought a farm of ninety-six acres and stocked it as a basis of supplies for the Bermuda college, meanwhile waiting three years in vain hope of the government's grant. Before he sailed for home, a trustee of Yale had so interested him in the

College that from England he sent back a thousand books and also a deed of the Newport farm. The conditions of the gift are interesting, not to say diverting. The rents were to sustain at Yale the "three best scholars in Greek and Latin." Candidates were to be examined annually on the 6th of May—or if that date fell on Sunday, upon the 7th of May—in public by the President of the College and the "Senior Episcopal Missionary within the Colony." And there was provision for dissipating any surplus in book prizes for Latin composition and declamation on moral themes. Thus, under the deed of gift, fancy may amuse itself with the spectacle of President Hadley and Bishop Brewster of Connecticut as public examiners for the Berkeley scholarships.

Yale took the farm and its scholastic rents. In 1762 it leased the property to Captain John Whiting for 999 years, at a rent of "eighteen pounds sterling and 40 rods of stone wall" until 1769, when the rent was to go up to thirty-six pounds sterling until 1810 and then shift to a yearly rent of "240 bushels of good wheat" until the expiration of the lease in the year 2761. Inquisition at the office of the Treasurer discloses no corner in Rhode Island wheat at present, but, in lieu, a faded page showing a commutation into \$140 a year—authoritatively stated as fair present rent for the ancient farm.

In a recent report of the University Treasurer appears the "George Berkeley fund" of the College entered as \$4,800, of which \$2,800 represents accumulation and \$2,000 the Newport farm; the scholarships are too small to tempt competition often; and practically, except in the Yale treasury, the Berkeley book prizes for Latin composition are the sole public

mementoes left of the ancient gifts which were worth in terms of our present money about \$9,000. The tale is from time to time repeated that the Berkeley farm now includes a considerable part of the city of Newport and that the Yale trustees threw away a fortune by the lease of 1762. But it can be stated on authority that the farm, separated from the city by a hill, is still far away from the zone of urban growth and its present valuation of \$2,000 not far below the fact. Perchance in the year 2761 the Corporation may find it a bonanza.

Last and much the largest in the scope of its university usefulness, springing from English sources but not given by a naturalized Englishman, comes the gift of George Peabody, born in Massachusetts, but who made his money in London. Mr. Peabody, foremost man of his time in philanthropies which were wise as well as vast, in 1866 gave \$100,000 to build the present Peabody Museum, \$30,000 to supply income for the institution and \$20,000 to accumulate as a building fund. The \$20,000 with its interest of thirty-one years added now amounts to about \$150,000, to be used in time for the central hall of which the present Peabody Museum is to be the left wing. But even more beneficent was the inheritance which Mr. Peabody left to his nephew, the late Professor O. C. Marsh, used by him for the splendid collections of the Museum and they, with Professor Marsh's old home, the present Forest School, at last given or bequeathed to Yale—all abiding memorials of private generosity and devotion to science and all derived originally from the English motherland.



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## ERRATUM

For Henry B. Harriman, page 58, line 12, read Henry B. Harrison.







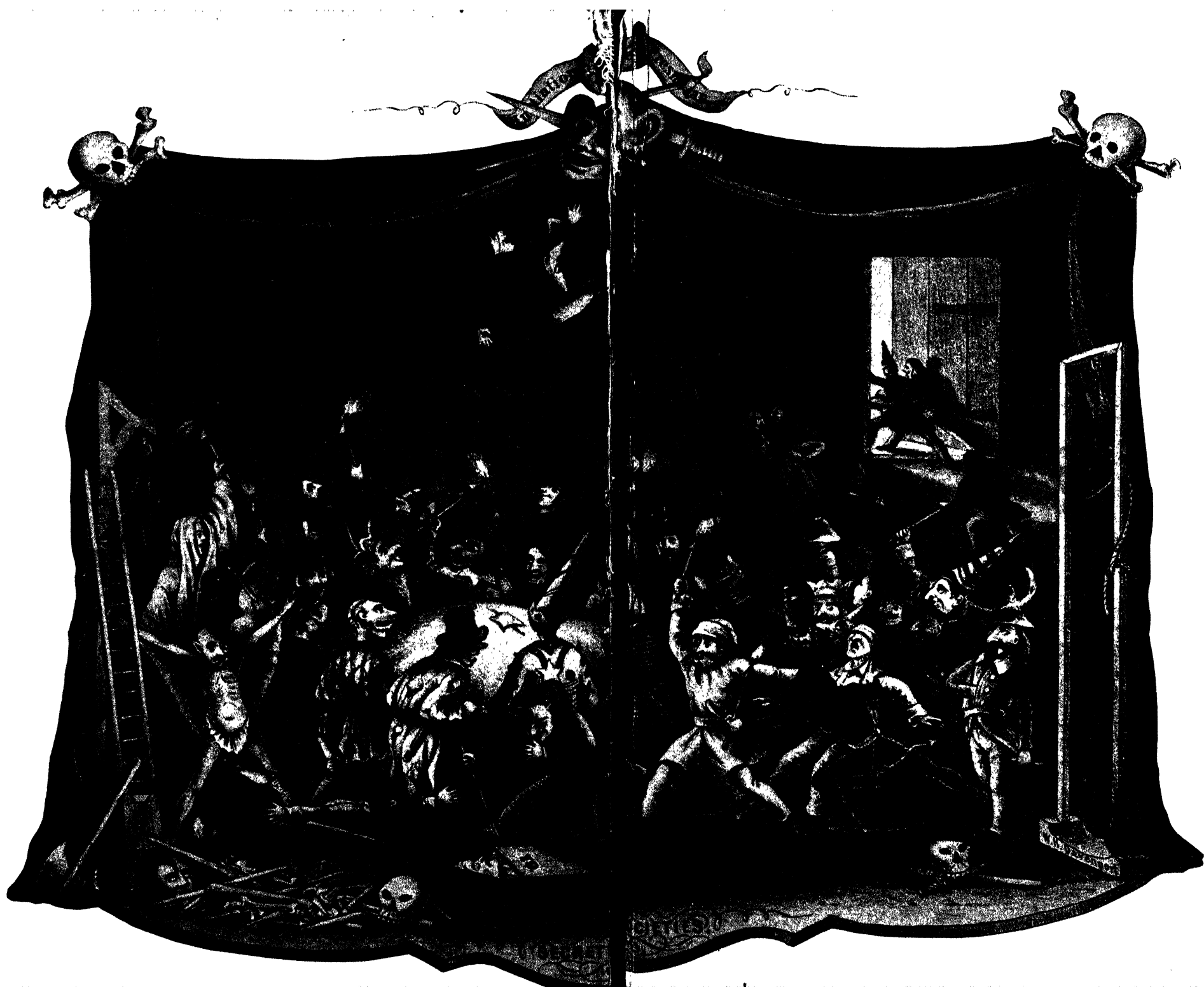














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